★PHOTOPLAY

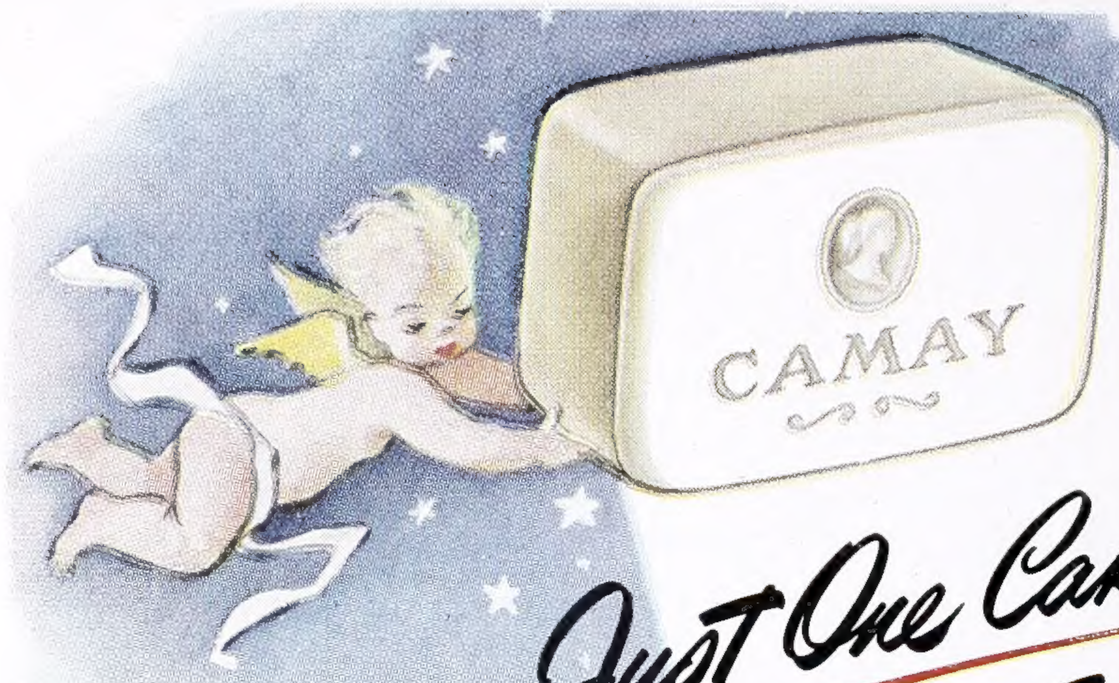
combined with Movie Mirror

September

15¢

Rita Hayworth
By Paul Hesse

U-M 2/47 3V R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46



Just One Cake of Camay and you can have Softer, Smoother Skin!

Oh, how exciting—to see your skin glow softer, fresher—with your very *first* cake of Camay!

It will—simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion.



THE ROMANCE OF MRS. LINDER—

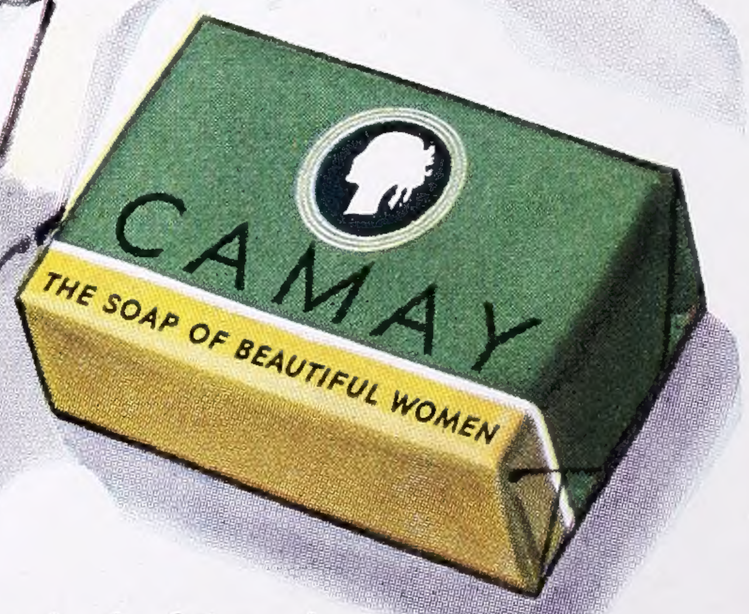
It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very *first* cake of Camay."



Two's a Honeymoon . . . on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.



—the former Stella Mikrut,
Mrs. Robert F. Linder Jr.
Little Neck, Long Island



Please—make each cake of Camay last!
Precious war materials go into soap.

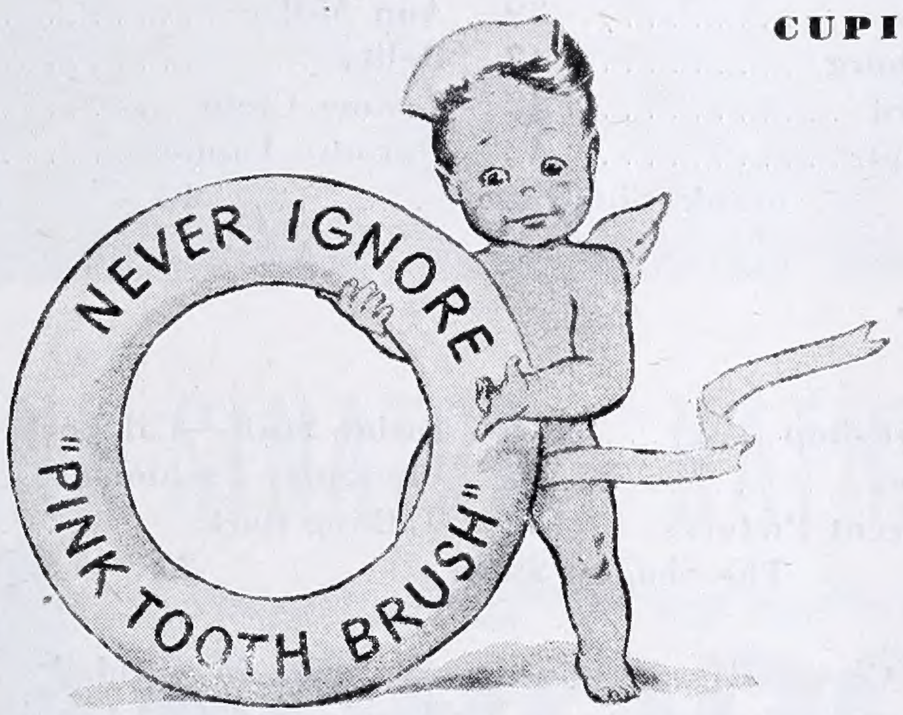
"All you care about is pretty girls!"



GIRL: And if a girl's like me, and *isn't* pretty, *she might as well stay home!*

CUPID: Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a *plain* girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you*, Sis!

GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't *got* a sparkling smile . . . What then?



CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

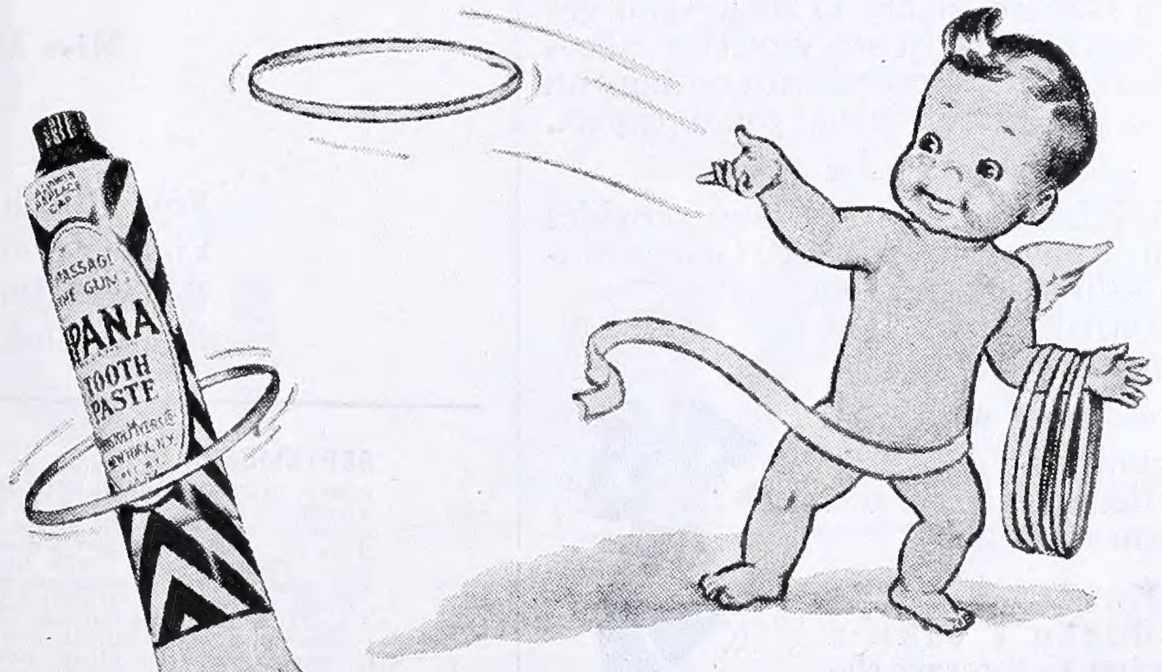
CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We've just composed a two-word definition of good motion picture entertainment. It's "Anchors Aweigh", the title of M-G-M's big Technicolor musical salute with a full complement of 21 show-stopping numbers.



★ ★ ★ ★

Here's the picture with everything: Stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, *and* that certain something to make you completely content.



First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

★ ★ ★ ★

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings"!

★ ★ ★ ★

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with —we swear it!—an animated mouse!

★ ★ ★ ★

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

★ ★ ★ ★

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

★ ★ ★ ★

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

★ ★ ★ ★

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.



—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!



ON WAVES OF LOVE, LAUGHTER, SONG!

A gay and glorious musical love story that teams the singing artistry of Sinatra with honey-voiced Kathryn Grayson and the dancing magic that's Kelly . . . in 21 show-stopping numbers.

FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

ANCHORS AWEIGH

with JOSE ITURBI



DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" ★ "I BEGGED HER" ★ "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" ★ THE WORRY SONG ★ "MY HEART SINGS" ★ "ANCHORS AWEIGH"

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Mocambo-ing—the Bogarts (Lauren and Bogie) light up



. . . and the Flynns (Errol and Nora) in a romantic mood

Cupid Conquests: What a month for Cupid! The gal who waited longest to take her "heart" to her heart, was Jinx Falkenburg, whose engagement had lasted just about three years before she and popular war correspondent Maj. Tex McCrary tied the knot. And what hectic proceedings! Tex had been overseas a long, long time in Europe. He suddenly returned to the United States en route to the Pacific with just a few days to spend in New York. At this very moment, Jinx was leaving to go overseas to Europe in the entertainment troupe with Ed Gardner. She flew east, after an impassioned message (via long distance phone to Hollywood) from Tex—and off she rushed to become his bride. They had just a couple of days together before each departed for different sides of the globe again! Romantic, huh? Everyone hopes the two will be reunited soon. Jinx is such a swell gal—and so popular. And so ready at any time to help in the war effort. Many a gal would do well to stop, look and listen around Jinx—and learn a lot of the components of real glamour.

The long-expected marriage of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli (remember Cal gave you the first hint that their romance was real—many months ago) came off amid a lot of last-minute changes of mind. Instead of both of them going to New York for the ceremony, it was suddenly decided to tie the knot right in Beverly Hills. One reason was that Judy wanted her boss and discoverer, Louis B. Mayer, to be present. And he was. What's more, he gave the bride away. Then the newlyweds leaped aboard an eastbound train to spend their honeymoon in New York and found themselves in the very next compartment to pretty, Bergmanish Donna Reed and Tony Owen, who had been married the same afternoon. Cal wonders how much the four of them saw of each other on the journey. Donna's groom is a young, good-looking agent and he's very popular around town.

Cupid Casualties: Among Cupid's casualties are Carole Landis, leaving any minute for that Reno divorce—long delayed. She's supposed to marry Horace Schmidlapp, millionaire theatrical producer, when she's free—but don't bet too much on that . . . Ken Murray's marriage of several years has flopped—and he'll soon be a bachelor again . . . Arline Judge, who has been denying she'll divorce Capt. Jimmy Adams of the RAF, will nevertheless do so. And many a bird whispers she has her fourth groom already picked out . . . If Ida Lupino and Helmut Dantine aren't a "casualty" in the romance department already—they will be soon. All signs point that way. Meanwhile, Helmut's ex, Gwen Anderson, has married playwright Eddie Chodorov . . . and dialogue director Freddie de Cordova (who used to rush Bonita Granville) is courting Ida Lupino like mad.

And of course another "black-out"—Joan Fontaine's final divorce decree from Brian Aherne. No real romantic antic in view for Joan at this writing.

Fans, tsch, tsch!: We heard a story recently that has made us wonder if you fans who complain of the rudeness or indifference of stars ever think that maybe it works both ways. For instance, a fan ran up to Van Johnson's car as he drove out of M-G-M and asked for his autograph. Van obliged on the very first page. Then turning to Keenan Wynn (*Continued on page* 6)

WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS...
WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE...
WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...



For The First Time at POPULAR PRICES!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

Winner of Academy Awards for Best Screenplay, Color, Sound, Settings, Art Direction and Editing for 1944!

in TECHNICOLOR!

with

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES! A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!



La Cross

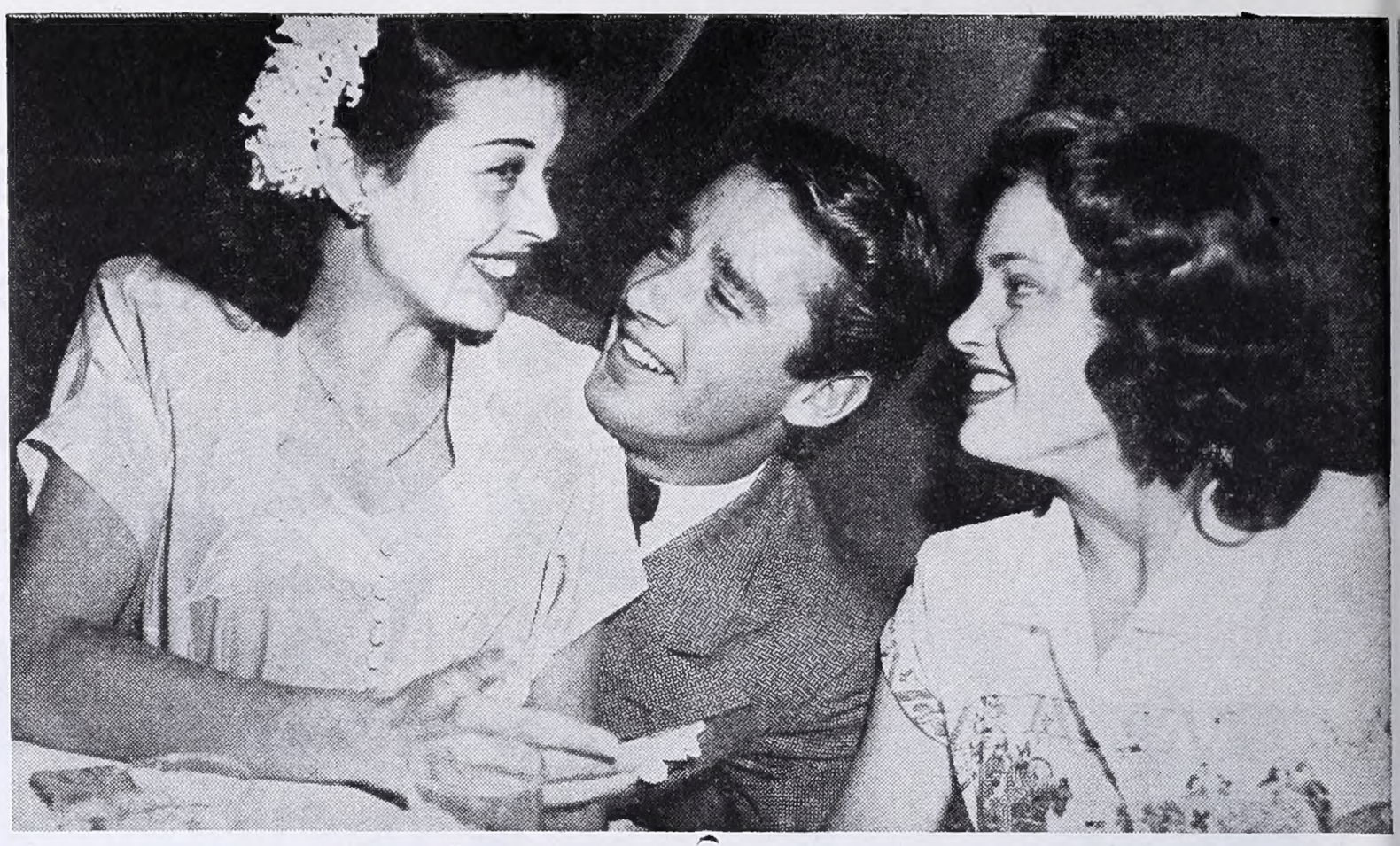
new fingertip color

"Real Red"



America's finest
• Hand Beauty Aids
• Manicure Implements

Schnefel Bros. Corp., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20, N.Y.



Three smiles—Gail Russell, Peter Lawford and Frances Rafferty at a party at Ciro's

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 4) who was riding with Van, the fan asked for his signature. Turning the page to sign, the actor had the book rudely snatched from his hands. "No, no," cried the fan, "the front of the book is reserved for big stars like Van and Frankie Sinatra. You sign here." And turning the pages he indicated a page that held another name. Keenan's eyes bulged as he looked at John Barrymore's signature. Under it Keenan wrote, "This is the greatest honor ever paid me."

The fan didn't get it.

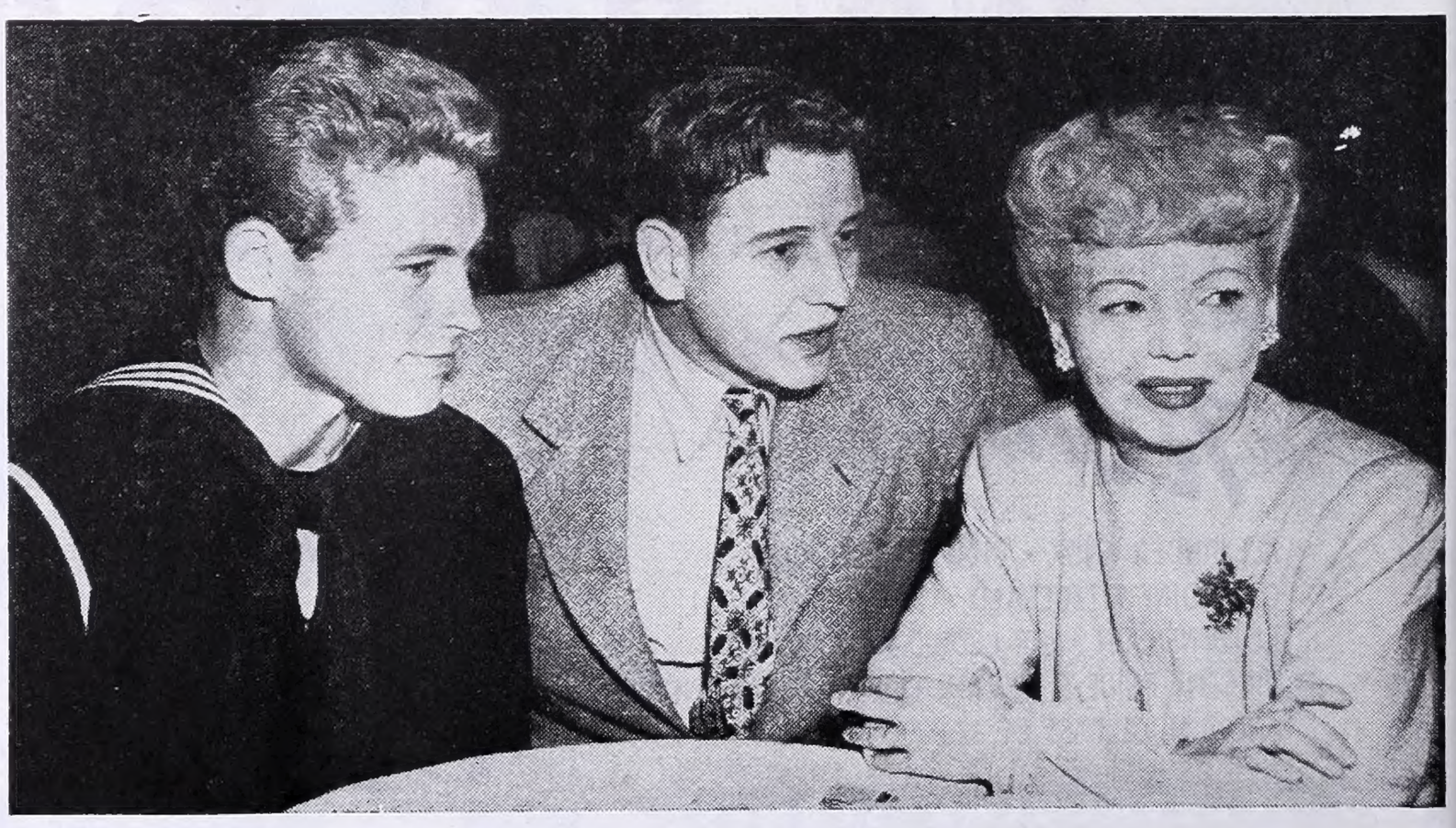
Thisa and Thata: M-G-M is having a time casting "The Romance Of Rosy Ridge." They had hoped Jimmy Stewart might return for the starring role —but that was just wishful thinking.

Phyllis Thaxter tells Cal she's taking a whole year off the screen to have a baby. Phyllis is happily married to Capt. James Aubrey, now overseas.

The town is holding its breath over Lili Damita's return to Hollywood. Especially since Errol Flynn, is suing for declaratory relief from paying tax on her alimony. Their four-year-old son, Sean Leslie Flynn, accompanies Lili. Hollywood feels the impending court fight played a large part in Flynn's open acknowledgment of Nora Eddington as his wife. Which is the good that blew out of that ill wind.

Lloyd Nolan was telling us about his cute little daughter Melinda who trotted home from Sunday School with a religious picture in her hand. "And what's this?" Lloyd asked her. "Oh, just an ad from Heaven," Melinda said.

Prophecy Come True: Photoplay chalks up another winner in the marriage of Deanna Durbin to Felix Jackson, her producer. Think back and you'll remember that just a year ago Photoplay told you this was a romance in a story called (*Continued on page* 8)



The Navy joins Mocambo fun—new find Guy Madison with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Drake

WITH SHINING PRIDE

WARNER BROS.

WILL SOON PRESENT

JOHN
GARFIELD
as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.
in

Pride of the Marines

with
ELEANOR
PARKER
DANE
CLARK



Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD
Screen Play by
Albert Maltz
Adaptation by
Marvin Borowsky
From a Book by
Roger Butterfield
Music by
Franz Waxman

a love story born out of the bedrock of the human spirit The magnificent story of one man and one woman and the love they so thrillingly shared-- incredible because every breathless moment is true!

FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN "RADIO STARS ON PARADE"
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



FRANCES LANGFORD her "HANDS of Heart's Desire"

YOU: *Such darling hands! Wish mine were so smooth and soft.*

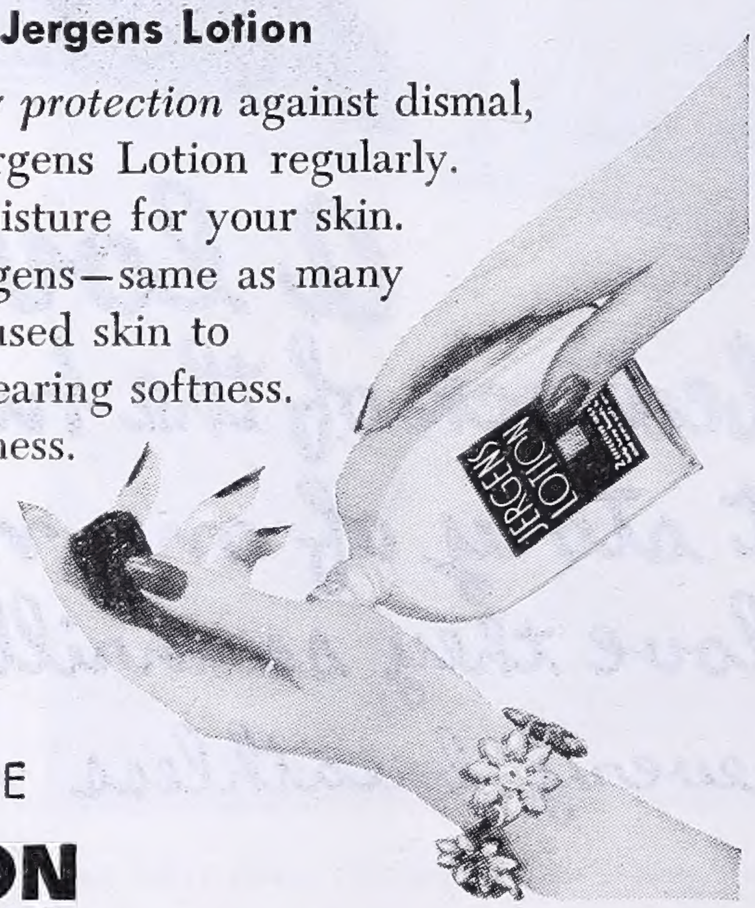
FRANCES LANGFORD: They easily can be.

YOU: *But how?*

FRANCES LANGFORD: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

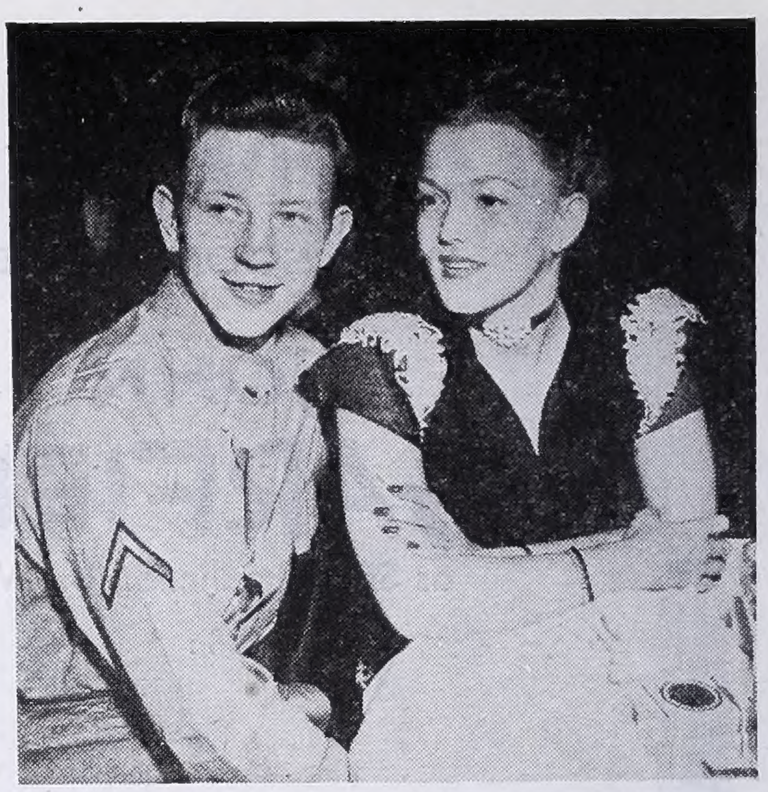
Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Their reasons? A girl has lovely *protection* against dismal, rough hands, just by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Supplies needed-for-beauty moisture for your skin. Two special ingredients in Jergens—same as many doctors use to help coarse, abused skin to youth-like smoothness and endearing softness. Simple! No inconvenient stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this almost-professional hand care.



FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE

JERGENS LOTION



The soldier and his petite lady—Pvt. and Mrs. Donald O'Connor at Ciro's

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 6) "Deanna's In Love."

Probably no girl in all Hollywood knew more loneliness and confusion in matters of the heart than Deanna. Everyone hoped that her marriage to Vaughn Paul would last, but both were too young to have a firm ground for permanent happiness.

When Felix Jackson stepped into the picture after her divorce, it was natural that Deanna found him exciting. He had all the poise and polish of an older man. He had persistence, too. So on June 13 Deanna and he were married in the chapel of the Last Frontier Hotel by the Rev. A. C. Melton of the Emmanuel Community Church. They picked that date because they believe thirteen is their lucky number—all Deanna's pictures start on the thirteenth, the last five of which, including "Lady On A Train," have been directed by Felix Jackson.

High Spots: By the way, Kathryn Grayson's spouse, Lieut. John Shelton, is temporarily home from the Pacific and looking very well. Saw them both at a big party that Walter Winchell threw while he was visiting here, beaming at each other all evening.

This party had people gaping at Georgie Raft, who never takes a drink. But he had a glass and a half of champagne and really thought it was New Year's Eve. He had more fun! And the rest had fun with him because when George gets up to do an exhibition rumba (which he did with Judy Garland) or his famous snake-hips routine (which he did by himself) people get a load of some real steppin.'

Auction for Uncle Sam: And when it comes to selling War Bonds, nobody can top Hollywood for getting people to open their hearts and their pocketbooks or staging their Bond-selling with glamour. Take the big "On to Tokyo" dinner the film folk held at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Hundreds of people paid a (*Continued on page* 10)



with Charles Dingle • Grant Mitchell • Wilma Francis • Chester Clute • Irving Bacon • Hal K. Dawson • Edward Fielding • Original Screenplay by BRUCE MANNING and JOHN KLORER • Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by SAM WOOD • Released thru United Artists

Give your face and neck this *COMPLETE* 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Treatment takes only 8 minutes



Famous *Homogenized* Facial Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves *special* attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works *wonders* for face and neck.

All you need is this *one* de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its *super-lubricating* qualities.

Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so *satin-smooth*. Notice how your skin appears *firmer*, so *delicately textured* with almost a *baby-freshness*.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.



For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'TOP SKIN' cells.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2204, Affiliated Products, Inc. 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

INSIDE STUFF



Gaiety to music—cute Joan Leslie with lucky rhythm partner, Stan Smith

(*Continued from page* 8) thousand dollars a plate (in Bonds) just to dine and then started bidding in Bonds for some of the things that the movie stars auctioned off. Cary Grant, who with Bob Hope had sold two and a half million in Bonds one night in Chicago, popped his eyes out before the night was over. And no wonder! Between himself, Reggie Gardiner, Basil Rathbone, Pat O'Brien, Bob Young, Roz Russell, Mary Pickford, Joan Leslie and others as auctioneers, they garnered over six million dollars for Uncle Sam! Roz Russell hit the high of the night by getting $1,075 for a gorgeous evening gown. A handbag of Mary Pickford's went for $360 in Bonds. So Mary just put her lipstick and other doo-dads into a handkerchief and took them home like that.

Round abouts: Joan Blondell is having the time of her life on the "Strange Adventure" set with Gable. The two lunch, laugh and howl all day long . . . Charles Russell, back from New Orleans location with the "Enchanted Voyage" troupe, reports seeing Lieut. Bob Taylor all over the place. Dining alone one night Charles strolled over to a table where Bob was also a lone diner. Before Bob was an open copy of Photoplay. "Ever get homesick for Hollywood?" Charlie asked him. Bob looked down at the magazine and said, "What do *you* think?" The handsome lieutenant is champing at the bit to get overseas . . . The Cary Grant-Betty Hensel romance is wavering due to Betty's impatience with Cary's indecision as to dinner or dancing dates. The gal never knows whether Cary will or won't be on tap . . . That little Fox charmer, who (*Continued on page* 12)

Sweet Sixteen AND NEVER BEEN KISSED (?)





FILMED FROM BROADWAY'S GREAT STAGE HIT!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Kiss and Tell

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT



starring **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**
as Corliss Archer

with JEROME COURTLAND · WALTER ABEL · ROBERT BENCHLEY
PORTER HALL · TOM TULLY

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE



COLUMBIA PICTURES

New leaf...now turning

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"Bond Street" Perfume:
$13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50.
Powder: See ROSE TAN,
one of the eight famous "English Complexion" textures, $1.
Lipstick: Cued to fall
costume colors, $1.
ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX





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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

INSIDE STUFF



After the Lohengrin—Tony Owens gives Donna Reed the nuptial kiss

(*Continued from page* 10) knows how to wine and dine cameramen to her advantage, has everyone chuckling. What a schemer!

Cal Roams around: It's a gala night when Cal goes dining out with the Chester Morris's, for in all Hollywood there is no happier couple, one more amusing or one more popular with the villagers themselves.

Romanoffs was the setting for our last get-together with practically everyone stopping by the table for a chat or to gape anew at some astonishing feat of magic by Chester who is recognized as one of America's best amateur magicians. Dozens of tiny wool rabbits literally spring from friends' pockets, ears or hats, to the dumfounded amazement of out-of-towners who are convinced the natives are wild people.

When Chester isn't making the popular "Boston Blackie's" at Columbia, he and Lily are off to camps and hospitals with their magic show. And if you think only Hollywood loves this couple, ask any soldiers who have come within ten feet of the Morrises.

Fighting Men: Hollywood's own Col. Jimmy Stewart should be leaving just about this minute for the fighting zones of the Pacific. He was due in Hollywood for a nice long furlough, after having been in the United States sans publicity for several weeks. But his mind wasn't just on seeing the pals he'd missed—nor just playing around. He was longing for re-assignment to the Pacific—and that's what he expected to get. He's a shining example of the movie lads who are making a wonderful showing for themselves and their country. Another one is Lieut. Ty Power. Bet you didn't know that the very first (*Continued on page* 14)

Stars ★ Girls ★ Laughs ★ Music!

Hot..sweet..solid! A SCANDALS to make even Broadway raise its eyebrows!

GEORGE WHITE'S

Scandals

JOAN DAVIS
JACK HALEY

PHILLIP TERRY · MARTHA HOLLIDAY · BETTEJANE GREER · FRITZ FELD

GENE KRUPA · His Drums and His Band

ETHEL SMITH · Hit Parade Swing Organist

Produced by GEORGE WHITE
Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder · Parke Levy and Howard Green





100 Scandals Girls
EVERY ONE A SWEETHEART

Joan Davis back on the air beginning Monday, Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M., E.W.T. CBS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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"*Glamourous!*" says Mrs. Ronald Colman —lovely wife of one of the screen's most celebrated stars



MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That's why I'm so excited about your glamourous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they're all thrilling!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That's what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman! It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee "exclusive" that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist . . . In Red-Red, Medium-Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be



Beauties and the beast—Jinx Falkenburg (at opening of her Mexican store), Paulette Goddard

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 12) plane to land on Okinawa was piloted by Ty! Yep—an Army transport it was.

Day Break?: Laraine Day really had a let-down when she went to visit her home town of Roosevelt, Utah—and this is one for the "such is fame" department. Laraine, whose real name is Johnson, hadn't been in the home burg in seven years. When she got off the train, the station master who has known her for ages, called, "Hi, Miss Johnson—you been away quite some time—don't think I've seen you fer a couple of years!"

Incidentally, keep a wary eye on the Laraine Day-Roy Hendricks marriage. As Cal told you about the Carole Landis fiasco (while it was being denied)—this mating is not long for this world.

Sis: June Allyson is finally breaking down and admitting that her gorgeous mink coat is a gift from Dick Powell and Dick is admitting that the big house he bought in Bel-Air is intended to be just a "honeymoon cottage." Dick's divorce is final any minute—and you can bet June will be more starry-eyed than ever when she becomes Mrs. Dick Powell—I should say roughly about five minutes after it becomes legal for them to say "I do."

Everyone out at M-G-M has nicknamed June "Sis." After all, she played Gloria De Haven's sis in "Two Girls And A Sailor," played sister to Margaret O'Brien in "Music For Millions" and just finished being Kathryn Grayson's sis in "Two Sisters From Boston"—besides, Junie likes the nickname. She never had a sister and wishes she had. (*Continued on page* 16)



This is what he dreams of...the heavenly nearness of you. The thrilling, unbelievable touch of your hands!

Smooth on creamy, fragrant Trushay <u>before</u> household tasks—<u>before</u> doing dishes. It <u>guards</u> hands even in hot, soapy water!

For the wonderful day of home-coming, guard your hands' soft beauty. Care for them this exquisite, utterly new way —with Trushay. The "Beforehand" lotion!

And use luxurious Trushay whenever... <u>wherever</u> skin needs its velvety touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P M M

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

INSIDE STUFF



Glamour guest—Dorothy Lamour chats with hostess Louella Parsons at the party Miss Parsons gave in honor of Col. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels



Lieut. Commander Joel Pressman (home on leave) with guest of honor Bebe Daniels at the same party

(*Continued from page* 14)

Glenn and Eleanor: Cal found himself with Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell at a friend's house the other evening and it was hard for us to visualize this tall, rather shy girl in her cotton frock as that black silk-stockinged dancer of M-G-M's musicals. Her feet are quiet now but her smile is as radiant, and her hands that kept time to the rhythm of her feet stray now to her purse where her baby's picture reposes.

To make their happiness complete, after being homeless since Glenn's discharge from the Marines, the two have bought a little home of their own and are now scurrying about transforming one of the rooms into a nursery.

Eleanor expresses no desire to return to the screen, but after Glenn finishes "A Stolen Life" opposite Bette Davis (and what a break that is) he reports to Columbia for more movies.

Last-minute News: Louella Parsons's party for Col. Ben Lyon and wife Bebe Daniels brought out every personality and star in Hollywood. It was good to see Jean Pierre Aumont in civvies again. Errol Flynn haunted the garden but left with Florence Pritchett. Well, well! Maria Montez in a side-draped, brilliantly striped turban with purse to match looked *très* glamorous, but Cal had the prettiest gal there to our notion—Lana Turner. Fact is, Lana called for Cal in her Packard coupe . . . Walter Winchell was all over the place newsgathering, with Cal right behind him . . . Chatted with Clifton Webb who tells us he's here now for more movies—after "Laura" that's great good news, isn't it? . . . Cary Grant was the beau bachelor of the party . . . Harold Lloyd's pretty daughter Gloria drew lots of admiring glances . . . Everyone is so happy over the John Garfields' expected baby, which is helping assuage Mrs. Garfield's grief over the sudden death of her little daughter.

Heard and Seen: Bogie paid forty thousand dollars for the house that Lauren Bacall chose for them to live in—just because she was so crazy about the place. It's worth about half of that. But any kind of a house in Hollywood, it seems, is bringing a terrific price these days . . . Lonesomest sight in town: Lana Turner—who wails how she feels only "half alive" since Turhan went into the Army. Hasn't been stepping out, either. Went to La Rue one night for dinner—just with another girl. Then they "bached" it to Mocambo—but (*Continued on page* 19)

She was the biggest sucker of them all!



Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers" . . . but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man . . . gambler and racketeer . . . she could never marry.

•

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan . . . she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

•

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.

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Paramount—Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

Adventure BOLD!.. *Romance* TRUE!

New horizons of glorious thrill!..



Come Be the ravishing beauty for whose coveted favor ardent men fight! Or stride the decks of your own brave ship, captain of a reckless crew, master of a maiden's fate! Hail the glamorous female pirate whose alluring charms mask a heart of steel! Do and dare, laugh and love with men of action and women of fire . . . *in the screen's most fabulous treasure of golden entertainment!*

The SPANISH MAIN

starring

PAUL HENREID · MAUREEN O'HARA · WALTER SLEZAK

A **FRANK BORZAGE** *production*

In Glorious TECHNICOLOR

with

BINNIE BARNES · JOHN EMERY · BARTON MacLANE · J. M. KERRIGAN · FRITZ LEIBER
NANCY GATES · JACK LaRUE · MIKE MAZURKI · IAN KEITH

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS · *Associate Producer* STEPHEN AMES · *Directed by* FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES and HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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At the Parsons party—Kay Williams, of Clark Gable fame, with Cary Grant

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 16) only for a few minutes—then home! . . . Rita and Orson Welles seem to be making La Rue their dinner hangout. Orson has lost pounds and pounds of weight—soon will have a figger as glamorous as Rita's he says . . . Vic Mature developed a big crush on pretty little Buff Cobb Bautzer, but Alan Curtis has been dating her since Vic left town . . . Sinatra is a sensational success with the GI's overseas. They were worried in the beginning that the boys might razz Frankie but, wisely, Frank was made the "stooge" in the act he did with Phil Silvers and others, and his down-to-earth charm, plus his singing won the soldiers completely.

Maisie and Ouija: The phone call was from Ann Sothern. Cal and Lieut. Ted Tewksbury, who expected to go back overseas much sooner, were invited up to play the ouija board, of all fantastic things. Happiness in motherhood has done wonders for the screen's beloved *Maisie.* Her pixie-like charm has grown into downright loveliness.

Her eagerness to learn the names of every navy plane kept Lieut. Tewksbury hopping from PB4Y2's to every conceivable type of Navy plane while Ann compared the Navy with the Army type her husband, Lieut. Robert Sterling, is flying.

She told us, too, how Bob had taken on his duties as a father from the moment the baby was born. "He stood with his nose flattened against the window staring for hours at her in the hospital," Ann laughed.

The ouija? Oh yes. Jerry Asher of Warner's publicity department joined us and the results were amazing. Ann learned her next for M-G-M was a

How do you look to a Hero?



Like a Rhinoceros? . . . Thick-Skin doesn't need any little hints about meeting veterans. Not *him,* he Knows How To Handle Men. Forget about vets needing rest before they go back to work, he says. Just yell, "What's wrong with *you,* Soldier? Get up! Get to work! Be a man!" A few hours in a foxhole would be *so* good for the Rhinoceros.



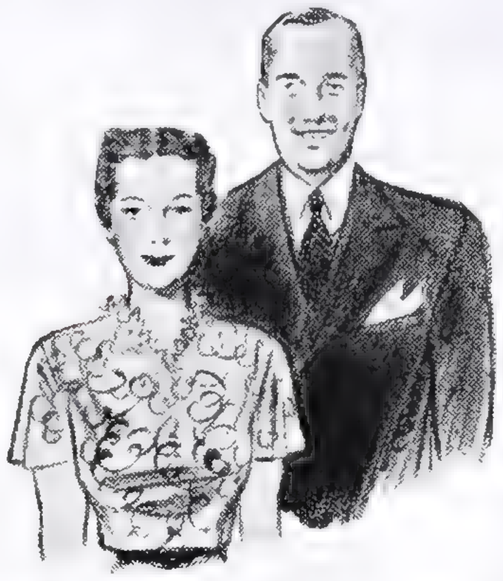
. . . a Fox? Veterans want to feel proud of the people they fought for. But it's hard to be proud of the Fox. He's done pretty well in this war and he doesn't mind telling you about it. "Know those lots I bought in 1937? Well . . ." Veterans who saw land traded for lives don't enjoy this kind of talk.



. . . a Crocodile? Her tears flow like wine when she sees a wounded service man. And her sympathy flows over him like carbolic acid. She turns a high-powered spotlight on a veteran's disability. No better morale-wrecker exists.



. . . a Lion? Most civilians are pretty modest about what they've done. But not the Lion. He practically won the war with his Victory Garden alone. And the bonds he bought . . . ! Veterans begin to wonder if maybe draft dodgers didn't have the right idea.



Or Star-spangled Citizens! They see the returned veteran as an able, capable citizen. They're proud of him, anxious to help. They weep no tears over him, ask no questions, listen when he talks—they make him think, "Boy! What a wonderful country!" Most of us are like them . . . *let's help the rest to be like them too!*

• • •

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc. in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



This stands for honorable service—Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

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INSIDE STUFF



Strictly-for-two moment—Van Heflin (back in civvies) and his cute Mrs.

Maisie film followed by a musical. Jerry learned many things about the stars at his studio (as if we'd tell), Ted learned where he'd be stationed next and Cal discovered stars were as eager to be amused and entertained, as the average fellow.

Music Everywhere: A few months ago, when suddenly a whole bunch of new crooners were making a bid for the throne that Bing Crosby still holds, Bing shook his head and we heard him say in that velvety voice of his, "eeeeeverybody's singin'!" He wasn't kidding. What must Bing think now—with Clark Gable, Cary Grant and Van Johnson all about to burst into song in coming movies??! Clark will warble a bit of "Trolley Song" into Greer Garson's ear in "Strange Adventure," Cary will sing six Cole Porter tunes in "Night And Day" and it's all cooked up to have the Johnson boy do some real crooning in his new picture.

Speaking of "Strange Adventure" recalls how Greer Garson, always quick with a quip, broke everyone up during one scene. Greer was playing the librarian of a book shop and another actress was supposed to ask for a certain book. She approached Greer and said, "'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,'" and before she could get "please" out, Greer said, "Are you kidding?" P.S. They took *that* scene over.

Correction, Please: Regarding those swell Joe Cotten color pictures Photoplay ran in the June issue, we understand the information we had on the photographer was wrong. That's why Al St. Hilaire was given credit instead of Madison Lacy who actually did the job. Sorry!

Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does your face fit?

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.



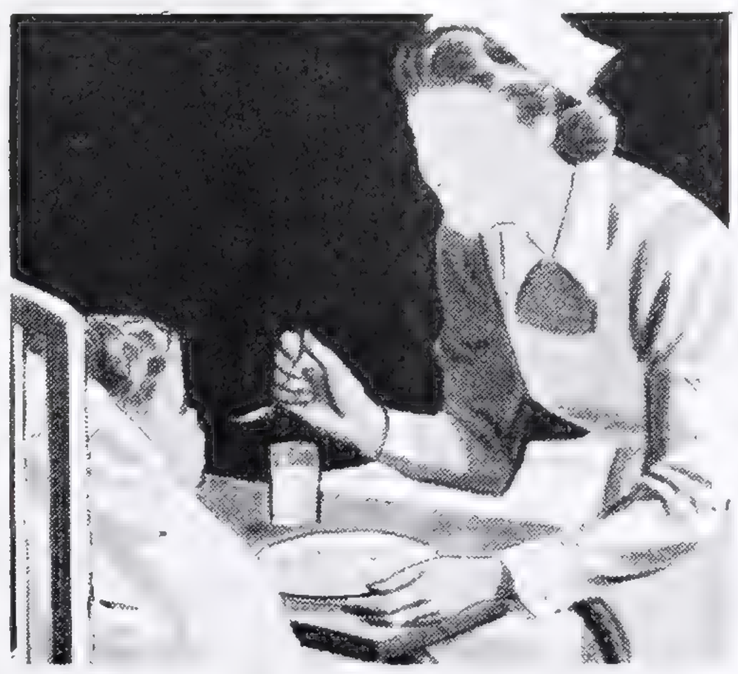


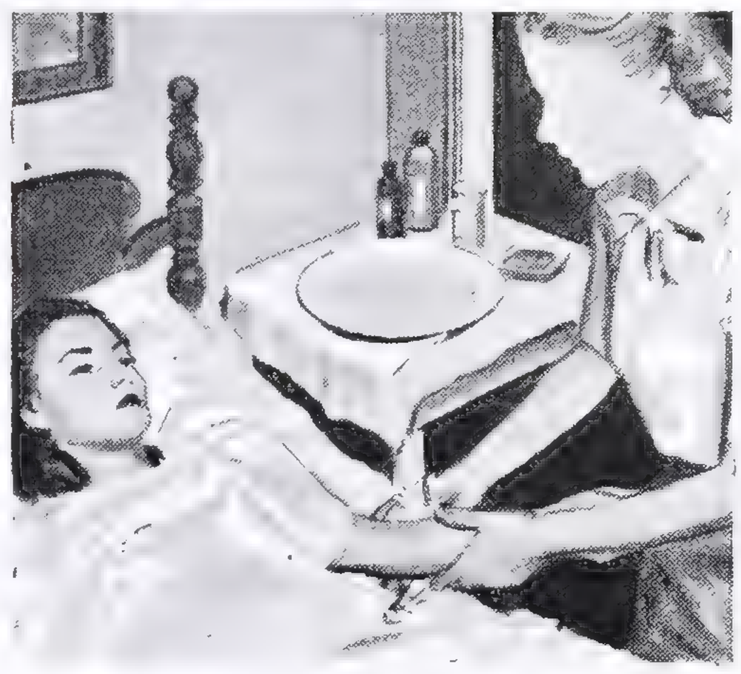
Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital? With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.







Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.



You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Adolescent pondering: Peggy Ann Garner, Barbara Whiting in "Junior Miss"

✓✓ Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox)

THOSE noises throughout the audience are chuckles, laughs and audible glee, all results of the antics of the *Graves* family. Allyn Joslyn as head of the family consisting of a cute wife, Sylvia Field, and two daughters, grabs the steering wheel of the comedy and guides it through the tumultuous events of family affairs. There couldn't have been a better navigator—Joslyn, who neither under- or overplays his role, is so cozily right.

Peggy Ann Garner as *Judy,* the adolescent member of the family, whose melodramatic imagination gets her father out of his job and then back in again, is easy and natural in her role. Her timing is perfect, her understanding of her requirements tops. In fact, it's the connivings and conversations between Peggy and her unglamorous "bosom" friend Barbara Whiting (a half-ton riot) that gathers most of the audience appreciation. The ungodly procession of half-grown suitors in the life of the older sister, *Lois,* is another source of amusement. Lois, played so well by Mona Freeman, is a very pretty young trick and promises to be quite an actress one day.

Newcomer Michael Dunne as *Judy's Uncle Willis* and Faye Marlowe as the boss's daughter (who meet and marry through *Judy's* scheming to the disintegration of everyone) are interesting people we want to see again. And puffing, bluffing John Alexander as the head of Joslyn's law firm, puffs and bluffs most capably

In fact, we believe Twentieth, who started out with a B in mind, will be surprised to find they have a hit on their hands, exactly the kind of fun-in-the-family fare people love. If you don't feel better for having seen it then we miss our guess.

Your Reviewer Says: A chuckle a minute.



Harmony for two: Alexis Smith and Robert Alda in "Rhapsody In Blue"

✓✓ Rhapsody In Blue (Warners)

GEORGE GERSHWIN, his music, his life, his ambitions and dreams come to the screen in an emotionally warm story literally crammed with people and events of his time. The result is a melodious triumph, a monument of sorts to the genius of Gershwin and a credit to all concerned. The presence of Al Jolson who first introduced a Gershwin tune, "Swanee," starts it off down a memory lane of such personalities as Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, George White, playing themselves—and such unforgettable melodies as "Embraceable You," "Somebody Loves Me," "Lady Be Good," building to the famous "Rhapsody In Blue" on to "Porgy And Bess."

Especially outstanding are Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith as the two women in his life, Rosemary De Camp and Morris Carnovsky as his parents and Herbert Rudley as his brother Ira. But it's Robert Alda as George who breathes life and understanding into one of America's composers who died so tragically young in Los Angeles.

Overly long, due to too lengthy routines and unnecessary sequences, the picture nevertheless captures and holds the interest.

Charles Coburn as Max Dreyfus who gave Gershwin his start, Albert Basserman as the music professor who believed in the Gershwin genius, Hazel Scott and Anne Brown who give voice to his music are all outstanding. Levant, restrained and natural, fits into his own life role with charming sincerity. In fact, it's an important contribution to the screen, beautifully directed by Irving Rapper and tastefully executed.

Your Reviewer Says: An eternal heartbeat in rhythm.



Moment romantic: Arturo de Cordova, Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde"

✓✓ Incendiary Blonde (Paramount)

THE story of Texas Guinan comes to the screen with more or less authenticity and more or less capability in the acting department. Betty Hutton, who plays Texas, certainly gives it "wim, wigor and witality," as Sam Weller would say, and sells Texas as we feel she'd like to be sold—solidly.

From her days with a wild west rodeo, as a fast-riding cowgirl, Hutton takes the effervescent entertainer through her days on the New York stage, on to her era in movies when movies were young, and back to New York and her cafe days when her "Hello, sucker" and "Let's give the little girl a great big hand" were Broadway slogans.

Her marriage to press agent Tim Callahan played by Bill Goodwin, and her undying love for Bill Kilgannon played by Arturo de Cordova, are neatly and expertly woven into the story, giving it a deeply sentimental touch. We especially liked de Cordova, who fits his role to a T.

Broadway figures and Broadway gangsters wander in and out of the story, lending it a nostalgic and frightening quality of an era that has only recently faded in memory. Charles Ruggles as Cherokee Jim, Albert Dekker as Cadden, Barry Fitzgerald and Mary Phillips as her parents lend substance to this tribute to a great showwoman.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give Texas a great big hand.

(*Continued on page* 123)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Peformances See Page 124

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 132

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

By Sara Hamilton



Keen about her knitting . . .

Dumb about her Dandruff!

An Itching Scalp with Ugly Flakes and Scales is a Warning You Should Heed

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus."

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Disappear

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



(Pityrosporum ovale), the "Bottle Bacillus," regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *The Tested Treatment for* **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**





Adult ecstasy: Alexander Knox and Irene Dunne starred in the Columbia picture, "Over 21"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓*AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE*—Paramount: A gay, rambling story about *Susan,* delightfully played by Joan Fontaine, who is four different women to the four men in her life. We see her first through the eyes of her ex-husband, George Brent, stage producer, then she becomes a siren to lumberman Don DeFore, an intellectual to Dennis O'Keefe, and then she decides on solid citizen Walter Abel. (June)

✓✓*ALONG CAME JONES*—International: Gary Cooper is a cowboy who can't shoot, but tries hard, and Williams Demarest is his pal. When they come to a strange town they're mistaken for a notorious bandit and his pal, but are saved by Loretta Young. Instead of getting out of town, they realize she is really shielding the bandit, Dan Duryea, and they hang around until they get into a free-for-all of shooting. (Aug.)

✓✓*BELL FOR ADANO, A*—20th Century Fox: The most touching film of the month is this war drama in which John Hodiak registers forcefully as *Major Joppolo,* who through his patience and understanding of the people of Adano endears himself to them. Gene Tierney is the Italian *Tina,* and William Bendix as the Sergeant is expertly cast. Equally good are Richard Conte and Henry Morgan. (Aug.)

✓*BELLS OF ROSARITA*—Republic: Not only do we have Roy Rogers in this, but also Wild Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston and Sunset Carson, all riding in Dale Evans's circus in order to save it from villain Grant Withers. The way it works out, with Rogers playing himself, a real movie cowboy, is novel and welcome. (Aug.)

✓*BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE*—20th Century-Fox: The scenery, settings, costumes and the star, Betty Grable, are all very pretty in Technicolor, but the story is a silly one. William Gaxton is the star of the show who, despite the fact that his son, Dick Haymes, has stage ambitions, wants him to be a doctor and does everything possible to break up his romance with Betty. The comedy honors go to Phil Silvers. (June)

✓*BREWSTER'S MILLIONS*—Small-UA: Dennis O'Keefe is out of the Army and all set to marry Helen Walker when he learns he's inherited a million dollars which he must spend in sixty days in order to inherit seven million. Everything he touches multiplies instead of decreases and he has one heck of a time trying to get rid of it. Rochester, Mischa Auer and June Havoc are on the funny side. (June)

✓*BRIGHTON STRANGLER, THE*—RKO: A well-developed yarn, dealing with an actor stunned by a bombing, who sets out to enact the role he's been playing on the stage for a year—that of a strangler. John Loder plays the berserk actor with sympathy, Rose Hobart does an excellent job as his fiancee, and June Duprez and Michael St. Angel add romance to the story. (Aug.)

(*Continued on page* 128)

Shadow Stage

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Why Girls Leave Home	126



He loved to loot and looted for love!

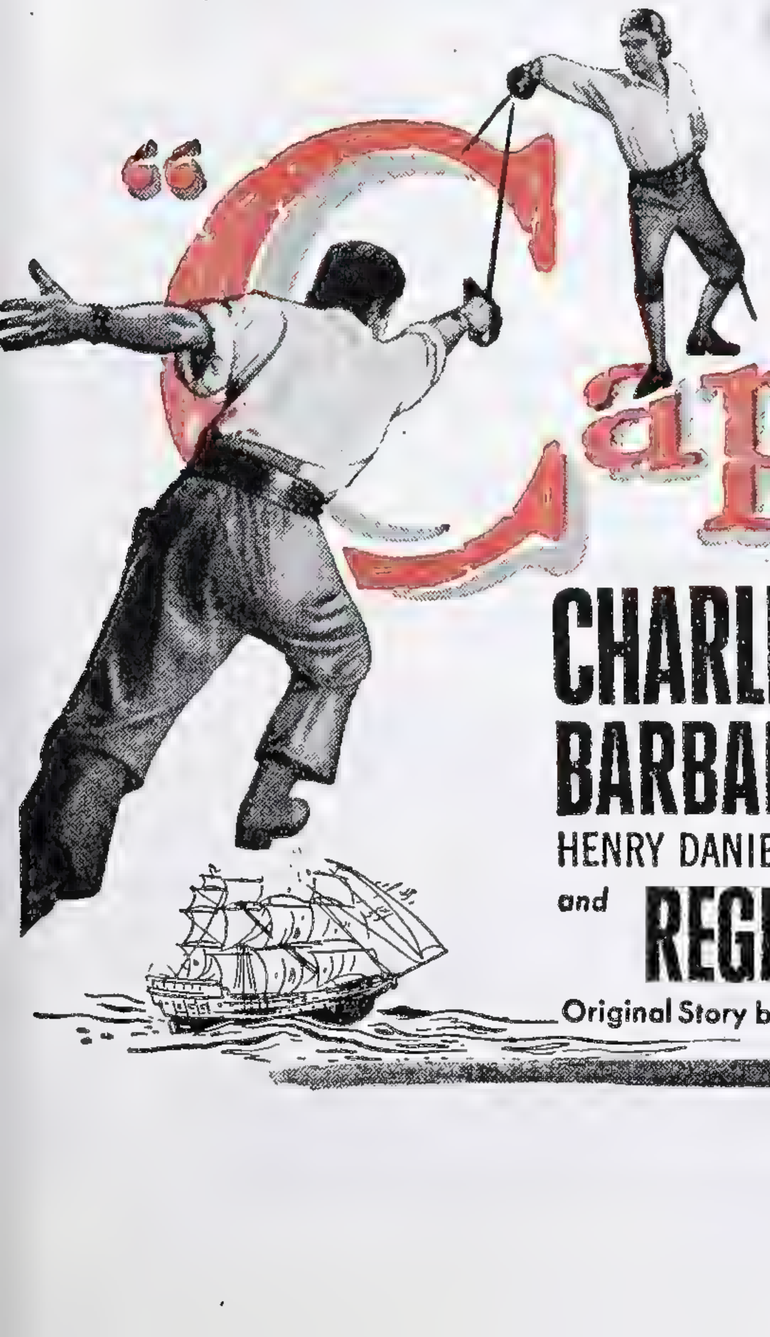
A full tide of adventure, romance and lustful seeking after gold and women...the private life of the pirate rogue, Captain Kidd!

Benedict Bogeaus

presents

A ROWLAND V. LEE

production



"Captain Kidd"

Starring

CHARLES LAUGHTON · RANDOLPH SCOTT

BARBARA BRITTON *with* JOHN CARRADINE · JOHN QUALEN

HENRY DANIELL · GILBERT ROLAND · SHELDON LEONARD · ABNER BIBERMAN

and **REGINALD OWEN** ·

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE

Original Story by Robert N. LEE · Screenplay by Norman Reilly Raine · Released thru United Artists



Countess

ADA MOHL

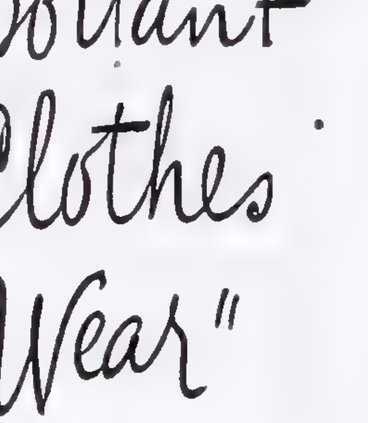
A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Directress for one of New York's exclusive shops.



"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

Countess Mohl says:
"I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I've noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss."

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"



DJER·KISS PERFUME by Kenkoff

WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

Talking Back

In which you speak up, we listen and then reply in this readers-to-editors tête à tête



Suggested — a movie of Liszt with Stephen Bekassy starred

THERE are a lot of things I'd like to know. Why isn't John Hodiak in Uncle Sam's service? Also Van Johnson? And Dane Clark, Joe Cotten, Sunny Tufts, Dennis Morgan, Danny Kaye, Bill Eythe, Turhan Bey, Dick Crane and Gregory Peck. Why should they grab up opportunities that the war created and take jobs left by real red-blooded Americans who are loyal enough to fight for the most blessed land on earth. I think it poor taste to give these spineless guys so much favorable publicity and allow the heroes like Jimmy Stewart, Richard Green, David Niven, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Melvyn Douglas, and many, many others, to be forgotten. Why not keep the real guys before the public?

B. J. Stevenson, Huron, S. Dak.

Because a great many others may be thinking the same things about the stars mentioned above, we felt it only fair to make a careful check of their draft status. John Hodiak and Danny Kaye have been rejected for physical reasons by their draft boards. The same applies to Van Johnson, who was rejected because of the head accident he had two years ago. Sonny Tufts was rejected because of injuries received to his leg in college athletics. Bill Eythe and Dick Crane were rejected because of ear conditions. Dane Clark, Joe Cotten and Dennis Morgan are over thirty, which is the present draft age line. Gregory Peck has been turned down because of an old back injury. And Turhan Bey is now in the Army!

As for the stars who have been away in action, Photoplay plans to bring you their stories as soon as they can be reached. The Editors

THIS letter is not to sing the praises of "A Song To Remember," which was a super-superb movie, but rather to suggest a wild idea to Hollywood. How about casting Stephen Bekassy, who was so personable as Franz Liszt, as Liszt in another whiz-bang technicolor picture based on the life of the Hungarian composer, and featuring his Liebestraum, Les Preludes and Hungarian Rhapsody?

In an "office discussion," Mr. Bekassy drew as many votes from the gals as Cornel Wilde—and I bet a number of fans would welcome another music-techni-movie with open arms and heartfelt thanks.

Viola Witter, Toronto, Can.

Not a bad idea. At least it deserves to be brought to the attention of Columbia Pictures, which is just what we have done—with due credit to the writer. The Editors

I WOULD like you to know that during all the months of the war a friend of mine in New York has regularly posted copies of Photoplay to me here in England. After reading the articles and admiring the colorful photographs they have been sent to friends on active service. They have found their way to France, Greece and Italy; to the British Navy and also to the wounded in the local hospital, and I have received many letters of appreciation and thanks.

S. Medlock, S.R.N., Beds, England

(*Continued on page 76*)

If you wish to have your letter considered for this department, write to Talking Back, c/o Photoplay, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17. N. Y.

Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

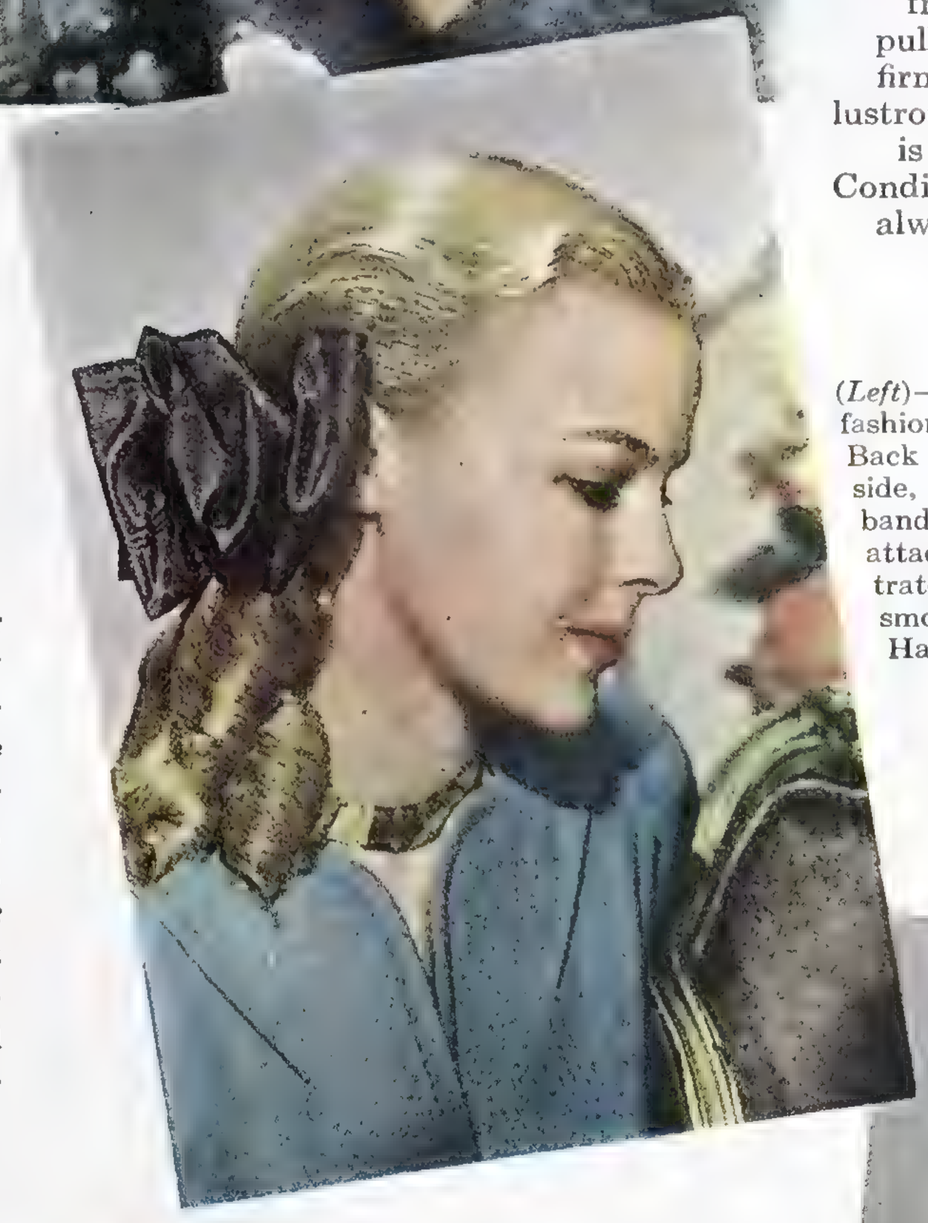
On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(*Left*)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(*Below*)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.



No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN





Gloomy Miss . . .

(her complexion needed help !)





Smart Me . . .

(I told her my beauty secret !)



Happy Mrs . . .

(she won him with

that Ivory Look)

Lucky YOU . . . You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon *you* can get that Ivory Look!



More Doctors advise IVORY
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!

Jennifer Jones speaks for herself



About her sons, her private life, her career as star of "Duel In The Sun"

BY REBECCA CAREY

JENNIFER JONES sat in the Superior Court of the City of Los Angeles on the morning of June 20, 1945, getting her divorce from Robert Walker. Hidden behind her reticent words was the outline of a tragedy of incompatibility of two very nice people.

She and Mr. Walker had separated on November 7, 1943, she said. One of the troubles had been that Mr. Walker wanted her to go into radio, against the advice of her manager.

"You can't get a divorce on that," Judge Charles E. Haas interrupted. "Did he stay out all night?"

"Yes," said Jennifer, her voice very low. "Sometimes all night."

The Judge asked, "Do you know if he was working?"

"No, I didn't know. He didn't tell me."

"Now we're getting somewhere," the Judge promptly informed her. "That's grounds for divorce."

Thus a marriage ended. Jennifer and Bob got joint custody of the two small Walker sons, Bobbie, five, and Michael, four, but they were to continue living with their mother. There was no alimony or property settlement. "Mr. Walker has been most generous in his care of the children," Jennifer testified.

So that was that, and the big subject that Jennifer Jones has refused to discuss for more than a year and a half was, safely, a matter of history.

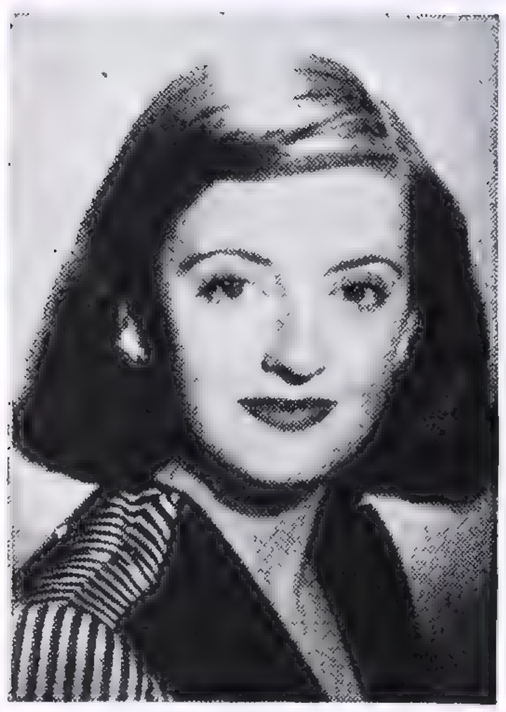
Jennifer Jones has given no interviews during the eighteen months that she has been living alone. You may have seen stories on her, but they have been gathered from other people, not from this beautiful, highly wrought young star who already possesses one Academy Award and who will undoubtedly garner more of them in the future.

When she agreed to talk for publication for Photoplay exclusively, it was with the distinct understanding that the subject of her parting from Bob Walker was not to be brought into the conversation, though naturally it was agreed that Photoplay had every right to publish such testimony as a matter of public record.

Even at that, the interview was hedged about with inevitable reservations. Said her studio, "We can't guarantee that she will talk at all. Jenny's like that. Either she talks so fast you can't stop her, or she doesn't say two words."

We met at the Savoy, a Beverly Hills restaurant (*Cont'd on page* 116)

Who will be your



Bette Davis



"A Song To Remember" is running high—with Cornel Wilde, Merle Oberon, Paul Muni



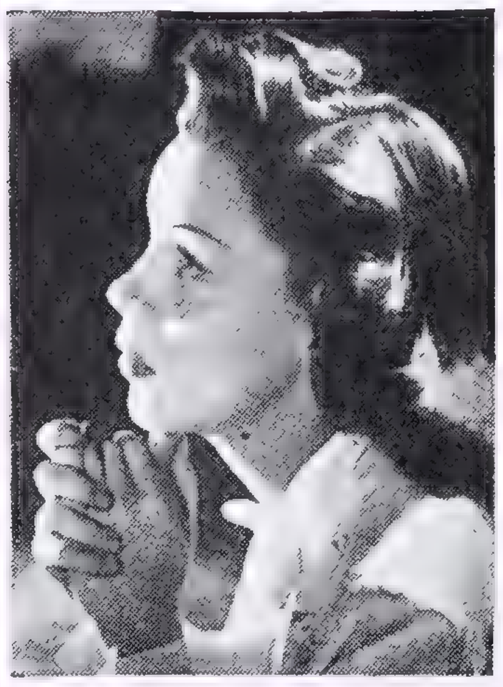
Greer Garson



Ingrid Bergman



Betty Grable



Judy Garland

Thus far this year movie-goers have picked these five women stars as their favorites, with others running close

IT IS Saturday night in your town somewhere in the U.S.A. You have a date tonight—with your best beau, or with the girl down the block, or with your family—to do the same thing Americans all over the nation are doing: Going to the movies.

The line before the theater is a long one; the picture is "The Keys Of The Kingdom." For two hours you sit absorbed by the powerful story of A. J. Cronin's novel; you are moved by Gregory Peck's fine portrayal of *Father Chisholm;* and when you walk out of that theater you pronounce the film a great motion picture. As a Photoplay reader you are ready perhaps to go on record as saying, "That movie should win Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for 1945."

Whether it will or not is right now being determined by a poll which we feel is one of the most scientific and accurate on the American scene. This very minute your counterpart—be he or she doctor, typist, nurse, businessman, schoolgirl—is talking to a pleasant-looking man or woman who has just approached him with, "I'm from Audience Research. Mind answering a few questions?" The result of those answers, added to the thousands of answers from all over the nation—in big cities, small towns, on farms and in factories—will decide what picture and what stars will receive the Photoplay Gold Medal Award for 1945.

This Award is given each year to the best-liked motion picture and the most popular actor and actress of Hollywood. The choice is made by American movie-goers themselves, polled through our Audience Research from coast to coast; and it is the one Award that is the actual expression of the wishes of movie-goers interviewed personally.

After long months of careful polling in 1944, the Award was presented to Greer Garson as the most poplar feminine star of the year; to Bing Crosby as the most popular male star; and to "Going My Way" as the most popular picture.

At this time, the 1945 race is halfway run. It

favorites for 1945?

An exciting mid-race report of the first half of the year on the likely contenders for Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards for 1945

BY

DR. GEORGE GALLUP, Director of Audience Research, Inc.



Gary Cooper

is an exciting and close one.

Nine pictures head the list as contenders for the Gold Medal this year. They are "The Keys Of The Kingdom," "Meet Me In St. Louis," "Music For Millions," "National Velvet," "Objective Burma," "A Song To Remember," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "To Have And Have Not" and "Winged Victory." (Note that these pictures are listed in alphabetical order and are not ranked on the basis of enjoyment.)

Your favorite is not among them? Well, here's a point to consider: This list is made of those pictures released in December, 1944, or during the first five months of 1945 and have already been seen by one-third of the movie audience, a requisite that we feel is essential to insure that pictures considered for the Award have had sufficient distribution to give all elements of the movie-going public a chance to see them. But there are still five more films which, although they have not as yet been seen by the one-third minimum, will likely qualify on that score by December. The vote on them is strong enough to suggest that one of them may be the winner of the Gold Medal.

They include: "The Enchanted Cottage," "God Is My Co-Pilot," "Thunderhead," "Tomorrow The World" and "Wilson."

NOW let's go on to the stars. Which ones have the best chance of winning the Gold Medal? Among the actresses (again arranged alphabetically) are Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson and Betty Grable. Among the actors, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Bob Hope and Spencer Tracy head the list.

Here's a revealing sidelight on this list: The four runners-up are Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. Will one of these have a chance of receiving the personal tribute of the Gold Medal from movie audiences? The answer to that depends on what all the Mary (*Continued on page* 110)



Bing Crosby



Cary Grant



Spencer Tracy



Bob Hope

These are the men that movie-goers have chosen at the half-way mark as contenders for top position this year

In the face of Hollywood's pessimistic reports of a final separation,

Louella Parsons made a daring prophecy which has now come to pass

The Truth About

The Ray Millands

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



No ripple then—Ray and his adored Mal dance at El Morocco

I HAVE been predicting for many, many weeks, even when few people, if any, agreed with me, that eventually the Ray Millands would be back together again. Now that it's come true, I'll tell you why I had the courage to make what seemed at the time such a dubious prophecy.

If you talk to the very handsome Ray, as I have done, you know that there never was another girl for him and that the quarrels he has had with his wife were due to what he calls "temperament and moodiness" that come to any actor who works as hard as he has done for the past thirteen years.

Even though this parting was the third one, the Millands believed it was now all over for them. As he stood at my bar mixing Martinis a few weeks ago, he said, looking unhappy, "Mal is a marvelous person, honest, charming, absolutely without guile and with a great sense of humor. If I have any fault to find with her, it's the little habit she has of listening to other people's troubles.

"I would come home," he said, "and there would be four or five friends all pouring out their problems into her sympathetic ear. I used to wish they would go home, or had never come, because I had my problems, too, and wanted her to sympathize with me. She is such a naturally sweet person that anyone who has troubles comes to Mal. I am Welsh and temperamental but I am not emotional, so I could never properly express myself.

"I have never been in the slightest interested in any other girl since I first set eyes on Malvina Muriel Weber thirteen years ago at a bridge party given by Martha Sleeper. I took a look at Mal and trumped my partner's ace, I was so taken with her!"

"Tell me about it," I asked Ray.

"All right," he said, "I will! I had been going about a bit with two young socialites—you know them here in Los Angeles—but I never saw either one of them again after meeting this glorious creature. 'There,' I said to myself, 'is the next Mrs. Jack Millane!' "

"Who?" I gasped.

"Oh, didn't you know my real name is Jack Millane?" he answered.

Then I remembered that Mal always calls him "Jack" and so does Ann Sothern, Bob Sterling, Walter and Fieldsy Lang and the coterie of friends that he and Mal associate with in Hollywood—or did until that day six months ago when he walked out and left the wife he adores and his little boy, Danny, after a quarrel which he himself says was utterly senseless. (*Continued on page* 74)



Talented Welshman, Ray Milland, who gets his greatest role to date in Paramount's "The Lost Weekend"



Joan Crawford did a complete switch



Lauren Bacall may prove the "L" rule



Jennifer Jones was an inspiration



Roy Rogers's real name is a surprise

It's all

A numbers game that adds up to make Hollywood monikers a minus or a gold-plated plus

WHAT'S in a name? Success or failure, happiness or its opposite, if you believe the numerologists. There must be something to it, else Hollywood wouldn't put so much stress on choosing just the right professional monikers for its stars.

Lauren Bacall, for instance. Names have always intrigued me and none more so than that of the sleepy-eyed Warner starlet who became the fourth Mrs. Humphrey Bogart in May. Whoever wished that name on her—and one hears that Hollywood employs a battery of professional name-changers—had a touch of genius. As Lauren Bacall—also known as The Look—her face and figure have been front-page news for months. The numerologists say there's a reason, as you'll presently see.

Jennifer Jones, I think, was another inspiration. The sweet young star of "The Song Of Bernadette" had spent a substantial part of her life in show business as Phyllis Isley. She even had a go at Hollywood in Western pictures. But not until Dave Selznick's hard-working aides dreamed up a new name for her did she zoom to stardom.

Do stage beauties, screen heroes, actor and models succeed because of their names or despite them? Would a rose be just as sweet by any other name? As sweet, perhaps, but not so saleable. A professional name, whether it soothes the eye and ear or merely irritates them, should always snag the memory. A name that is too pretty, too easy to pronounce, may defeat its purpose. This is probably why the Powers, Conover and other model agencies tag their most beautiful models with such odd appellations as Jinx Falkenburg, Choo Choo Johnson, Chili Williams, Candy Jones, et cetera.

Tallulah Bankhead, a name to conjure with, happens to have been her own since birth. Would Taloo, as her friends call her, have developed so flaming a personality if her parents had christened her Rosemary, say, or Jocelyn? Or even Eugenia, the name they bestowed on her older sister? The tempestuous Tallulah thinks not.

"My mother must have had some prescience of what I would grow up to be like," she told me. "I was christened at her deathbed and her last words were, 'Look after Eugenia—Tallulah can look after herself.' And I most certainly have been looking after myself ever since."



Another Carole gave Landis the idea



Betty Hutton's vibrations are terrific



Gypsy proved the Hays office wrong



Tallulah got it from the Indians

In The Name

By Danton Walker

When I asked how she came by so unusual a name, she replied:

"I was named for my grandmother. But the first Tallulah—quite unrelated—was an Indian princess, to whom the aborigines made a sacrifice of a man every year, to promote good crops. I always thought the name meant 'Love Maiden.'"

At this, Tallulah gave the throaty gurgle for which she is famous.

"I was sadly disillusioned by my aunt, who headed the historical archives of the State of Alabama. She informed me that the word means 'Terrible'!"

Would Roy Rogers, Republic Pictures' cowboy star, have captured the fancy of millions as Leonard Sly, his true name, which sounds like a character in a Restoration comedy? Would Mary Pickford have become America's Sweetheart as Gladys Smith, which happens to be what she was christened? I doubt it. Nor would Joan Crawford have risen to stellar heights as Lucille LeSeuer.

Since the late Carole Lombard (born Jane Peters) assumed that name—adding an "e" to the Carol, on the advice of a numerologist—there has been a flock of starlets with that name, best known of them being Carole Landis (nee Frances Ridste). Frank Cooper and Rupert Vallee set a new style in names for boys when they adopted the *petits noms,* respectively, of Gary and Rudy.

When I asked Gypsy Rose Lee, the former burlesque queen, how she came by so unusual a moniker, she explained quite simply that in vaudeville she had been billed as Rose Louise. This, for practical purposes, was shortened to Rose Lee; Gypsy was the nickname by which her mother had known her since her rosy-cheeked, curly-haired babyhood. It is interesting to note that when the Will Hays office insisted on introducing her to the screen as Rose Louise Hovick (her real name) she was a flop. On her second Hollywood try, she was permitted to resume the name by which Broadway had always known her. It was a typographical error in a theater program that decided Gypsy's sister, June Havoc, to adopt that spelling.

Several seasons ago, while visiting Saratoga Springs, I was so smitten by a madcap (*Continued on page* 136)

The Van Johnson I Know

BY JUNE ALLYSON
AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

It's a "Once upon a time" story, this—of two young stars and their special friendship



Van (second rear), chorus boy in Broadway's "Too Many Girls"



June (second left), Broadway chorus girl in "Very Warm For May"

THE other day I was stopped on the lot and asked, "Can anyone explain this terrific popularity of Van Johnson's?"

I burned, even though I know that when a player hits the tremendous stardom that Van has, in such a brief time, there are always those who pretend it must be based upon something other than personality and ability.

Answering this feline, I drew myself up to my full five feet two and said, "Yes, I can explain Van's popularity. I know today it's based on exactly the same qualities I saw in him when I first met him, when neither one of us was known to anyone. Success has to come to Van because, in addition to outside things like his handsomeness and his tremendous acting ability, he is so good inside."

You see, I knew Van when. He knew me when, too. He hasn't changed one bit. The only thing success has done to him is to make him even nicer.

"When" was the season of 1941 on Broadway. It seems like more than four years ago. As I look back, Van and I were such babies, such dreaming babies.

Van was fresh in from Newport, Rhode Island, and some chorus work on the main stem. I was fresh in from Lucerne, New York, by way of a session at Roosevelt High, up in Westchester County, which is just outside the Big City, and some chorus work in "Very Warm For May" and "Higher And Higher," both of which had flopped with dull thuds. At the time we met, we both were understudies, Van being Gene Kelly's understudy in "Pal Joey," I being Betty Hutton's in "Panama Hattie." While we didn't exactly wish that our stars would fall down and break their legs, we did sort of dream that they might feel a bit indisposed one night when every manager on Broadway would just happen to be out front!

That never came true, of course.

An understudy's salary is, I assure you, a very little thing. I was living over at what was then called the American Woman's Club with one of the most talented girls I've ever encountered, Betsy Blair. Betsy is in real life all that *Claudia* is in stories, and she had then the most desperate crush on Gene Kelly. Today, as you probably know, she is Mrs. Gene Kelly.

But at that time she expected to go right on with her career, just as I did with mine, and we never talked anything else. The American Woman's Club was one of those very respectable, very inexpensive places to live, not too conveniently located, and a (*Continued on page* 118)



Fink

Line forms to the right! Van Johnson, appearing in "Weekend At The Waldorf"

Lana —

of the beauty that makes men sing—

of the earnest, tender mother heart—

of the contrasts that Clark Gable says make you blink!

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE are a lot of things that stick in my mind about Lana Turner—things I've seen and heard since I came to know her rather well.

Lana was one of the stars who had really skyrocketed in the years I spent in New York and I hadn't even met her when I came back to Hollywood to live last summer.

But she has come to mean such a lot to me in several ways that I can sort of ramble on about her. Nothing very important—bits and pieces—making up one of the rare people I've met in my lifetime. Giving maybe some of the feeling of the word, if you had to pick just one word, that would describe her best—contrasts.

That, by the way, is the word I stole from Clark Gable. He remarked once that there were so many contrasting sides to Lana they made you blink.

For instance, I was up at her house one afternoon when she came romping in to see her small daughter, Miss Cheryl Christine, who is two. She has golden brown hair and the biggest brownest eyes I ever saw in anybody's head. With me, she had been rather dignified. At sight of her mother she let out a squeal. Broke the world's record for her age getting across the room. Flung up her arms and said, "Please, Baby."

"Does she mean you—or herself?" I asked. You know how tots use the third person about themselves, like, "Baby wants to go now." At least all mine did.

Lana grinned. "I guess she means me," she said. "She usually calls me her baby. And I call her my baby. So that makes it mutual."

Yet when Lana was in Washington some time ago and was guest of honor at a luncheon given by (then) Senator Harry S. Truman, she said something in startling contrast. At the end of the luncheon, the Senator introduced her to his guests as one of our most famous movie stars and asked her to say a few words.

Lana got up and said, simply, "I thank Senator Truman for calling me a famous movie star. But when I talk to people like you, who govern our country and hold its future in their hands, I feel I have a much more important title—I'm one of America's young mothers. And I'd like you to think of me that way. Young mothers are probably the most important people in the world. I guess they always have been. My daughter's future is the thing of most concern to me—and to you."

She meant it, too.

Which reminds me: When Senator Truman, after being elected vice-president, became President of the United States at the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Lana called and asked me to lunch with her.



Not a great movie star here, but the proud mother of Cheryl

"I'm in a quandary," she said over the coffee. "Mr. Truman was very nice to me when I was in Washington, very kind and friendly. Do you think I ought to write and—well, not exactly congratulate him—would you? I mean because he got to be president when Roosevelt died and so you would not want to congratulate him—but somehow I'd like to write to him—do you think it would be all right?"

I said I thought President (*Continued on page* 71)



Carpenter

Radiant in roses, Lana Turner, who is starred in M-G-M's "Early To Wed"

THESE ARE

They call him everything from the Lincoln of Hollywood to the Great Lover of 1945. But the truth lies somewhere in between, as you will see in this story of his life

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Gregory Peck, man in demand, with "Duel In The Sun" and "The Yearling"

FROM the day of his birth, Gregory Peck was marked out for an important destiny—either that or abject failure—for there never was a moment when he wasn't at complete variance with the average child. He wasn't a pretty baby, but he was a long one, long torso-ed, long limbed, with great, dark eyes and a buzz of hair that promised to be very dark, and strong too.

His father wanted him, his first born, to be named Gregory Junior, but his mother had another idea, so they compromised and named him Eldred Gregory, a name which he disliked from the time he was old enough to be aware of it. The compromise was characteristic of the life his parents lived together. They were romantically in love—but their minds were always at war. They quarreled and made up, quarreled and finally separated. Such a domestic atmosphere does things to a child, who is its inevitable storm center. It did things to young Eldred.

Gregory Peck the second was born in La Jolla, California, on April 5, 1916, and today, as the whole world knows, he is the fastest rising male star in movies with four of the major studios owning a share of him.

His first picture, "Days Of Glory," for Casey Robinson and RKO, turned out to be not so hot at the box office, though he was personally a triumph; his second, "Keys Of The Kingdom" for Twentieth Century-Fox was mostly a critical success and Greg was magnificent in it. However, his third, "Valley Of Decision" for M-G-M, is a smash, and this too is said of "Spellbound" under the Selznick banner, though the film has not been generally released as yet. Right now, so great is the demand for his services, he is in two productions at once, "Duel In The Sun" and "The Yearling."

Gregory Peck is, at twenty-nine, that rarest of combinations, a truly great actor who is also a handsome, humorous, intelligent, sensitive human being. He is even now—with

THE DAYS OF

Gregory Peck

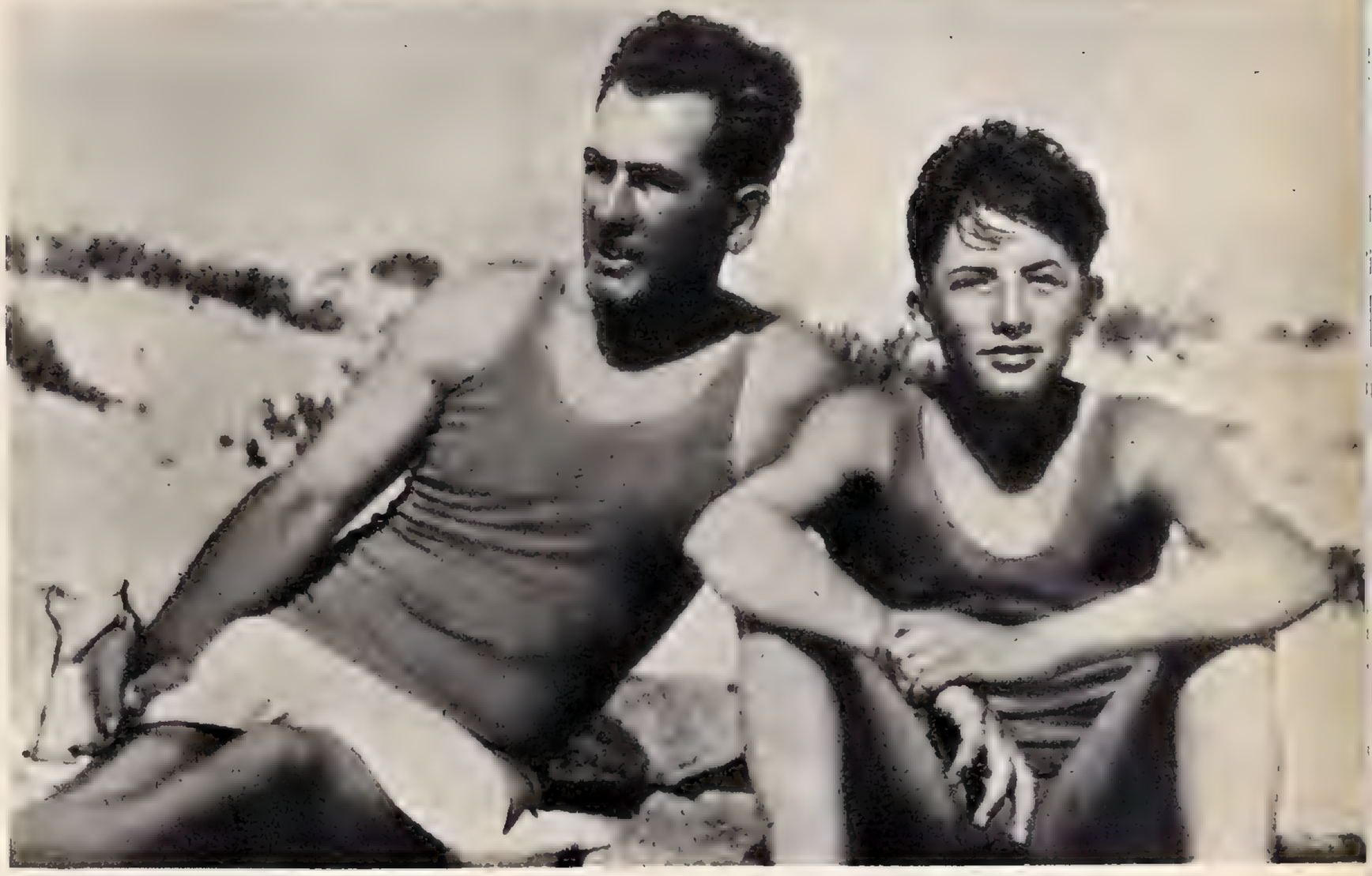
fame swarming all over him, with people flattering him, the press adoring him, studios catering to him, and money pouring in to him—still an unaffected gentleman. For that reason there are those in Hollywood who label him very simple and—because of his angular face—Lincolnesque.

He is nothing of the kind. He is as subtly complex as the mechanism of a ninety-day water clock. He is a great reader of heavy books but he also dotes upon playing all sports, his favorites being tennis and swimming. He is a jive bomber who craves his music hot and dirty, but who also adores the Brahms First Symphony. He is enormously excited at the prospect of all the money he is about to make, but his chief concern is giving the finest performances possible. Strange women now throw themselves at his head, but he is blissfully married, has one son and would like to become the father of five more.

How he got this way may very well rest upon a pair of buttoned shoes—and his father.

His father was a romantic and an adventurer and he expressed these moods in a very American way. He pioneered. He came out to California from the Middle West in 1906 and decided—even though he didn't know a soul—to go into business for himself. Admittedly the Indians were out of California by that time, but there still wasn't a great deal else, barring orange and palm trees, except in the city of San Francisco. Greg Peck looked that over and decided it was too crowded for what he wanted. He finally found the little town of La Jolla, on San Diego's outskirts, which sits atop a cliff above a little cove of the Pacific. Palms line its waterfront and its few streets. Everybody has a garden. Everybody smiles.

There in 1906, Gregory Peck opened a drugstore. He opened it, not to make money, but to make a living. There's a big difference there. He was a handsome, intelligent young bachelor in a romantic little town, (*Continued on page* 89)



Greg and his dad loved to go to the beach and lie all day in the sun



Greg, aged four, in La Jolla where he grew up, was a shy and lonely boy

The Rainbow



Cronenweth

Jinx Falkenburg, a fiesta of color for "The Gay Senorita"



Dash of orange for Joan Crawford

Blue girl, gay smile—Shirley Temple



Division



Belita, ballerina of the ice, a vivid note in a butterfly skirt — *Fink*



Regal lady, royal colors—Greer Garson

Jeanne Crain, an old-fashioned poem illustrated in color — *Fink*



Theme in fuchsia by Ann Miller



Ronald Colman, here at Romanoffs with his wife Benita, has evolved a way of life which sets him apart from the throng







Rosalind Russell, perfect wife (of Major Freddie Brisson) and perfect hostess, abides by no rules. There's a reason!

How's your social I.Q.? Here's a refreshing slant on the manners of today by the international authority, Elsa Maxwell



Joan Fontaine would cause an old-fashioned lady to reach for the smelling salts. Here she is with Lieut. Balcom at El Morocco

ETIQUETTE is a lot of bosh and nonsense. The old-fashioned stereotyped brand I mean, of course—the unspeakably stupid kind of etiquette which decrees only a fork shaped thus and so can be used for salad and only a spoon of a certain size and shape is proper for ice cream and so on, *ad nauseam.* The myriad rules about what is and what isn't the proper silverware were invented to sell cutlery. They're a racket, like so many other manifestos of etiquette.

Hollywood stars, bless them, are less and less subject to the dusty, dated dicta which have been perpetuated too long by succeeding self-appointed arbiters of good manners. Again and again I find the stars defying the text-book theories of etiquette to practice the true manners which come from the heart.

For instance, etiquette books still hold that a gentleman never, *never* allows a lady to walk on the outside of any pedestrian thoroughfare. This used to make sense. When roads were filthy with mud and slops which carriage wheels splashed and when there was an added danger of runaway horses and horses tethered at hitching posts, certainly it would have been less than chivalrous for a man to walk anywhere but on the outside of the way.

Today, however, Vine Street in Hollywood—along with most thoroughfares—is neatly paved and safely devoid of equine traffic. Consequently it presents no dangers. Thus, only the other day Gary Cooper walked quite a distance at my left. Not because he isn't a gentleman. On the contrary! Because he was too much of a gentleman to interrupt what I was saying while he switched to my other side. Ordinarily Gary would walk on the outside; simply because it long has been the custom for men to do this. However, these days—in my book—only a man less a gentleman than Gary would insist upon walking on the outside every step of the way irrespective of any and all circumstances.

Essentially to be a lady or a gentleman is to be primarily kind and secondarily inconspicuous. We're inconspicuous, of course, when we control our emotions and practice such obvious niceties of behavior as . . .

Not pushing or shoving . . .
Not interrupting . . .
Not talking or laughing too loud . . .
Not making scenes . . .
Not topping another's story . . .
Not forcing our company upon others . . .
Not forcing our opinions upon others . . .
Not dressing in an ostentatious manner . . .
Not boasting of possessions or accomplishments.

To show you exactly what I mean let us compare, say, Errol Flynn and Ronald Colman. Both are British, intelligent and well off. Errol is indisputably brilliant, stimulating and amusing. Invariably I find myself liking Errol even while I disapprove of the things he does and (*Continued on page* 107)



Take a leaf from Gene Tierney's book and give the smartest debs a run for their money



Gallant from the West, Gary Cooper (here seen with Mrs. Cooper), defies the etiquette books

Dorothy Lamour



Schafer

Salute to South of the Border: Dorothy Lamour, starred in "Masquerade In Mexico"



Dottie and Bill, gay companions in their San Bernardino home

Life with the Major's *Lady*

Or the sentimental sojourn of Dorothy Lamour with her Major William Howard, which Dottie calls "Our Lives Together—Starring Dottie and Bill"

BY WYNN ROBERTS

TO Paramount Pictures, the home of Dorothy Lamour and a host of Hollywood's great, we tender our thanks for a third of a century of progressively fine entertainment. Eloquent proof is "Going My Way," which received Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for the best picture of 1944 as the result of the annual nation-wide poll of movie-goers conducted by Dr. George Gallup, Director of Audience Research, Inc., for Photoplay.

The Editors.

WE WERE stretched out in the hot sunshine in the small garden behind a little white house in San Bernardino, California, when Dorothy Lamour decided she might just as well, after two wonderful years, reveal the truth about her love and marriage.

If you want to know the brutal truth, Dottie picked up Bill Howard, who's now her husband. And you know what happens to girls who pick up men, don't you?

Well, that is what did not happen to Dottie.

Love intervened, as you will see, and it is as sentimental a yarn as ever was set down on paper. It's got everything in it, rich hotels, swimming pools, champagne parties, handsome uniformed men, Hollywood glitter, love letters, all centering about a wealthy playboy and a movie star who thought the only place they'd ever be happy was in a night club.

In the background of the story there are today many packets, tied with many colored ribbons, silly little notes, old corsages, theater programs, movie stubs, snapshots, telegrams and bills for wedding rings, all carefully saved.

The story begins one October evening in 1941 when the luscious Lamour, together with her closest friend, Laura LaMarr, went up to the swank Arrowhead Springs Hotel for a little rest between pictures, which meant being pretty close to a jazz band, within smiling distance of a mob of good-looking men and within reaching distance of good, rich food.

On this particular occasion, however, Dottie and Laura had assured one another that they were not going to dance, they were not going to have so much as one cocktail, they were not going to say even boo to any man. All they were going to do was rest, exercise, get to bed early and diet, diet, diet.

Perhaps they would have been as dull as that if they hadn't run into Charlie Boettcher right at the desk, as they went up to register.

"Dottie Lamour," cried Mr. Boettcher. "Of all the lucky breaks. What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm not doing a thing," Dottie said. "I've come up for a rest."

"Dine with me," begged Charlie. "After all, I've waited ten years to have a date with you. Just have dinner. You can be all through by nine, honest."

Dottie is the softest-hearted individual in nine states. She simply couldn't be cruel enough to turn down a man who'd waited ten years to date her. So presently, there she and Laura were, with Charlie and about six other men in uniform who swarmed around Charlie when he appeared with two such beautiful dolls. Dinner was proceeding nicely when a particularly handsome lieutenant bore down on the group.

"Charlie, my old, old pal," he said.

"Hello," said Charlie.

"Pal, what are you doing (*Continued on page* 93)



"With prejudice toward none..." Frank Sinatra, star of RKO's timely picture "The House I Live In

I want to talk to you—

about boy meets girl

BY FRANK SINATRA

Frank, in the second of this important series, with some good sense short-cuts through the pangs of puppy love

SOMETIMES, talking to all of you, I get to worrying I'll sound like a Sunday-school teacher. But that's just the point. I'm not. It isn't so long ago that I was standing just where you kids are standing now. That's the reason I can come pretty close to figuring all the wrong things you're likely to do and all the right things you easily might skip doing. It's also the reason why I know that some of the errors you may be chalking up against yourself right now can cost you plenty later on.

It's no cinch to stay on the beam all the time. I know that. Something's always coming along to throw you. Often enough it's a boy or a girl. Or worse—a boy or a girl comes along but keeps right on going. That's really a tough one to take.

I was lucky enough to meet Nancy when I was in high. In her swell friendly kind of a way she's always helped me to keep my balance; like she does today when she corners me in the morning before I leave home and says, "I'm cooking dinner tonight, Frank. Making your special spaghetti. Be here by six!"

It works every time. And I realize I've been getting mixed up in a lot of things and been dashing in for dinner around eight or nine o'clock or telephoning that I'm tied up with the gang and will grab a bite on the run.

Even when we were kids down at Ocean Grove, where Nancy's family lived in the summer and where I visited an aunt, she was like that. The first time I saw her she was sitting on her porch steps manicuring her nails. When I whistled she slapped me down hard by ignoring me completely.

Later, when Nancy and I got to know each other, I'd leave the crowd I'd been clowning around with on the beach all day and walk down to where she'd be sitting. She never got down to the beach until the latter part of the afternoon, you see. She always had to help around the house. I used to pester her to leave her work and come down earlier. But she never did. She always smiled, the same quiet way she does today, and said, "I'll see you later."

I never mooned around waiting for her, I'll admit. I was quite a guy in those days, in my own books. Used to play the uke while some girls we fellows thought were hot numbers obliged with Hawaiian dances. Nothing wrong with that, of course—*unless you think it's wrong while you're doing it or make it wrong by a lot of exaggerated motions.*

Nancy never criticized any of my gang by word or look. Nevertheless she never joined us. I had to join her. She's always had courage that way—courage to do what she thought was right and what she enjoyed, no matter what anybody else was doing or what or where they were getting doing it. Nancy never went with the crowd unless it was going (*Continued on page* 101)



The wedding march for Frank and Nancy, February 4, 1939



Scrapbook on Rita

Just the place for a swim—Rita balances on a plank over the elaborate swimming pool back of the house



Sun porch and a sunny smile—Rita whose next picture will be "Gilda"

Ask young Rebecca Welles or her dad, Orson, about the lady they live with—and you'll have a preview, like this, on cover girl Rita Hayworth



COVER GIRL

Personal history: Born in New York City; began dancing on the stage with her dancing father at fourteen; which led straight to the swank Agua Caliente Casino in Mexico—and thus right into Hollywood, the movies and stardom.

Pet beauty trick: When you'd use a comb, she uses a brush—she carries one with her always and applies it to her thick red hair steadily throughout the day. Result: That thick red hair!

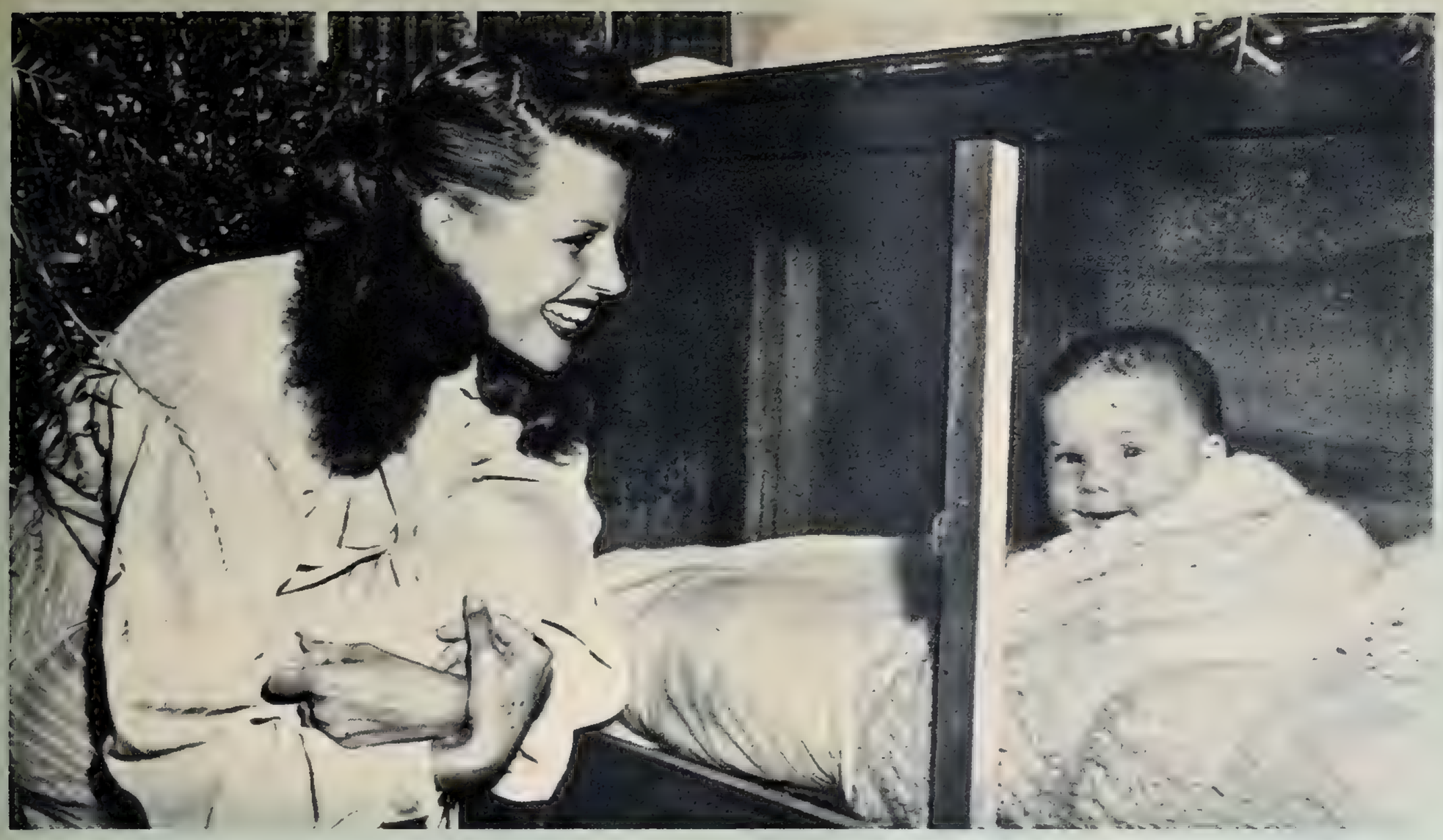
Favorite flower: White roses—she always has one in a vase in her dressing room.

Worst faults: Staring into space when someone is telling a long story—actually she hears every word, but who would guess it? And inventing all kinds of excuses to keep from going to bed; then dreaming up further excuses, come dawn, to keep from getting up again!

Who lives under the same roof with her: Husband Orson Welles; not-yet-a-year-old daughter Rebecca; the baby's nurse and the cook.

What else the roof covers: A gray functional house in West Los Angeles, with miles of window-glass enclosing the most colorful household in America! It's a happy confusion of: Thousands of books, magazines, newspapers and superb modern paintings hanging everywhere; posters of every description also everywhere; a collection of masks ditto—and records by the hundreds, Rita's bull-fighting equipment (for dance purposes only), Orson's magic equipment, Orson's easel and painting utensils (his latest painting orgy included circus clowns as subjects), dozens of musical instruments . . . and a recording machine! Got a hobby? Drop by the Hayworth-Welles place and indulge it at once!

Sudden change her friends note lately: Bright red nail polish—on Rita, who's never worn bright polish before in her life! Reason is Rebecca, who's enchanted by bright colors and who lies gurgling happily in her crib while her mother waves her scarlet nails overhead.



Upper: Do we have to tell you that the wee lass is Miss Rebecca Welles, pride and joy of the gay household and not a bit camera shy in the back-yard screened-in pen with her more-beautiful-than-ever mother? Right: Rita pauses at the living room mantel where you'd find exhibited many prize possessions—most prized, of course, the picture of the gurgling Rebecca

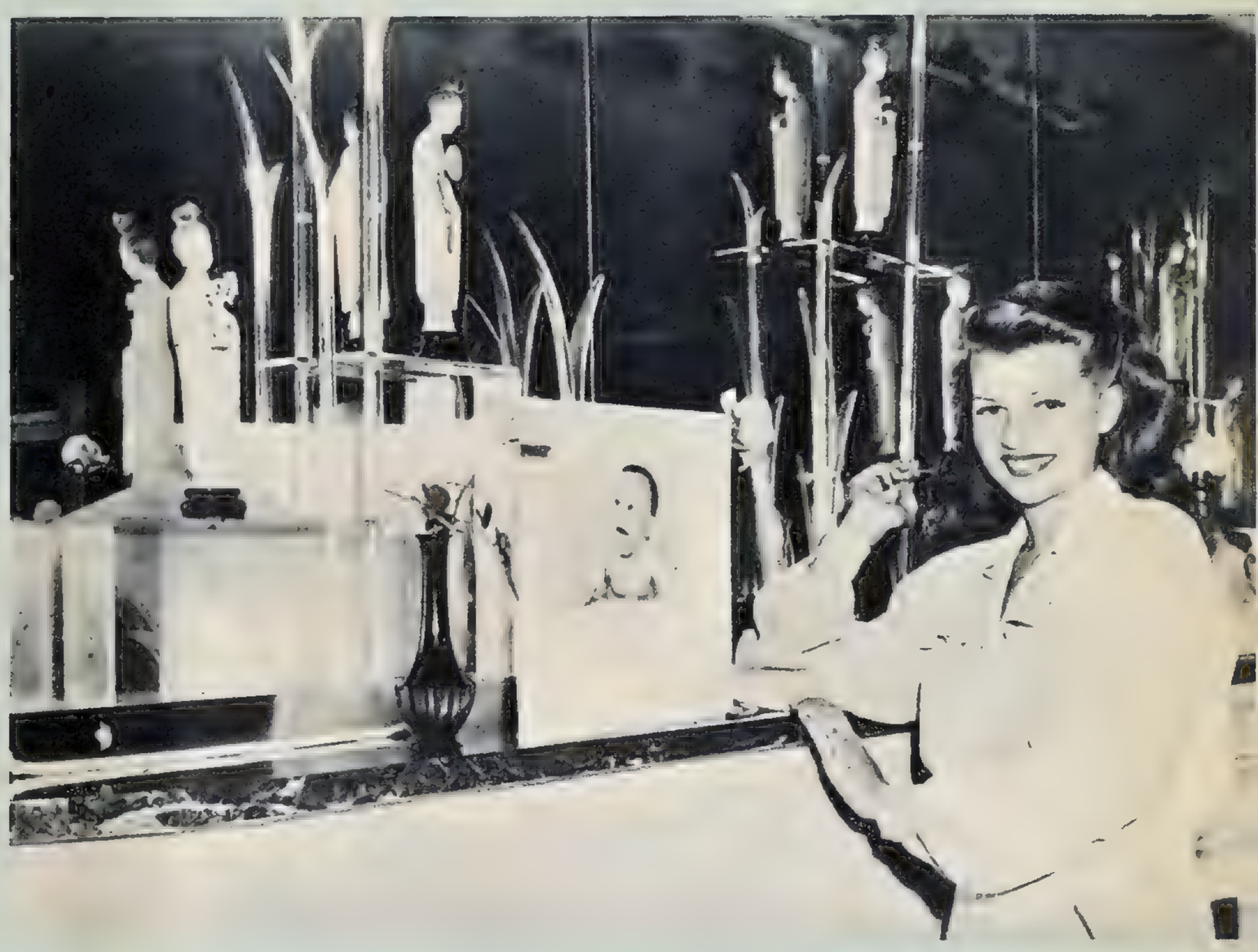
Book she sends to all her friends: "The Little Prince"—which, she says, is a charming book that makes you ashamed of yourself for fancied injuries. She's read it four times now, whenever she's felt sorry for herself; she always puts it down happy and satisfied.

Best women friends: Jean Stevens, Mrs. Roger Hill and Ina Claire Lee —to whose baby Rita is godmother.

What Rita and Orson do at home of an evening: They put on a samba record—and while it plays, Orson accompanies it with all the samba instruments he owns and Rita flashes around the living room in a spontaneous dance.

Her school of thought on hats: She likes them—but you'll never catch her wearing one. Though in her closet you'll find two she's owned for years for an "emergency" that never arises: One light blue straw with trailing ribbons and one black coachman's hat. They gather dust, not loving attention.

What you'll find filling all her bureau drawers: The biggest glove collection (*Continued on page* 111)



Beauty and brains—Rita and Orson at a recent Elsa Maxwell party





Jim, with Billy, his wife of twenty years, who makes his home a domestic triumph



Even though he was raised on New York's east side, Jim loves his country home

MAN

John Halloran taught Jim the judo art for his reporter role in "Blood On The Sun"





Man with a plow—Jim's an ardent Victory gardener—does the work himself

You see here paradoxical Jim Cagney, the playboy who works like a Trojan—the fighter who loves his peace

BY ELLIOT PAUL

WITHOUT AN AXE

IF THE reward of mankind's suffering and the object of reform is to make people happier, then Jimmy Cagney should be held up as an example to all. He is lucky, successful, talented, popular, healthy and rich, and in spite of it all has a high I.Q. He has no theory, philosophy or axe to grind. He is not jealous, ambitious, or pretentious. Actually, he is, like quite a few of the very good ones, a wee bit shy.

Many men, in order to live a quiet tranquil life, have had to shun civilization and go to the wilderness, even if they only got about as far from home as one could bat a ball. Cagney has found no necessity for self-imposed seclusion. He does not find modern life too complicated, although with his energy he sometimes makes it a little more complicated than usual. He is that rarest of creatures, a playboy who works like a Trojan as well. He even finds time to read, and do his bit for the angels in political campaigns and public controversies.

After twenty years he is still married, most comfortably, to "Billy" Vernon, whom he met in vaudeville, and is the kind of a husband who likes to take his kids to the circus—as if that were necessary. Cagney going to a circus is likely to result in a draw. But don't misunderstand me. He is not the practical joker who gives hotfoots or calls, as Mr. Fish, and leaves the number of the Aquarium on April Fool's Day.

East Side New York must be an exceptionally wholesome background in which to raise children who want to go into the motion-picture industry, what with John Garfield, Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni, to mention only a few. Of course, Jim Cagney sold papers. It would be easier to count the Americans who had not sold papers than those who have. Also, most of them fought against bullies for their corner and all of those on record won and held their ground. The losers must have gone out of public life. Cagney never got as far as reform school, although no doubt he deserved it. He managed to finish high school and stuck one year at Columbia, after which the call of show business was stronger than that of Athena, the Goddess of Learning.

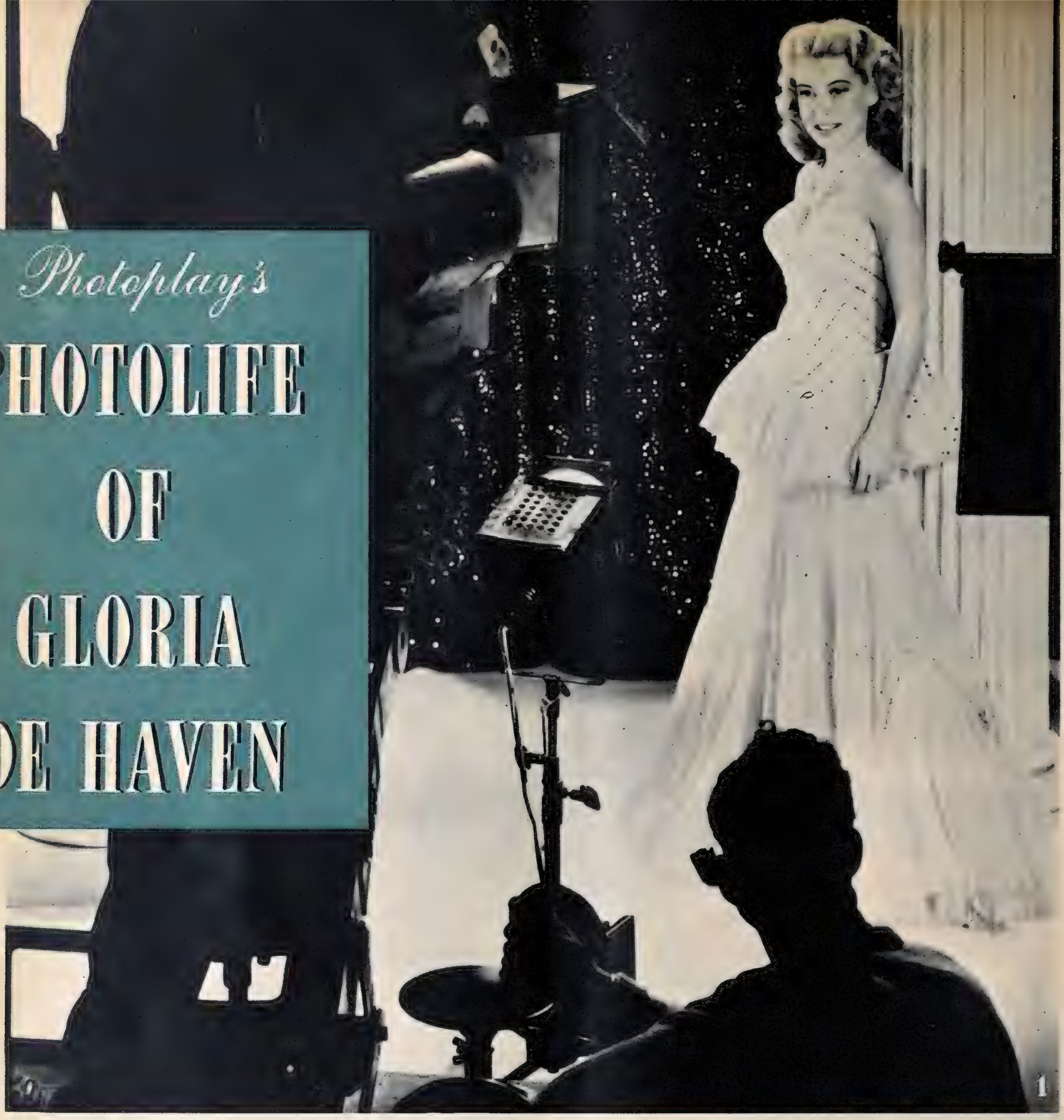
What sets Jimmy apart from most of the promising men who spent their childhood on the sidewalks of New York is the fact that he has not remained, essentially, a city man. The shore home he recently sold in Massachusetts was a model of what a seaside cottage should be, modern enough to be comfortable yet with all the beauty and sturdy usefulness of the early days of America.

His two-masted schooner, named *The Martha's Vineyard,* is one of the trimmest sailing craft afloat, with perfect lines, the seaworthiness that the old-time Down East shipbuilders could impart, and it has never figured in any goings-on that would be better suited to night clubs or boudoirs. Jimmy uses his craft for sailing and he can do a first-rate job of sailing it himself.

That nautical ability, however, does not drive Cagney to the other extreme. He does not pilot *The Martha's Vineyard* to Tahiti, Nome or Zanzibar. His cruises are moderate, in length and intensity, and if the weather blows up pert, he heads for shore, which is usually not far from sight. He has never (*Continued on page* 68)

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF GLORIA DE HAVEN



Today Gloria De Haven is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most popular young stars. You'll see her next in "You Are Beautiful"

EARLY in the morning of July 23, 1924, a daughter was born to a famous vaudeville team. The parents were Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven. They christened their baby Gloria.

The De Havens knew that show business is a tough business. They were determined that Gloria wouldn't go through the things they had experienced. When little Gloria showed a marked talent for the stage—even as a child—her mother resolved that she would never be a child prodigy and so Gloria led the life of any normal girl. She studied at a private school in Los Angeles. Then Mrs. De Haven's resolution weakened a little . . . and at the age of twelve Gloria went to Edward Clark's Little Theater school.

And then things began to happen.

BY LYNN PERKINS

Third of the series in which Hollywood stars re-enact the high spots of their lives for Photoplay



David Selznick was searching for a youngster to play *Becky* in "Tom Sawyer." He gave the part to Gloria. What he forgot was that adolescents grow fast. By the time "Tom Sawyer" was ready for production, she had outgrown the role. A crestfallen Gloria was told, "You're too old." She was really getting on in years—she was thirteen

The next break—"Susan And God." Gloria had dressed too old before. But this time—a little older in months, much younger in looks—the solemn-faced *Enid* sat for wardrobe tests

Sixteen and a high-school graduate. Gloria and her brother went to a night club where Bob Crosby's band was playing. He asked if she'd like an audition. She said yes. Afterward—so did Bob







Gloria was a great hit with the band and toured for nine months Her specialty was ballads like "Embraceable You." Traveling, cheap hotels, waiting for trains—was pretty tough



From the band back to pictures with drama coach Lillian Burns taking over. She taught Gloria the tricks of the acting trade. Gloria sincerely believes that "Practice makes perfect"

Her home life in Hollywood with her mother and sister Marjorie was simple. She never quite mastered kitchen technique, except cake-making which these days John Payne delights over



In her home, lying in front of the fire, Gloria indulges in one of her favorite hobbies—listening to mysteries on the radio. She's tense, excited, as she awaits the drama's outcome





Note the switch to blonde locks? But whether blonde or brunette, Gloria is superstitious. She rehearses dance routines in her mother's old dancing slippers—keeps them "for luck"



A movie star doesn't have much spare time. But Gloria still found a little time to relax. Her favorite way to spend a day off was to go picnicking on the beach or in the country

Love came along and his name was John Payne. He and Gloria were married at a simple wartime ceremony. Since then—Gloria's a brownette again and they've happily announced the stork's on the way—will arrive, in fact, with the Yule season



I got my second chance

He didn't believe the old saw, "Opportunity knocks but once," and look at him now!

BY JAMES DUNN



Jimmy Dunn, comeback sensation of "A Tree," now in "Caribbean Mystery"



SOME people say that a fellow never gets a second chance: That once you're through, it's curtains.

I don't believe that now. I never have. Everybody gets a second chance. The only catch is being ready for it when it comes your way.

Yes, I suppose I'm what Hollywood calls a "comeback." That's like saying, "I was once a flop." I'm not ashamed to admit I missed the boat and threw away a good career. I'm too glad to be back in the running.

In Hollywood it's easy to know when you're back in the swim of things again. When you're good in a hit picture, you go to a night club and are ushered with pomp and ceremony to the very front row. If you make a not-so-good epic, you think the waiter is beckoning to you, only to find that he's motioning to the guy behind you. That is, if you're lucky enough to get inside at all. But get another good picture, as I did in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," and the front row is yours. I've been rating the front row again.

But now that front row doesn't mean much. What means most is that I got a second chance. When it comes, there is a thrill, yes. But it's tempered with common sense. There's a tendency to pause and reflect about the mistakes you've made. To be sure you never again throw away opportunity.

During the last few years when nothing went my way, I can't honestly say I felt knocked out. Maybe I've been a kind of corn-fed philosopher, believing that there was a silver lining up there in the clouds being made especially for me.

Whenever you're down, you think of someone important to you. At least, I did. I thought of Pop. He was a great guy. He made a million one day and was broke the next. But life was always a great experience to him. Even in his darkest moments, there was a laugh in his heart, a steel-like courage in his soul.

I'm thinking of him now. I can see his big six-foot-one frame. His massive 250 pounds. His great understanding.

I remember one red-letter Sunday. Mother used to dress me up in Buster Brown clothes. How I hated them! Pop wouldn't say much. This time he just looked on and said, "Well, son, let's go for a walk." We went down to the beach. As we walked in the sand, Pop said hello to a lot of people and kept right on walking down to the water. The closer we came to the ocean, the more people looked at us in surprise. A father taking his young son, dressed up in his Sunday best, apparently right into the water! Finally Pop was leading me out into the ocean. My Buster Brown suit was soaking. Pop's white trousers were clinging to him and his white shoes were ruined. But he knew how I hated that Buster Brown suit. This was his answer to it. When we got home, he just said to Mother, "Had an accident, Ma." Accident? Not quite. (*Continued on page* **103**)



Once was enough for me

Rocking-chair revelations from a man who won success and found he didn't want it!

BY BARRY FITZGERALD

Barry Fitzgerald of "Two Years Before The Mast" in a mood for reminiscence

I SUPPOSE sooner or later every man wants to take a few minutes out from his cares to sit on his front porch and rock—and think. And that's exactly what I'm doing now.

It's a clear, sunny day. A warm breeze is brushing my face lightly. It is quiet. My eyes feel heavy. And I feel at peace. At peace for the first time in many weeks.

I think every man takes stock of himself some time in his life. I never thought I'd have to. I thought I'd just be able to go on my quiet, steady way without having the problems that go with too much success. But then came "Going My Way"—and the Award.

Naturally, I am pleased that my work in "Going My Way" was liked. I am glad my role brought joy to so many people and took away their cares. But I didn't know it would do so much to me. I didn't know it would add to my responsibilities, tear my life out from under me. Nor did I expect it to throw me into a world I did not know—and did not really want.

That night when I was given the Oscar, for example. I remember it well now. It was like a climax to a life that seemed strange, alien. It was a thrill, yes, but it was also a turning point in my life. There was a quickening of my pulse as I walked down the darkened aisle and stepped on the glaringly lit stage to receive my Award. It was a great satisfaction to me to know that I had done a good job. But I found it hard to believe that it was actually I, Barry Fitzgerald, who was being given this honor. It was as though I were sitting in the audience watching someone else being given that Award under a brilliant light.

There was a catch in my throat, a lump that blocked out words, when the moment came. Partly because of what the honor meant but more because I felt, deep inside of me, that this moment would never again come to me. Because I knew somehow that never again would I permit the curtain of such success to rise on me.

I know now I do not want great success. It puts up too many barriers to happiness. It fills me with a strange desire to run away.

That may sound amazing to some people. Everyone strives for success and fame. At least, everyone thinks he wants it. But once he has it, is it as important as he thought? Not to me.

I'm not a young man any more. I don't want acclaim and attention. I just want to be let alone to lead the kind of life that has meaning for me and to have time to relive my moments of great happiness.

And what am I thinking about now? Well, many things. Big things. Little things. But all important. Important because they are me.

It seems I can hear the sea near my home in Ireland even now. The crash of the waves against the ragged coast rings in my ears. And I go back to the days of my childhood. I don't believe in any man's going back (*Continued on page* 105)

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband and I have been married almost three years; he is an officer in the Navy and is now overseas. We have a little girl who will be a year old this month whom he has never seen.

He seems so strange about our daughter. He writes me for pictures and when I send snaps of the baby and myself, he tells me that he wants pictures of me alone. He asks about me but never mentions the baby. I write him about the baby and he blows up and says not to write about anyone but myself.

Before the baby was born he kept saying that it would come between us. While I was in the hospital he wrote me from overseas and those were the most awful letters I have ever received from anyone.

He came back to the States for special training and telephoned me, telling me to leave the baby with relatives and join him at his base, as he said he couldn't get leave. When I joined him, he admitted that he could have gotten leave, but he didn't want to share me with anyone.

I dread his next trip home, which is due soon. He has written suggesting that we take a little trip and just be *alone* together, which is his way of saying that he does not want to see the baby even now. Sometimes I don't know whether I love him or not, considering his attitude toward our child.

Jean A. M.

Are you in an emotional upheaval over what seems an unsolvable problem? Sometimes a word from the wise will set the whole thing right. So why not write your trouble to

Claudette Colbert

in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California and if she feels yours is a general enough problem, she'll consider it for an answer on these pages.

Dear Mrs. M:

I know very little of psychology, but I do know that your husband's behavior indicates a state of mind that would be interesting to a psychiatrist. For the safety of your daughter, and for the future happiness of yourself and your husband, it seems to me that you should consult a psychiatrist at once.

If your physician can't recommend a good one near your home, you might write to the American Medical Association, Chicago, Illinois, and ask them to recommend a reliable man in your vicinity.

You will be able to tell your full story to him, and he will know how best you can persuade your husband that your love for him has not been lessened, but increased, by the presence of a baby.

I wish you would keep me informed about the developments in this problem of yours.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A few of the fellows and myself were recently discussing the Marine Corps in general as to just what the rating of a Marine is when he comes home again after being overseas.

To judge from a lot of stuff we have heard over the radio and read in newspapers and magazines, Marines or any other man who has seen combat service shouldn't be allowed to associate with the pure and clean young girls of America. We are made out to be a type of mad dog. That is not a pretty way to put it, but I believe it makes my point clear. What is all this business about our being queer and having to have allowances made for us? Sure, there are some battle wearies who get to be psychoneurotics, but believe me they are very scarce.

Why can't people look at it this way: The tough adjustment is getting used to being *in* the Corps, or being in a fox hole, or fighting a war. We weren't sent out here on a picnic. I'm not old enough to vote yet, but I know what I'm fighting for, I want to do a good job, then I want to go home when it's all over with—*but* when I get there, I don't want people to treat me as if I'm something let out of a cage.

It means a lot to every man in the Marine Corps to know that, when he comes home, he will be treated exactly as he was treated before he went away. Especially that he will be able to go out with nice, sweet girls without having people look down their noses at either the man or the girl.

Pfc. Glenn W.

Dear Mr. W:

Good for you for expressing an opinion that is held, not only by men in the armed forces, but by many civilians. To judge from the stories I have heard, most of the men who return from overseas are so glad to see a bed made up with sheets, a warm fresh-water shower, a glass of chilled milk, a hamburger dripping with mustard or catsup or both, and a non-liberated girl, that the only difference between their returned attitude and their pre-war attitude is an intense appreciation of their homes and loved ones.

Most of us realize that there are going to be some mentally wounded, just as there are physically wounded men, but the government, we know, is going to work wisely and with concentration upon repairing both accidents.

Don't you worry about the reception of a Marine when he gets home. If you can stand up to the heart-felt reception you will be given, we civilians will try to provide a real welcome. But be gentle with us, we've had a tough time (according to some complaining civilians I have heard) what with boards to right of us, boards to left of us, points vanishing before our eyes, butter unknown, gas rationed, tires scarce, railroad travel rugged, and so forth and so forth. Those complaining civilians feel that they have fought a tough war. Overlook our eccentricities. Be big—after all, you've only been taking beachheads, backing up flame throwers, dodging snipers and eating K rations. You know what it's all about.

How does a Marine stand? All I can say is that the entire Corps is likely to get heart-shock from the altitude of the pedestal on which we at home have placed you.

(Continued on page 98)

Claudette Colbert



Claudette Colbert, star of Universal's "Guest Wife"

In a recent issue of Photoplay we published a letter from sixteen-year-old Corinne N. She said, "I am sixteen, rather pretty, and terribly unhappy. The reason: I hate school. I don't mind the studies; it's the social end of it that bothers me . . . The school's on the better side of town; I live on the wrong side . . . the wealthy kids have organized sororities and fraternities which exclude most of us. I'd like to quit school and don't know what to do..."

One of our fighting men, Pvt. Raymond Berglowe, read Corinne's letter and sends her, through Photoplay, his inspiring answer.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

While in the hospital because of another attack of malaria, I picked up a Photoplay and read your column. A letter from a sixteen-year-old girl signed Corinne N. made my blood boil. It made me feel very ashamed of some of my countrymen. Here they are living in a country that is based on ideals exactly opposite from what this young lady's schoolmates have. I'm sure that quite a few of these young people in the sorority have brothers or fathers fighting to keep those ideas away from our doorstep and yet they let our blood flow in vain by practising these snobbish acts. Maybe if they would take the time to read a sacred document called "The Bill of Rights," and tried to understand it, they would realize the statement that "all men are created equal." I would like to tell Corinne N. to keep her chin up and fight. I have a battle of my own after this war. I was a draftsman and designer. My hands were used to build, but in a few weeks they will be used to destroy. My battle will be to teach them to help rebuild the things I destroyed and believe me we GIs will need the help of you, Corinne, and many boys and girls like you to help us after this struggle. Stick it out, kid. Get your education. We are depending on you, young America!

Your pal, Pvt. Raymond Berglowe,
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

If You were Bob Young's

You'd see the happiest family in Hollywood getting fun and understanding out of every day, and you'd love it—in spite of that couch in the den!



Comic time—Young style: Bob, star of "Those Endearing Young Charms," Barbara, Carol and Betty Lou

IF YOU were a house guest of the Robert Youngs, you'd be in for the most crowded housing condition in Hollywood—and therefore a *terrible* crick in your neck! What's more, you'd be in for the time of your life!

But in the beginning, you'd just be an out-of-town guest, out of all chances of a hotel room. So you'd finally put in a desperate phone call to your good friends the Youngs, and Mrs. Young would tell you, "It'll have to be a couch because we're packed in like sardines ourselves—but come right ahead!" You promptly hop a taxi and finally it deposits you on a quiet, tree-lined street very conveniently near Beverly Hills village, before a white stucco two-story house with leaded windows and a green-shingled roof. You ring the bell, and wait. Silence greets you. You're telling yourself, "They've *got* to be home—with all those kids in the family!"—when a station wagon wheels into the driveway and you hear Mrs. Robert Young's voice calling warmly to you.

At first sight of the station wagon you'd swear it was a school bus jammed with girl students. Then you realize that behind Betty are only three girls—and all hers! They are Carol Anne, aged eleven; Barbara Queen (named for her mother's maiden name), aged seven; and Betty Lou, aged two. They tumble out of the car and surround you, and over their bouncing heads you watch Betty emerge, and you think again that she's one of the prettiest wives in Hollywood and one of the best dressed. Now her sleek



The Young bedroom has books and an all-ready bassinet

house guest



BY
ELEANOR HARRIS

red hair and her wide green eyes are set off by a simple kelly green slack suit which almost completely hides the fact that she'll be a mother again in October. She tells you all in one breath that Bob isn't home from the studio yet, and that she had to pick up Carol and Barbara at their music lesson.

Now she unlocks the front door and all of you swarm into the circular entrance hall. You get a brief impression of a round red fringed rug on a flagstone floor, of blue wallpaper, of a towering grandfather's clock circa 1810, of a tiny mahogany table holding gold-scales made of brass and holding potted ferns instead of nuggets. Then you're dragged into the living room, propelled on all sides by Carol, Barbara, and Betty Lou. "We'll entertain you while Mother gets our dinner!" they tell you. While the girls talk, you peer around at the big and gracious living room.

It has a high-beamed white ceiling, white painted walls, green carpeting and some of the loveliest antique furniture you've ever seen. Before the brick fireplace are two pale yellow loveseats facing a sturdy mahogany coffee table with knicknack shelves around its sides. A long row of old pewter beer steins march along the top of a built-in bookcase on one side of the fireplace, from thimble-size to quart-size . . . but then, Betty likes pewter; for across the room is a floor lamp whose stand is topped by an ancient pewter teapot. Pale (*Continued on page* 112)



The twin spinettes belong to the girls. Baby Betty Lou gets a good start from Mom and Pop



Betty and Bob prepare their dinner trays in the kitchen—a six-nights-a-week ritual



THE CASE OF THE *Missing Phonograph*

A mystery stretching to the far reaches of the Pacific and to Lieut. Robert Stack, U. S. N. R.

BY MARGARET HAWKINS



Lieut. Bob Stack, second from left, with his rifle crew

SOMEWHERE drifting around the United States loose is the meanest man in the world. Can any punishment be rugged enough for a scoundrel who'd . . . but let's start at the beginning.

It was one of those sun-drenched golden days that California boasts of and sometimes experiences. The big rambling house in the heart of Los Angeles with its semi-tropical flowers and trees, its oval blue swimming pool and enclosed badminton court basked in the radiance of Old Sol.

Inside the house hearts stood still. A telephone voice was saying, "Western Union calling Mrs. J. Langford Stack."

Bob's mother was at the phone in a jiffy. With Bob now a Navy lieutenant (j.g.) in the Pacific area, a wire *might* mean—

"The message reads," the operator continued briskly, "Arrived last night. Please express rush my phonograph radio. Will be home Sunday. In for three weeks."

Betzi Stack's heart raced with excitement as she listened to the rest of the message—a San Francisco address where the phonograph-radio was to be shipped was given, and Bob's name at the end.

For a fleeting moment something seemed odd to Bob's mother. His last letter hadn't breathed a hint about any prospect or hope of homecoming. He certainly had not expected to get a leave for at least eighteen months. . . . Let's see, where was that letter? "Dear Mother—

"The weather has closed in here for the past few days, so no air mail has been coming through at all. I never realized how important mail call was till no letters arrived.

"The stories you hear about the importance of mail are understatements. And letters are read over and over again. Good news or bad. So don't think daily chatter from home isn't welcome—nothing's too inconsequential to write about. Just so long as it's not the wrong kind of news. That's really tough on a guy!

"Out here you even get sentimental over remembering some of your worst civilian gripes. And wonder what you were griping about. You were *home*, weren't you? You didn't just dream it.

"But seriously, I am getting a great bang out of my experience here and with a crew as swell as mine, I've got no complaints, believe me.

"Today was the payoff. I'd taken over the reins as O. in C. (Officer in Command) of firing and, with some qualms as to how the crew would take it, had substituted a few new ideas. Anyway, today the crew presented me with full lieutenant's bars and shoulder-boards and a swell note saying they hoped I could use them soon. It hit me hard to find they thought well of me."

Certainly no whisper about an anticipated return! But with nine men of the family in that branch of the service, Betzi well knew things can happen fast and unexpectedly in the Navy.

Even though the wire didn't sound like Bob, it was like him to want his phonograph on hand the minute he arrived. Bob and music were inseparable. As inseparable as his exuberance and his smile. And talk about singing in the bathtub—!

Bob's mother laid the letter aside. No time now to muse over it. The phonograph, the valuable, beautiful phonograph-radio, Bob's pride and joy, had to be crated and expressed to San Francisco—and pronto.

That done, even the house seemed filled with anticipation of Bob's return. In every (*Continued on page* 66)

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May



SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't *you* volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really *love* Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this *extra* cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just *twice* as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale

"COO,"

cooed Lady Twitcherly,



"The man should be knighted!"

Lady Twitcherly has spotted a genuine accomplishment . . . not just 'another cigarette'. The LONGFELLOW in her hand marks a *new era* in after-dinner smoking enjoyment. In over 400 years, there was no cigarette especially made for after-dinner smoking. At last, *this is it!* LONGFELLOWS are 5½ inches long . . . give you 20 minutes of smoking luxury, ideal for that don't-rush-me feeling after every good meal. But it's the choice, very costly, superbly-blended *tobaccos* that really make LONGFELLOWS the grandest smoking experience any diner ever had. Say . . . maybe Willoughby Taylor, who blended LONGFELLOWS, does rate Knighthood at that!

TWIN-SIZE

LONGFELLOWS

Go to great lengths to please you!

ACTUAL SIZE

If your tobacconist doesn't yet stock Twin-Size LONGFELLOWS, mail this coupon with money or check.

Box of 100 . . . $5
Box of 20 . . . $1

Address: Dept. P-6, Penn Tobacco Co., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Name_____

Address_____

P
M
M

The Case of the Missing Phonograph

(*Continued from page* 64) room his trophies, won in shooting, polo, motorboat and automobile racing, brought back memories.

It was Bob's prowess in shooting which had qualified him for his position as an expert in his military service. As he had written: "For the first time in my life I shot well yesterday when I wanted to show off! We rigged up a little shooting tournament. Seems my reputation had preceded me here, and there were plenty of skeptics. Brother, I was lucky. I shot 100 out of 100. If I had fouled up I would have shot myself!

"'Men Of Texas' and 'Eagle Squadron' both have had a showing down here. Nobody knew who I was till these two pics arrived and they tied me up with them.

"I'm glad my clothes are in good shape, it will feel mighty good to get back in a sport coat and moccasins when this rat-race is over even if I do have an aroma of mothballs. I only pray my picture career won't smell of the mothballs it's been in! The new guys are so darn good that it kind of scares you. I saw 'A Guy Named Joe' the other night and Johnson was so good I feel like writing him a note and telling him about it.

"Today I turned on 'Command Performance,' the short-wave broadcast of the Armed Forces Radio Service. Great show. By the time Judy Garland sang 'Holy Night,' I was bawling like a kid.

"We've taken to wild pig hunting out this way now. So far we've shot a couple, but we usually end up with sore feet instead of pork chops.

"By the way, the chaplain of the station called me up a few days ago and asked me to introduce the Betty Hutton show playing the Pacific area. I was afraid Betty wouldn't remember me, but when she saw me she threw her arms around me and now my fellow officers hold me in high esteem.

"The movie gang seems to be moving through this part of the country. Lief Erickson, Vaughn Paul, Walter Brooks, Ensign Dennis Day were here, putting on a show for the Navy with Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, Claude Thornhill and Bob Crosby. Jackie Cooper went through, too.

"It was swell to see them all. The Martha O'Driscoll show was here and she'll call you when she gets back. She's a swell gal."

AS THE days passed, Betzi grabbed every phone call on the first ring. She couldn't understand why Bob hadn't made a beeline to a telephone the minute the boat docked.

At last came a call from Western Union. Betzi held her breath as she listened. "Orders changed," the Western Union operator read the message, "Sailing Sunday. Thanks for the radio, makes company on ship. Love. Bob."

Sailing Sunday! But the message was preposterous. Bob, of all people, wiring—'Sailing Sunday.' Now Betzi knew something was wrong. No Navy officer would send such a wire. Sailings are military secrets. Bob certainly had not sent that wire. Suddenly she knew, as well, that Bob had not sent the first one, either.

Then who and why? Why would anyone sign Bob's name to a fake message? What—oh, was it possible, could it be that the wires were sent to get hold of Bob's expensive phonograph? Of course! That was it!

The subsequent investigation proved Betzi right. The clever embezzler obviously sent the first wire to obtain the machine, the second to delay investigation.

Bob took the loss of his phonograph philosophically. He wrote:

"I'm so mad at that guy I could murder him—to let you expect me home and then find out I'm still out here! And you would worry about the loss of the radio! Skip it, baby, I'll get a new one after the war. I'm thankful things are going as well as they are for all of us. Behave yourself and forget about the radio.

"It's hard to believe I've been away eighteen months. I don't hold with any hope that the little brown men will be brushed off in a hurry. We've got a lot of work to do yet. Behave yourself and don't worry about me.

Bob."

THE END

The Story Of You In Navy Blue

is a great—a dramatic—a vital story.
The Navy is asking urgently for it—

And For You!

2000 WAVES must be recruited each month to help carry on the greatest task any Navy has ever been called upon to do.
Of these 2000, half will be trained in the Hospital Corps to take care of the unprecedented casualties of our Navy fighting men in the Pacific. The rest of the 2000 will be trained for vital tasks at naval shore establishments.
And remember, you can put in for overseas service if you want it now that the WAVES overseas bill has been passed.
Help to hasten VJ-Day. Go now to your nearest recruiting station and

Enlist In the Waves!

LANA TURNER . STARRING IN "WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF" A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Another Hollywood Star ...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



Lana Turner

Dreaming of a new, irresistible
you with fabulous "appeal"? Then
don't pin your dream on a cream
that does only one or two things
for your skin. Use Woodbury
Complete Beauty Cream...one cream
that gives complete skin care, and
you'll see your dream come true!

Irresistible Lana! Irresistible *you*, if you give your complexion beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does more than old-fashioned cold and cleansing creams can.

One cream to *cleanse, soften, smooth!* To work in the *night* against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines. It's a dreamy *powder base*, too! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

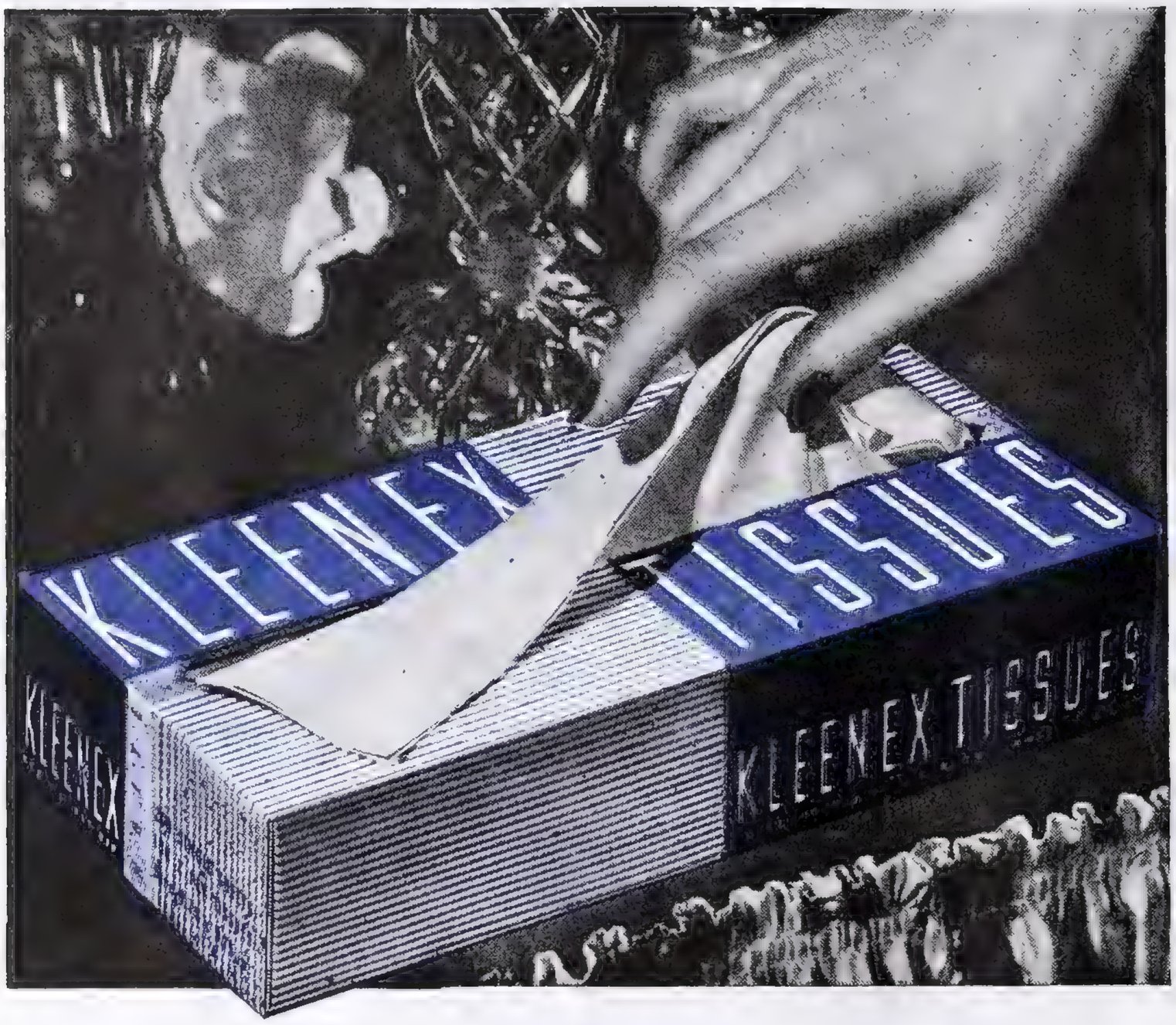
To hear him whisper, "irresistible you!", try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

...it's all you need!

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this : consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX

Man without an Axe

(*Continued from page* 53) had to quell mutiny, fight off pirates, or even run the rum blockade. His crew likes him; and the sea marauders, having seen him knock the blocks off men (and even a few women) on the screen, they have a healthy respect for him.

HEARTY man that he is, Cagney eats and drinks moderately. That is about as far as he goes with his self-control, and surely that is not offensive. His appetite is brisk. He sees his friends go after beefsteaks (in steak years), and a few of his cronies are among the first-string heavyweight drinkers of the modern world. But Jim takes it easy at table because of his one vanity, his waistline.

I have said that he is not the conventional city type. In no way is this more pronounced than in his love and understanding of animals. Just now he has five horses, two goats, a dog, a couple of cats and a wonderful rat he keeps in a cage in his office and lets run loose whenever he is there to protect him. This rat became attached to Cagney while both were involved in the shooting of some picture or other and after the film was in the can, refused to go back to his former habitats but followed Jimmy around. Jimmy soon learned what rats needed to make them happy, in the way of food, privacy, companionship, etc., and his pet rat will probably live to be a hundred or so.

His children, Jimmy Jr., aged four, and Katherine (nicknamed "Casey" for her initials, K.C) like animals, too, although they are very much at home in New York, Hollywood, or any place between.

"I am naturally lazy," Cagney told me. "I don't like to work as my brothers do."

He was referring to "Doctor Harry" and "Doctor Ed," both Hollywood general practitioners, and not by any means to Brother Bill, his producer and partner. Bill dislikes work as heartily as Jimmy says *he* does. Bill's function in the family scheme is to do Jimmy's worrying for him. Perhaps that accounts for Jimmy's notoriously carefree attitude toward life.

Imagine a New York East Sider journeying each year to Indiana, voluntarily, to attend and participate in the Hamiltonian sulky races there. Jim drives a mean sulky, and is getting better all the time. A surprising number of things he does well. He even showed a taste for ballet dancing once and only by the greatest effort of will, for the sake of his family, gave it up.

All the Cagneys are somewhat self-consciously Irish. They don't exactly get over the chalk line into the corny side, but the mention of Erin, or any suggestion of it six or seven times removed, starts a twinkle in their eyes and the conscientious little sigh that goes with it. It is not a rare sight in Hollywood to see Jimmy and Bill Cagney around a table with such non-Latin characters as Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, George Murphy and Frank Morgan. What is on the table is neither here nor there. And at most of it, Jimmy Cagney looks with longing and envious eyes.

Jimmy's wife quit the stage the moment she said "I do," and has had no hankering for it since. She is a truly domestic woman. Her home and family absorb all her interest, and she would not have it otherwise. She does not go in for Culture, with the capital "C," or Society with the capital "S." As for Jimmy's "art," the least said about it the better, from her point of view.

Throughout the studios where he has worked, Cagney is known as the most cooperative star in (*Continued on page* 70)



- Printed from gorgeous oil paintings by the famous Albert Fisher!
- All in thrilling color!
- Full postcard size!
- Writing space on back!

CALL FOR YOURS TODAY!

16 FULL-COLOR PINUPS

of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!

Perry Como	Spike Jones	Hal McIntyre	Artie Shaw
Tommy Dorsey	Sammy Kaye	Glenn Miller	Dinah Shore
Duke Ellington	King Sisters	Vaughn Monroe	Charlie Spivak
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You don't have to wait for the mail . . . you can get this exciting set of 16 postcard pinups *today!* Each is reproduced from a magnificent oil painting by the famous artist, Albert Fisher.

They're printed in brilliant color . . . on glossy, heavy cards 5½" x 3¼" (actual postcard size!). Interesting facts about each star are on back.

Your Victor dealer has only a limited supply —so be sure to get *yours* today!

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How times have changed

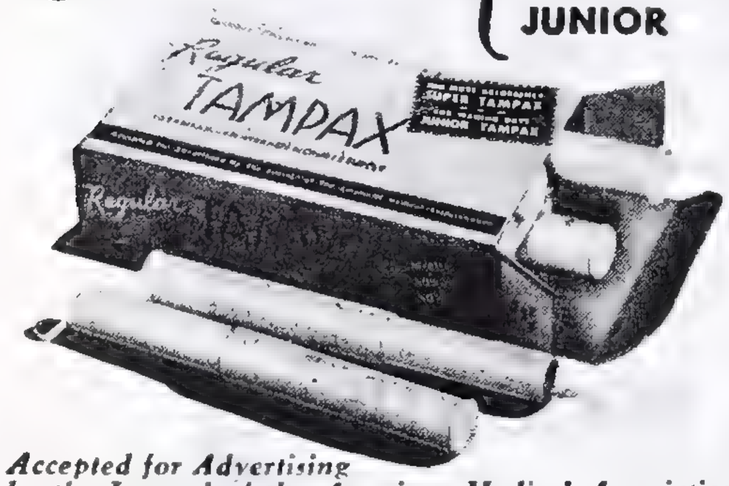
You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and *what* clothes, *what* hair-dos, *what* ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently "different" than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being *worn internally*, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three different absorbencies to meet varying individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's average supply will go into your purse; for 4 months' supply get the Economy Box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Continued from page* 68) the business. After twenty years in pictures, he had not played a single role that is worthy of his talent and personality. In his own mind, "Yankee Doodle Dandy" stands out as his best, and it was surely a very brisk and entertaining picture, but, to me, Cagney is essentially a modern man and should have given us some authentic and valuable pictures of his own time. It is not right that his masterpiece should be the impersonation of a character from the preceding generation. "Studs Lonigan," after all, was written by a distinguished Irishman, James T. Farrell, and if it were adapted for the screen, Cagney could really go to town.

There are so many unexpected sides to Cagney's character and tastes that his friends are constantly being surprised. One day he will come into the studio and say: "I read a great book last night. It kept me awake until dawn." The book will turn out to be Homer's "Iliad."

He thinks Ingrid Bergman is "tops" as an actress.

His favorite modern poet is Stephen Vincent Benet.

NOT long ago, when "Blood On The Sun" was being shot, Cagney was needed unexpectedly for a retake. He was located in the grounds of his Hollywood estate, spreading on the lawn what farmers, year in, year out, find it expedient to spread.

"Do you have to have me now?" he asked plaintively. "I can't get anyone else to do this job and it's got to be done."

"I can't find any other Jim Cagney either," the director said, so Cagney laid down his fork and drove pell-mell to where the cameras were waiting.

The discrepancy between the wages received by spreaders of fertilizer and Jimmy's last salary, that ran up into the thousands per week, is enormous, but, to Cagney, any kind of work is dignified, with the possible exception of playing romantic love scenes. Jimmy balks at that. Some time ago, in "City For Conquest," he did a tender episode with Ann Sheridan, and, if the fans are good judges, was tremendous in it. Nearly always, however, he ducks the cooing and the clinches, the murmuring and moonlight to which so many of the popular stars are addicted.

Cagney's latest fad is a kind of Japanese wrestling or modified murder called judo. To be accurate, I should say his fads are judo and jiujitsu. There are subtle differences between these two types of mayhem, and Cagney is quite eloquent about them. He speaks of these nuances in the way a jazzman would point out distinguishing characteristics in a riff by the late Joe Oliver, as compared with one by Louis Armstrong.

"Blood On The Sun" contains a terrific fight between Jimmy, as editor of an American newspaper in Tokyo, and a terrible Jap. Conscientious, as always, Cagney hired a judo professor and also a jiujitsu expert. With what he has gleaned from the pair of them, he attacks his unlucky colleague and the result would make the fight in the "Sea Wolf" look like a game of patty-cake. Jimmy got to be so fond of judo and the other school of Japanese wrestling that he has continued his lessons long after the picture has been sealed in the can. For milder exercise, he keeps up his tap dancing, ploughs, shovels, plays baseball and shuns the pleasures of table and bar. Not excessively, however.

When asked which picture afforded him the most fun, while it was in the making, Cagney replies without hesitation: "The Strawberry Blonde."

HE still chuckles as he recalls the days when, with Rita Hayworth, Olivia de Havilland and Jack Carson, he romped and cavorted all over the lot. The cast had as much fun as the audience was later to have and that is saying a great deal.

Jimmy's favorite singer is the tenor, McNamara, who was a cop on the New York force until discovered by Caruso. There is nothing Cagney would not pass up to hear him sing again, if that were possible, "The Old Orange Flute," or "Fifteen Acres." He dotes also on the records of Burl Ives, preferring him to other singers of American folk songs. He likes Josh White, too, and his "One Meat Ball."

Looking toward the future, it is candid to realize that Cagney will not always be fit and forty, but there are signs that the industry is growing up as fast as some of its good actors. The day will come soon when audiences will not be as much engrossed in the love affairs of immature young people and will appreciate better the portrayal of mature men and women and their problems. Luckily, Cagney has never been handicapped with the magazine cover type of beauty.

He has a merry, mobile and even impudent face and should be just as effective at fifty and sixty as he was at thirty and is at forty.

Whatever happens, he will take it on the chin if it is tragic, and enjoy life to the fullest whenever the circumstances permit.

THE END

Van Johnson Wins Again—

in this month's Color Portrait Poll.

You'll find him on page 37.

Whose picture do you want to see next in Photoplay? Send the ballot below to Color Portrait Editor,

Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St.,

New York 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of

.....

in Photoplay

Lana—

(*Continued from page* 38) Truman would like to hear from his friends, like to know they were thinking about him.

"What'll I say?" Lana said.

"What would you like to say?" I asked.

Lana thought a moment. Rather shyly, she said, "I'd like to say that I wish him good luck, that I realize what a great task he has been given but that I feel great confidence in him and so do all the other people I know and that—that we will all pray for him."

"Robert Sherwood and Elmer Davis couldn't do better," I said.

That's one piece of Lana Turner, who majored in civics in high school.

When it comes to men, Lana is something else again. Men fall in love with her at first sight and—let's face it—nobody can fall in love harder than Lana. It's a gift. Each time is the only time—she's sure she's never been in love before and never will be again. There are no halfway measures about Lana Turner.

All her romances are life-and-death. She wouldn't—I imagine—think it was any fun to be sort of halfway in love. But she never flirts and the legend in Hollywood is very specific on this point. She never two-timed anybody in her life.

In the beginning, everybody thought she was going to marry Greg Bautzer, a young lawyer of these parts. But that passed by mutual consent. Hot on its heels she married Artie Shaw, the band leader. The marriage lasted four months—to music. Then it crashed and burned magnificently.

After that, she married Stephen Crane, an actor. They had a lot of trouble, but in the end Lana felt none of it mattered because she had Cheryl Christine.

THE man in her life today is Turhan Bey, of course, and she is madly in love with him. No question about that. Now that he has gone into the United States Army, Lana doesn't go out at all in the evening. Her heart is at Camp Roberts.

Bey is romantic looking. He's different. And most people think it's just one of those white-hot attractions that happen to girls like Lana. Again—you can never figure Lana by the rules, because there have never been two people in Hollywood who seemed to have such wide mutual interests, who really find in each other so much companionship.

"The worst fight we ever had," Lana told me, "was over a line in Dr. Carrel's book, 'Man The Unknown.' I mean Turhan gets so—so stubborn. After all, there can be a lot of different interpretations of what a man like that has to say. I have as much right to mine as he has to his." She smiled—and, by the way, she smiles rarely. That probably is why her smile has such enchantment. It seems to come from within. "We didn't speak for two days."

With Artie Shaw and Stephen Crane, Lana did her share of night clubbing—like a lot of other young girls. Not being one for half measures, she usually went home in the dawn, having had a merry time. Besides, she's the kind of a girl who likes riding home in the dawn. Incidentally, she looks as fresh, as beautiful, as lovely at dawn as she did when she left her dressing room. The dewy quality of her doesn't seem to get all mussed up the way it does with lots of girls. But if you ask her for the secret of that immaculate neatness, she looks honestly blank. "I don't do any thing special," she says. Maybe it's because she has the most exquisite skin I've ever seen on any girl. In fact, when she puts her cheek against Cheryl Christine's, you can't see much difference.

With Turhan Bey, she doesn't go much to night clubs. Last season, they never



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missed a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, went regularly to the ballet and to some serious lectures on governmental affairs. Turhan is a highly educated and very well-read man. His conversation is fascinating. That is part of his great charm for Lana—who is growing up all the time and has to some extent discarded her sweaters mentally as well as physically.

They spent a good many evenings at home. It's always struck me as kind of typical that Lana's house is all mixed up, too. When you go there, you don't get any impression of a decorated house—it's all contrasts, too. A rather formal drawing room, with gray walls and gray drapes piped in red, and chartreuse and red in the furniture. The bar has bookshelves on two walls, a lot of bright and burnished copper on the mantelpiece, and yellow and green checked wallpaper on the ceiling.

"I like that," Lana says. "I thought that one up myself."

A very livable, gay, charming house—arranged to suit Lana herself. She and Turhan spent a lot of time in front of that big fireplace, or out on the terrace overlooking the golf course.

"I've never had time to do much traveling," Lana says, "and by the time I could have maybe—I mean afforded it—the war came and there was no place you could go. So I missed everything. Turhan has traveled everywhere. So when he tells me about it, I can see and understand places I will never see, places that don't exist any more and all the countries that are so changed. Of course it's wonderful for me."

THERE are all those things about Lana—and there is, too, the story of Cheryl's birth. A nurse who was in the hospital at that time once told me a little about that—as much as her ethics would permit.

For days it didn't look as though the baby could possibly live. She was born with so pronounced an anemia, she had one blood transfusion after another, and was finally taken to the Children's Hospital, where she stayed for some months.

"You know how it is about movie stars," the nurse said, "you never can tell and you never know what to expect. I never saw anybody suffer more than Lana Turner did. Of course she was just a kid—she seemed so awfully young and little. She wanted a baby so badly, worse than anybody I ever saw, and when the girls had to tell her that maybe the baby wouldn't live—it was just like taking her heart out. A nurse can always tell. You learn to know real pain when you see it and that girl really suffered more than anyone I ever saw. But she had courage. After the first shock she put her chin up, said the best thing she could do for her baby was to have faith. Lots of it. Surely God didn't want her baby back so soon. He must have sent it to her to keep. She said she was just going to keep on *knowing* her baby would be all right."

If you could see Cheryl now you would wonder if faith hadn't done a remarkable job. Never saw a healthier baby in my life and when she and Lana go on vacations—usually down to the desert—the young lady keeps her mother stepping.

Then Lana does funny little things that sometimes people misunderstand. (The sweater-girl legend has something to do with that.) Once she went out with a gas station attendant who used to park her car. He told her how much he admired her—on the screen of course. He said all the boys he knew were envious because he'd talked to her and they kidded him about not having the nerve to ask for a date.

"So," said Lana, "I went dancing with him. Why not? He was a very nice boy. After all, if he'd come into the drugstore

opposite Hollywood High when I was having a soda, I'd have been tickled to death to have a date with him. We had a lot of fun, as a matter of fact. Just because you're in the movies doesn't mean you can't be a human being. Billy Wilkerson walked into a drugstore and saw me sitting on a stool—and that's how I got to be a movie star. Tomorrow somebody might walk into a gas station and see a kid there and next week he might be a movie star—that's America, or am I wrong?"

Which brings me to a Sergeant, over in Germany. He is a very nice red-headed Sergeant, and he and his platoon have carried a picture of Lana from Normandy to VE Day—with Patton—riding her in the first jeep. The day I told her this we were lunching at Romanoffs and she cried so hard everybody kept staring at us. But Lana didn't notice. She just kept saying, "It makes you feet so strange when you know you are just you, to have men who are fighting as hard as they are feel that way about you."

Then during the last days when Patton was wheeling south into Czechoslovakia, the Sergeant wrote me a letter which I have to put in any story about Lana.

He said: "I received your letter telling us that Miss Turner was really touched and pleased that she is our mascot. I get to like that gal better every day and so do the others. What I mean is this, whether I can say it very well or not. The men's feeling for her represents everything that is different between us and the German soldiers. That's a heck of a statement to make unless I can back it up. But we feel that our liking for Miss Turner represents exactly what we are fighting for. It has been said by some of our so-called experts that we do not know what we are fighting for. I refer for one to Hanson Baldwin who said exactly that in an article in Life Magazine some time ago which we all resented a lot.

"These American doughboys fight for one thing. Their homes. Women make homes. We fight to keep war away from our homes and our women and to be sure they can go on living decent free lives. I honestly believe the American soldier has more respect for his womenfolks than any other group of men in the world.

"So we get back to Miss Turner. Soldiers think a lot about their girls. Somehow when they see Lana's picture, it's a symbol of all the girls—the individual girls each of us is thinking about. This may seem involved to you, but just the same somewhere in it is the answer to what we are fighting for and why we are winning.

"The Germans do not respect their women. If a nation does not respect and look up to its women, it's lost. German women are the most awful things I have ever seen. They are worse than the men. They are still Nazis, they are without any remorse, they behave like wildcats. They have shocked us more than anything we have seen in Germany and we have seen things you will never know about. The Germans are insane beasts, the civilians too, but the women are worst.

"Somehow then it is better to be fighting for Lana Turner than it is to be fighting for the Greater Reich. Understand? Because she is all our girls rolled into one and we can get together and know how the other fellow feels."

I don't think I'm prejudiced because the Sergeant happens to be my son. I think that's a pretty fine letter. So does Lana. . . .

Oh well, Clark Gable summed it up in his usual succinct fashion.

"That Turner," said Mr. Gable, "is sure one helofagal! A man can like her as much as he could love her."

THE END



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SANITARY BELTS

The Truth about the Ray Millands

(*Continued from page* 32) But let's go back thirteen years when Ray (as I shall call him because that's the way you and I know him) married Mal. As I looked at him and listened to that fascinating accent —he speaks in the manner of most Englishmen, although he is one hundred percent Welsh—I could understand why Mal found him so attractive. Attractive enough to come back to three times!

The first rift came in 1931 after they had been married only a year. It was more than a rift because Mal divorced him and Ray returned to England where he remained for two years.

"But the memory of Mal brought me back," he continued. "I couldn't get her out of my mind. I decided to return and beg her forgiveness and see if she wouldn't take me back because there wasn't any other girl in my life.

"At the time she divorced me I was very bitter. I felt I was a flop on the screen. I had made one picture at M-G-M and I was no good. That I knew."

Once back in this country Ray begged Malvina to remarry him. But it was not easy. She hesitated, telling him he had to get a steady job of some kind first. But she was as attracted to this exciting man as he was to her. So they were remarried in 1934.

Mal, Ray insists, wanted him to take a job with an oil company at $21 a week just so they would have a sure income. "If I had listened to her," Ray laughed, "it would have taken me ten years to save as much as I now make in a week."

From that second start Ray went right up the ladder and he has been one of Paramount's most important stars for the past eleven years.

WHEN he and his wife parted again in 1938 he stayed away only a week. So that can hardly be counted as anything other than a little quarrel. But this time it was four months.

"What happened to cause this long break?" I asked.

"Well, I came home in a bad temper," he replied, putting the blame on himself. "I had had a terrible day at the studio. I was grouchy and disagreeable and I guess I slammed things around. Mal said, 'This has got to stop. I am a reasonable and patient woman, but I won't be much longer if I listen to you rave and rant!'

"I said, 'All right, I'll leave.'

"She said, 'I wish you would come back when you find yourself and can behave like a normal human being.'"

I couldn't believe my ears while Ray was telling me all this. He is so like a small boy without one atom of conceit. What other actor would have been so frank about himself? He knew he had been a naughty boy and had made life difficult for his wife. He said he stormed out of the house, believing that Mal would call him back. But not only did she ignore him then but she let four months elapse before agreeing to reopen the issue.

She had been having, to all outside appearance, a wonderful time going out to dinner with their friends, living her own life. But I knew in her heart she had been thinking constantly of him.

In fairness to Ray, you must know he suffers continually from migraine headaches. He is so deathly sick when they come on him, without warning, that he swears he cannot even bear the sound of a dog walking across the driveway!

"I want to be absolutely alone when they come on," he said. "I can't talk to anyone and I can't stand the slightest noise."



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"Where there's smoke, there's 50 people lined up to buy cigarettes. • • •

Achilles was the first guy to appreciate a good heel. If he'd lived in these times, I reckon he'd be in the shop asking for Hood Suprex Rubber Heels. • • •

Yep, and you don't have to know who Achilles was to appreciate the long-wearing qualities of Hood Suprex Heels in these days of shoe rationing. Just look for the Hood Arrow."



LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

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He loves the theater—particularly the musical theater—and says he inherits the Welsh love of music. He has a fine collection of records, opera and classical selections which he loves to play.

In connection with his records there is a very funny story which involves Mal. After they had been parted for a few months he grew hungry to hear some of his records. So he wandered home to play them for an hour or two. Mal wasn't there. He found that the needles were old and the machine wasn't in good order. It made him so mad when the records sounded scratchy that he banged on the machine working himself up into a towering rage. Mal finally walked in about eleven when he was the maddest!

"I just came home to hear some music," he told her.

"Oh," she said, "I thought you came to see me!"

"Then we battled all over again," Ray said. "Mal has a wonderful sense of humor, but neither one of us would yield an inch. If she had asked me to stay then I would have moved back bag and baggage. But she didn't—and I wouldn't ask to be forgiven."

It all sounded so simple and childish that you wondered why someone didn't take them by the hand and say, "Come on, you two, kiss and make up and forget all this nonsense."

ON the other hand, though Mal is a woman of serene poise, tempers and tantrums can be a terrific strain on even the most patient and understanding of wives. I knew she was waiting for Ray's nerves to stop jingling and jangling. She particularly wants him to go to a doctor and try to rid himself of the terrible headaches which have dogged his life and made him so miserable. One thing that had upset Ray was that he hadn't seen any of their old friends. But the answer to that was simple. He had no telephone and they were not able to reach him.

When he and Mal parted he went to live with Ray Crane, a friend he lived with when he first came to Hollywood. Crane is now in the packing business and doing well. But in the lean days the boys were very broke. Theirs is a friendship that has never changed.

It seems in a way unfair to dwell so much on Ray's temperament and "Welsh disposition"—for it is typical of him to take all the blame on himself. If he is a moody man—he is also a most delightful and charming one. There is not one bit of "ham" in his make-up. Oddly enough he is never temperamental at the studio, never makes unreasonable demands. He is one of the most amiable of the Paramount stars and with the possible exception of Alan Ladd, gets the pick of the best pictures.

I felt like speaking to him like a sister—or a lawyer—and telling him that he should be a great deal happier than he is. It is true he works hard. In eleven years he has made fifty pictures and he says, "Sometimes I get so mixed up playing other characters that I can't tell where they stop and I begin." The drunk in

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On the calendar!
The October Photoplay will be on the stands
September 19
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A. Then see that your skin's smooth as satin.

Q. Oh, my skin's hopelessly dry!

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This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

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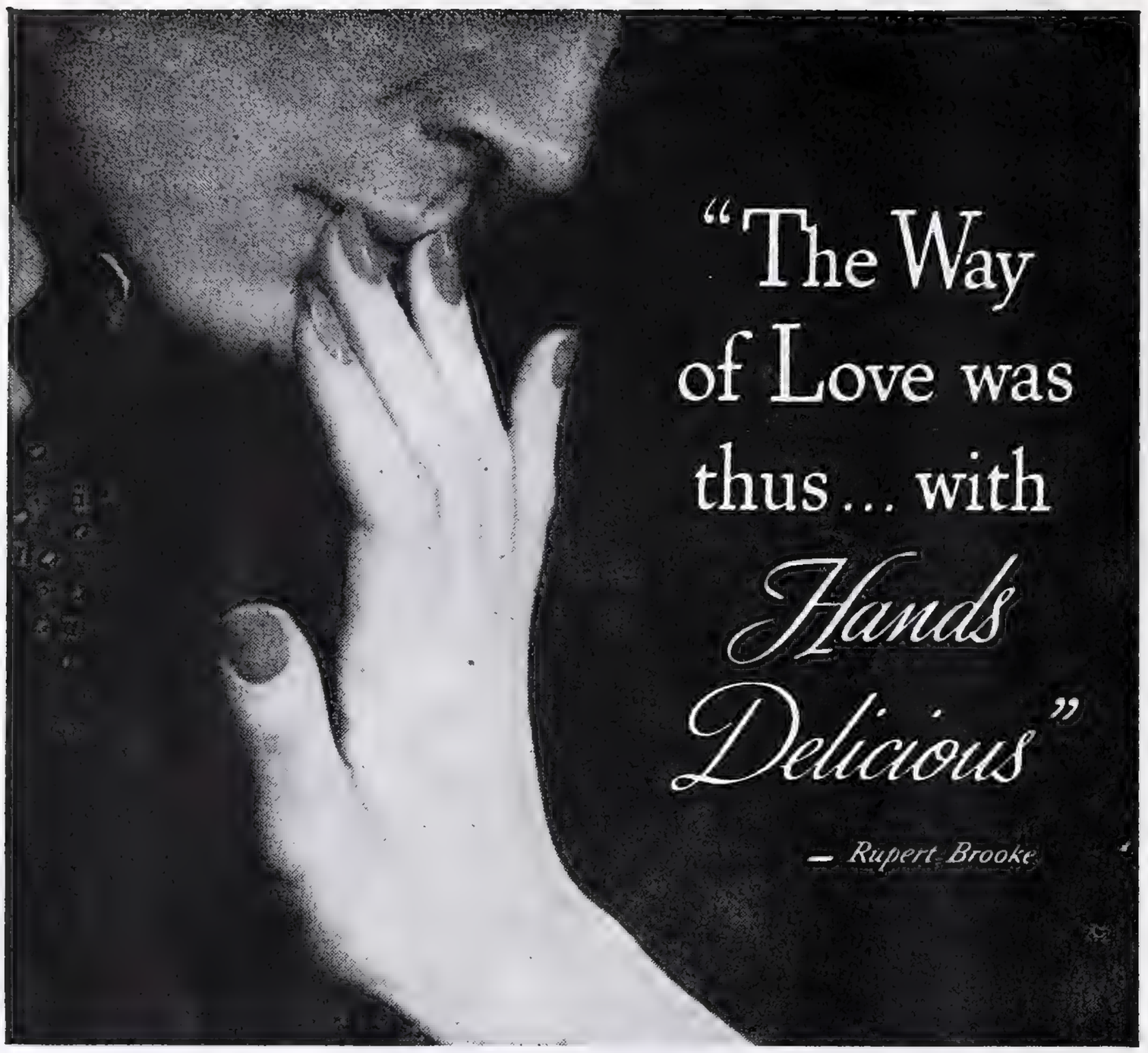
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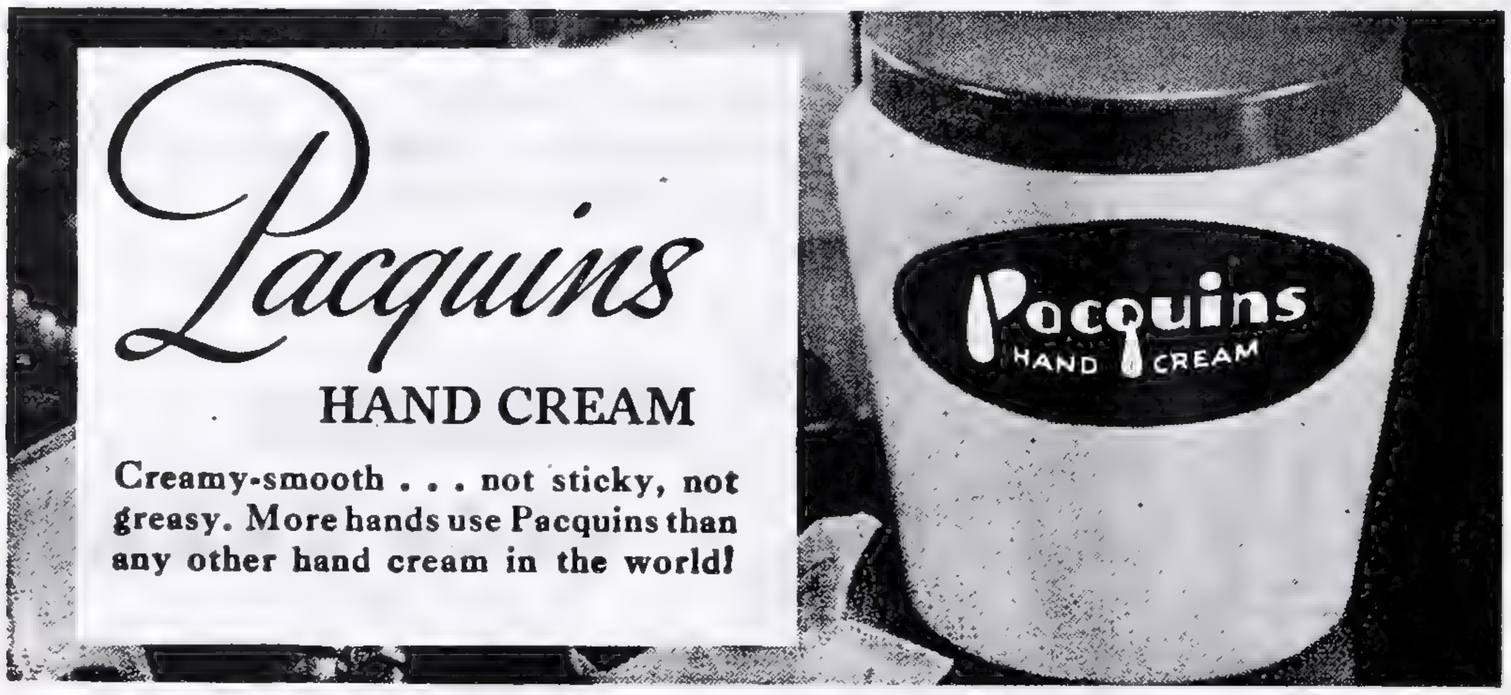
Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands* ...unless...*unless!*...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!





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... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super*-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



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"The Lost Weekend" took a lot out of him—and I don't mean that he hit the bottle. But the hero's complicated nature is a great deal like Ray's own personality. Life bears down—and the nerves snap.

Ray, I believe, has now learned his lesson—that little things are not so important. Let's hope he doesn't again lose sight of the wonderful things he has, a lovely wife, an adorable little boy, his home—one of the most charming in Hollywood—and his success, as balanced against such little annoyances as victrola needles. And he would not—he is too sane, witty and clever a man to do that—if it weren't that he has been dead tired—almost "out on his feet."

And now that I am so busy giving out advice to Ray I'm going to give a little to Mal, too: The man you married and love is nervous, tired and run down and he needs you. We women have to make concessions and fight for our happiness. Yours is too precious to toss lightly aside just to prove a point.

As Ray said in parting, "Mal and I remind me of that corny song, 'You Always Hurt The One You Love.'"

Now that all's well once more with the Millands, Ray's tune has probably changed to another "corny" favorite, "There's No Place Like Home," though, strictly speaking, it's never been anything but that with him. Good luck, Ray and Mal!

THE END

Talking Back

(*Continued from page 26*)

A reminder! Send your copy of Photoplay to someone you know over there. With the continued paper shortage, it may well be some time before we can ship magazines abroad. The Editors

NOW that we've had the life of Dillinger on the screen—with what Hollywood considers good box-office results—I suppose we'll have a cycle of gangster pictures inflicted on us once more. Each picture will get worse than the other, and the younger generation will start talking out of the sides of their mouths. In place of the swoonsters we'll have "gangs" sprouting up. Hollywood will justify itself by concluding each picture on a "crime does not pay" note. But the kids will puff their reefers and swagger defiantly that "it was fun while it lasted."

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

If others of you feel the same way, why don't you write the studios directly or, better still, the Hays office in Hollywood, the official name and address of which is the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., 5504 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The Editors

THE best way to show appreciation for someone's work is to collaborate with him. We thought it might interest you to know what goes on down here, so here it goes: The most successful picture now (June) is "A Song To Remember," though "The Great Dictator" (after six years of waiting) and "The Three Caballeros" (a favorite) are shown at the same time. The great favorites in the U. S., like Van Johnson and June Allyson, didn't click here the same way; perhaps not enough pictures yet. Sinatra is far from causing the swooning epidemic he is supposed to create; girls stick to dear old Bing.

Oscar Lopez,
Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Buenos Aires comes through with some comments which we thought would be as interesting to our readers as they were to us. The Editors

Color Harmony Shades...



for ***BLONDES***



BRUNETTES



BROWNETTES

REDHEADS





Jinx Falkenburg

in a Columbia Picture

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1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin

2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up

3..it clings perfectly...really stays on



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If you don't like change...don't change to "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder ...Something new might happen to you.

If you take to new hats like a glider to air...go for new ideas...new places... new faces...simply refuse to become a creature of habit, then you are the woman for "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder. In a single second..."Sheer Dynamite," charged with excitement, loaded with color, can bring a complexion up to date—And no one's going to be able to talk you into using the same old face-powder shade once you've tried the new "Sheer Dynamite."

Texture, cling, fragrance, of course, but the real difference in Face Powder is color by Revlon...



ONE OF TEN CUSTOM-MADE
REVLON POWDER BLENDS

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



FOR EVENINGS at home, Miss Lupino favors black velveteen trousers and a black taffeta tunic striped in silver and embroidered with twinkling green sequins. By Martini Frocks, at Saks-5th Avenue, N. Y. C.

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King Original, cute an
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FOR



ONE OF THOSE casual numbers that does things for you. In a Tattersal check, with the new dropped shoulders. Raylaine flannel in white with gold, aqua or green. Around $17. Sizes 9-17. Stores that have this dress for you listed on page 84

DANCE OR WORK or study in this two-piece wool flatterer with an interesting new neckline and a gay felt flower corsage. It is called "Flare-Well." All pastel shades in sizes 9-15. Around $19.95 at Wm. Taylor, Cleveland

A VELVETEEN JUMPER and a lace-trimmed blouse—to make you prettier. Jumper in red, green, brown, wine or black, 9-15. About $6. At Mandel Bros., Chicago. Blouse, 10-16, about $5 at Franklin Simon, N. Y. C.

YOUR NEW LIFE

. . . you've had a letter saying he will be home soon from the war
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. . . or you're going away to school and have a roommate who is too divine
. . . or you have booked a very special date for the weekend.
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YOU'LL BE SO NICE to go out with—in this 100% wool shorty with its deep pockets, sash belt and wide revers. By McArthur, Ltd. In red, green, beige or nude, 10-20. About $25. At Stern's, N. Y. C.



THERE'S SOMETHING irresistible about a bow under a young chin. And about this Princeton all-wool Jersey with a loop neckline. A Laura Lee original in all pastel colors. 7-15. Under $13. At Famous & Barr, St. Louis



FOR A LIGHT-HEARTED LASS

You'll glow with loveliness, when he sees you in this demure 'n' dainty rayon blouse. Colors: white, pink, maize, lime, shocking, blue Sizes: 9-15 JUNIORS. About $3

At all leading department stores, or write:

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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Those on pages 82 and 83 can be found from Coast to Coast in the following stores:

Tattersal check dress

Albany, N. Y.—John G. Myers Co.
Aliquippa, Pa.—Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Flint & Kent
Erie, Pa.—The Halle Bros. Co.
Germantown, Pa.—George Allen, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, N. Y.—Franklin Shops
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—T. A. Chapman Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Luckey Platt & Co.
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—Field-Schlick, Inc.
San Deigo, Cal.—The Marston Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinkel & Co.
Wichita, Kans.—Geo. Innes Co.

Manufacturer: Robt. Craig, 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Red velveteen jumper

Boston, Mass—R. H. White
Denver, Colo—May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

Manufacturer: Peggy Paige, 224 West 35th St., New York, N. Y.

Lace-trimmed blouse

Cincinnati, O.—Mabley & Carew
Dayton, O.—Elder & Johnson
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
St. Paul, Minn.—Emporium

Manufacturer: Sally Mason, 498 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Grey wool two-piece dress

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Nashville, Tenn.—Cain-Sloan Co.
Portland, Ore.—Charles F. Berg

Manufacturer: Mary Muffett, Inc., 1136 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Battle jacket suit

Chicago, Ill.—Maurice Rothchild
Cleveland, O.—Halle Bros.
Phila., Pa.—Wanamakers
San Francisco, Cal.—Hale Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix Baer & Fuller

Manufacturer: Ciro Sportswear, 530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Belted shorty coat

Chicago, Ill—The Fair
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel's
San Antonio, Tex.—Joski's
Syracuse, N. Y.—Edwards
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
Witchita, Kansas—Geo. Innes

(*Continued on page* 89)

an original

Marie Phillips



touch of autumn

Reed-slim suit dress with the crisp color contrast of Fall! There's easy grace to the gored skirt and waist-nipping jacket with saddle stitching to accent the capelets and collar. In rayon gabardine. Aqua and black, burnt almond and black beige and black, beige and brown. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. about eleven dollars

At fine stores everywhere or write for store in your locality to Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. (no mail orders accepted)

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Royce Hall, U.C.L.A.—Herb Dallinger Photograph



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And Hollywood stars will model the dresses and suits, the slacks and furs, the coats and hats—selected by expert stylists—that will be available to you in stores all over the country.

Photoplay Fashions

(*Store Listing Continued from page 84*)

Manufacturer: Ambassador Sportswear, 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

All wool jersey dress

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's

Manufacturer: Laura Lee, 1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

All gloves by Wear-Right

(If no store in your vicinity is listed above, we suggest you write the manufacturer for further information)

These Are the Days of Gregory Peck

(*Continued from page 41*) which meant that his life was one long bliss of moonlight and rosy girls until one day in 1915, a very pretty young thing named Bernice Ayres from the Middle West came along. She was little, and the local belles could have killed her, for smiling and vivacious Greg Peck fell in love with her instantly. They were wed almost at once too, and in 1916 their baby came.

Greg's earliest memory is sitting outside his house, in the hot California sunshine under a palm tree, a thin, small boy of two, playing with his white dog and white cat. He loved those pets in the intense way that only a shy and lonely child can—and he was shy and lonely all his life until he was sixteen. Enter then a siren with black hair and green-blue eyes who got him over all that.

He was only five when his parents separated and his mother's mother came to La Jolla to take care of him. She was a very kind grandmother but she understood very little about California small boys. On the other hand, his father did—or at least, he understood this one. Father and son became a great team. Grandma would pack them up a lunch in paper bags and to the beach they'd go, to lie all day in the sun, "from seven to seven" Greg says, to swim, to hunt for clams and commune with nature and one another.

Yet it was one of these beach excursions that almost cost him his life. He and some neighborhood lads were diving for abalone, lurking far down in the ocean bed. Greg took an iron bar, dove off with such force that he went down for more than ten feet. There he saw the treasure he was seeking, but as he pushed his bar under a big rock, the bar slipped. He went to retrieve it and the rock settled firmly down upon his hand. He fought and struggled to get loose. It was several minutes—a lifetime under water—before the kids on the surface noticed he was missing. They dove frantically down for him, freed him and brought him up, but it was more than an hour before the life guard was able to revive him.

His other most frightening adventure was concerned with water too, though he's still a water baby and every free moment he has, he hies himself to a beach. He was thirteen, and he and his father had gone duck hunting. They were more than a quarter of a mile from the shore of the lake when Greg, moving the gun, heard it go off and to his horror saw that he had shot his father in the shoulder.

"Dad was so wonderful," Greg says. "He sat there, trying to smile at me, trying to hold his shoulder together, while the blood ran through his fingers, and I rowed



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frantically. I was very light and very thin, and the boat was very heavy. It was a long time before I could get us to shore, find a telephone and get an ambulance.

"They took Dad to a hospital immediately and operated. He was two hours on the operating table, while I waited outside, frozen with terror. The first thing Dad did when he came to was to look for me and smile with complete understanding and forgiveness. I can never forget the release of that moment, the sense of freedom and devotion that swept over me."

If, through this episode, his father brought home to the boy the meaning of paternal love, his grandmother, very innocently, taught him how to fight. Grandma bought a pair of cloth-topped, buttoned shoes. To her, those shoes were something dashing. To Greg, they were horrors, since no other boy in La Jolla wore anything of the sort. Since they were the only real shoes he had, he begged Grandma to buy him others. But Grandma refused to waste money on another pair and she wouldn't let him go to school in sneakers.

His father slyly helped by getting him a bicycle. What Greg did, then, was to take off the shoes, as soon as he got out of sight of the house, bike in his bare feet, put the shoes on again at school, knowing that he'd have to fight his way through the recess period because of them. At least they taught him to be good with his fists.

IN DUE time he decided to enroll in the University of California at Berkeley to study medicine. But the black-haired, green-blue-eyed siren entered here.

Let's call her Mary. She had, according to Mr. Peck's testimony, that lovely hair and those green-blue eyes, and she could do anything. So far as our hero was concerned, she was Dame Cupid. He forgot everything. His class marks slid. Sports went by the board. The only thing he wanted on earth was to marry her, but he was just seventeen and didn't have a dime in the world.

"I became a truck driver for love," he says. By that, he means that he quit school, got a job at a colossal $120 a month and began making romantic plans.

Eighteen months went by. He and Mary decided they couldn't wait any longer. One night they hopped into Greg's car and headed toward Las Vegas, some two hundred miles distant. They had covered five when they began to waver. By the time they had gone another five, they knew they were too young to face the responsibilities of matrimony. They turned back. Next day Greg quit his job, started to bone like mad and made U. of C. in the fall, at which point he dropped the hated Eldred and became henceforth Gregory Peck Jr.

Two pals of his from La Jolla enrolled in the same class. They drove up to Berkeley together, roomed together, went to classes together and did janitor work together as a means of paying their rent. The other two boys were, Mr. Peck says, "smart operators," and Greg learned fast.

"We got a parking lot to run on Saturdays. We did all right with that normally, but when the football season came, we really sliced it. Charged a dollar for every car we parked then, blandly telling our customers that we were right across the campus from the football field. That was true except that we were at one end of the campus and the field was at the other, a mile away."

All this wealth began to enable Greg to take occasional weekends off. He bought a roadster and cut classes late Fridays, drove all night to San Diego, got there Saturday morning, started back Sunday night and made classes again on Monday. That was a matter of 1300 miles for two

days with one girl. That, also, was love. He did it week after week.

But, as in high school, his studies began suffering. "I went at my medical career most half-heartedly," Greg says. "I wasn't yet on the right track and in a dim way I knew it. I dropped pre-med and switched to English. I went in for crew and this time I made it. When I was sent East to row in the regatta at Poughkeepsie, I thought I had reached a crown in human achievement. Still, I knew there was no way I could make a living at that. By this time it was 1938. I was twenty-two. I felt it was time for me to get into some kind of groove."

It was entirely by accident that he got into acting. One night a buddy asked him if he wouldn't like to fill in the remaining scrap of his free time by taking a role in a play that was being given on the campus. A tall character was needed for the role of the first mate in "Moby Dick." Greg went on in the part and the magic of the theater captured him.

"I was very lousy in that first part and I knew it," Greg says, "yet I've never had such a moment of complete, utter happiness before or since. It was a terrifying experience. I hadn't been able to eat or sleep for the three days preceding it. Once on stage, however, and I was instantly freed of all my shyness and inhibitions. I saw that audience looking up at me and I could have done anything, for in that moment I got rid of Gregory Peck, the guy who was so unsure of himself, and became, to myself, a veritable wonder man. From that instant on I wanted to do nothing whatsoever but act. In one sense, I confess it's still true.

AFTER that, I was aware of nothing save theater, theater, theater. Summer came. I was graduated. I just wanted to keep on acting, anywhere, in anything. I felt prepared to invade Broadway. I did invade Broadway. None of the buildings trembled with delight as I passed by. No managers greeted me with open arms. I finally used the letter my stepfather had given me to a friend of his who owned part of a concession at the World's Fair. I went over to him, presented the letter and got the job as assistant barker at the towering sum of $25 weekly. I thought I could eat on that. I was, at least, glad to write the folks, who had been so sympathetic and understanding, letting me waste all that time in "finding myself" that I was finally self-supporting in a big way in a big city. Little did I realize how expensive was everything at the World's Fair or in all New York or how completely my appetite was to go ahead of my earnings."

When the World's Fair closed, Greg nearly starved. Autumn came and he was lonely. Winter came, and he got no parts in Broadway productions. But he never lost the bright vision in which he believed.

"One night in winter," he says, "when I had no work and scarcely a dime, I went up to the roof of the highest of the Radio City buildings and looked down over Manhattan. It was just getting dark and the lights began flashing on, all over town. It began to snow, great flakes falling, magically through the giant spotlights round Rockefeller Center. I could see millions of tiny fast moving figures below. All going somewhere, all trying to attain their private dreams. It was the most humbling sight, and yet the most exhilarating, for these others, too, were lonely and fighting for existence. Anyone, as one individual, could be lost among them, and yet anyone, this being America, could, with a little fighting for it, attain his dream.

"I came down from that tower so happy I didn't give a damn if I was hungry. The fight was up to me and that knowledge was exciting. I knew beyond all arguing that



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just around some magic corner, something waited for me."

Excellent fortune was waiting for him. But even good fortune, when it came, stayed true to the Peck pattern and he had to work hard to attain the rewards it offered.

FINALLY, of all things, he won a scholarship for dramatic training at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Greg was surprised, as only a Westerner can be, to find this tucked away in the New York slums. Nonetheless, it has one of the most artistic, stimulating, truly creative atmospheres any young player could come upon. For two years Greg learned invaluable technique there. As a result, he got another scholarship at the Barter Theatre in Abington, Virginia.

The Barter is an amazing little theater where customers barter whatever they wish—vegetables, chickens, in place of cash, for tickets. But its artistic standards are very high and here Guthrie McClintic, the intelligent, wily and famous producer-husband of that first lady of the legitimate stage, Katharine Cornell, saw him and signed him for a season with his wife.

He was such an excited young actor when he joined the tour in Philadelphia that in order to conceal his exuberance, he went around, when not actually rehearsing, with his nose hid in a book. He was so in awe of Miss Cornell and the whole company that he hardly dared glance up. The company was doing a tour in a revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Then one memorable night on the station platform in Philadelphia Greg heard a girl's laugh ring out. It was the merriest laugh he had ever heard and he looked up and met a pair of laughing blue eyes, eyes that belonged to a small, blonde girl standing beside Miss Cornell—the prettiest, gayest, most provocative girl he had ever observed in his life—and despite his diffident-appearing manner, Greg carefully observed every girl he saw.

The blonde girl seemed to be with the Cornell Company, yet Greg knew, the moment he glanced at her, that she wasn't an actress. He dropped his eyes back to his book, but his heart sank as he heard her saying something about her fiance.

He didn't want her to have a fiance. If a girl like that had to have a fiance, he thought he should be someone dignified and protective like himself.

Five months later the blonde girl did have a fiance like him. In fact, it was he. But that is getting ahead of our story, which would be a pity, for you never did hear the story of a cuter courtship.

For example, one of the things Greg told small blonde Greta was that he was a full-blooded Indian. He told her about the scalpings his grandfather did regularly. But wait and watch for it next month in this very same place.

"Head First . . ."

on page 134 gives you a rear head-view of six Hollywood lasses. If they turned around you'd immediately recognize them by number as:

1-Bonita Granville
2-Joan Fontaine
3-Ann Sheridan
4-Maureen O'Hara
5-Lauren Bacall
6-Lana Turner

Life with the Major's Lady

(*Continued from page* 47) here? How long are you staying? How about having a drink with me?"

"No, thanks," said Charlie.

"Listen, friend, I want to talk to you, I want to see you."

"I'll see you," said Charlie and firmly turned his back. There wasn't much for the Lieutenant to do but move on.

Sitting next to Charlie, Dottie Lamour sputtered with anger. "You were very rude to that poor lonely soldier."

"Sure I was," said Charlie. "That guy has moved in on my dates before. I've been waiting ten years for this date with you. I'm not going to have him taking it away from me."

Nine o'clock passed and so did ten, and the band was wonderful and Dottie and Laura forgot all about their resolutions to be early birds. But all the time there sat that handsome Lieutenant, all alone, just watching Dottie with such adoring humility. Finally she could stand it no longer. She beckoned to him. Like a flash he was beside her. "Let's dance," he said, and that's how Dottie picked up William Ross Howard III, now Major Howard.

Dottie says so, even though she's never told it before.

WELL, for the next several days, it was quite a battle in tactics. Charlie and Bill, who are really friends, called themselves the Air Corps Commandos and, very frankly, Dottie was their beautiful beachhead. Where Bill appeared, there was Charlie, and where Charlie appeared, there was Bill. But it was Bill who made the best time.

When Dorothy and Laura returned to Hollywood, Bill's letters and flowers and telephone calls followed her. It was terrific fun but Dorothy didn't take it seriously. This was because, in checking up on William Ross Howard, III, she discovered that while he came of a distinguished old American family, the Howards of Maryland, and before he had gone into service, he had worked at a lumber business he had inherited, he still had not worked in any manner that would interfere with his going to Palm Beach or Palm Springs in winter, or California or Europe in the summer, or to Placid for the winter sports. He had been married and divorced and had a son. Never at any time had he threatened to do that stuffy thing called settling down.

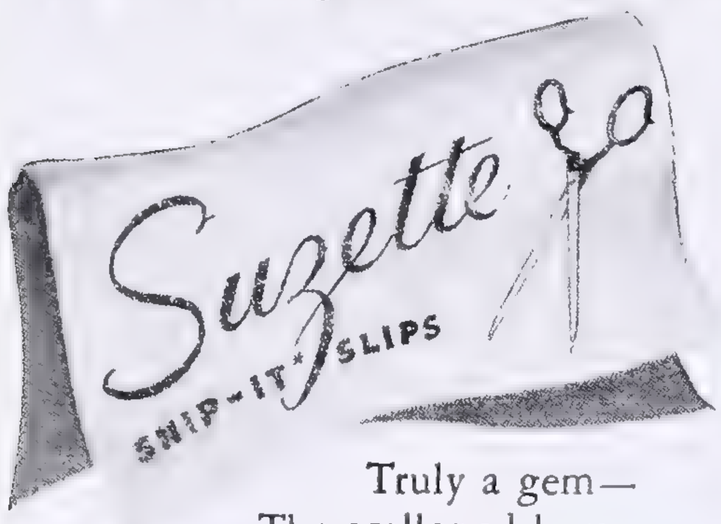
This was all right with Dottie. She, too, had been married and divorced, from Herbie Kay, the bandleader. Being a working girl, she couldn't play too much, but she didn't want to be serious, either.

It was all very gay—the courtship of the playboy and the movie star and it might have gone on that way if Jap planes hadn't blasted Pearl Harbor that fateful Sunday in December, 1941. Bill's duties took on a new and sober significance. Dottie kept right on working—and going on the Bond tours which she herself initiated.

They had planned to spend New Year's Eve at the same party, but Bill called on Dottie and told her not to expect him—he might be shipped overseas. Sure enough. His orders came. The first lap was San Francisco. There he contracted pneumonia and was laid up for four months. During his illness his mother traveled across the continent from Maryland to San Francisco to see him. She saw Dottie too and added her approval to a match which was bound to be. When Bill recovered he was sent to San Bernardino. Of course, he managed to get in to Hollywood now and then—even to the set where Dottie was then making a "Road" picture with Bing Crosby and Bob



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Hope. It didn't take him long to see how his gal rated with these two!

By now they knew they belonged together—that no day was right when they were apart. So the former playboy asked Dottie to set a date. She named April 7, 1943. Promptly he asked her what kind of a ring she wanted.

"I want a plain, old-fashioned gold ring, as old-fashioned as the kind of marriage I hope we have," she said.

"Then I want that kind of a ring too," Bill answered.

"You buy mine, I'll buy yours," Dottie said. Now she laughs when she tells it. "I got the worst of the bargain. My ring only cost $13.50, but Bill's cost $15.00." She has both bills, both marked paid.

They had a small wedding in Hollywood and a small reception later for their close friends. It was very romantic and everything still looked gay and exciting—considering it was war time—and they thought they could continue their life together in just that mood, if Bill wasn't shipped out, the only difference being that now they belonged together.

They might have done that, too, except for three things. There was the gas shortage. There was the house shortage. There was the servant shortage. Bill was still stationed in San Bernardino. Dotty had to be in Hollywood. Better than seventy miles lie in between. Bill didn't have gas enough to make the trip often. Neither did Dottie. They had married to be together. Dottie finally said, "You have to be in San Bernardino all the time. I only have to be at the studio for six weeks at a time. We'll live in San Bernardino, and when I'm working I'll live near the studio and come home here weekends."

They rented a sweet little house, and you could find the duplicate of it twenty thousand times in this wonderful country of ours. It has a small unfenced lawn, with a few weeds in front of it, and a small garden with a few bright flowers and a thriving Victory vegetable garden in back of it. It has a living room all across the center of it, probably fourteen by twenty feet, and two wings on either side. One wing contains the two small bedrooms and one bath, the other wing the small den, the smaller dining room, the smallest kitchen. "We've never sat in that living room yet," Dottie says. "We just walk

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through it and use the den."

The playboy and the movie star, as Captain and Mrs. Howard, began hunting for a cook and a maid. They couldn't find them, so they next hunted for a girl who would do both jobs. They couldn't find her. They hunted for a mere cleaning woman to help out. She didn't exist either.

Dottie grins as she tells it. "Because I've always had to work at things that paid money, I'd never done anything around a home. Naturally Bill never had, but here we were, the glamorous newlyweds, in dust up to our knees. So, finally, we went down on them. First of all we started bossing one another, telling each other how to sweep or scrub or whatever it was. That caused arguments, but could I stay mad at Bill? I couldn't, for whenever I got childish and hurt, he'd just sit in a corner and say, "*Look* at that poor lonely soldier," and then I'd laugh, or if he did get difficult about drying dishes, or something, I'd say, "*Look* at that poor lonely soldier," and he'd laugh. We evolved a method of housework that we still follow. I start on one wing, Bill on the other. Whoever gets his chores done first drops in the den and the laggard has to mix the drinks for both. At first they were always cocktails, but gradually they became cokes, or tomato juice, or some such harmless thing.

"We did the same thing about cooking. Neither of us knew much to begin with, but now we've learned the darndest things. I do beautiful salads and home-made soups, which Bill loves, and he does the best spaghetti I ever ate anywhere.

"ON our first anniversary, nothing would do but we had to go into town and dress all up something wild and go dancing at Mocambo. We had a big party and a thousand laughs and it was all gorgeous. But this April 7th, our second anniversary, if we didn't talk it over and honestly prefer just to be alone, here by ourselves, listening to the radio, drinking one little toast to ourselves!"

Dottie's voice suddenly dropped. "It's so strange," she said. "Today Bill's a major. We still don't know when or if he'll go overseas. I know I'm very lucky to have had him with me this long, and we are prepared for whatever may come. That is one of the things we talked over before our marriage. If we must be parted, it won't be a weepy goodbye scene for us. I'll just have to take it, and I hope I can take it as bravely as the other millions of war wives. But these days that we do have together—well, they are definitely not exciting. They are something so much better.

"I used to be in a panic when people told me that that first exciting love went, to be replaced by another type of love. I was such a dope I couldn't believe any love could be better. But it is. The love Bill and I have now—oh, it's so secure, so deep, so quiet. It's just there. Do you know what Bill said the other night? Here we were, sitting side by side, just listening to the radio, when suddenly I realized we hadn't been out anywhere or seen anyone besides ourselves for nearly two weeks. There I was, telling Bill how I'd been to market and couldn't get meat and that we didn't have points enough for butter —such absolutely thrilling conversation— and I stopped and said, 'Bill, does this bore you?' Bill, the angel, said, 'Dottie, the more years I'm with you, the less there seems to be moments enough in even the longest day to make up for the time I want to be with you."

She stopped and her eyes began to shine. "And now this news," she said. "It tops everything."

Perhaps you've read that news. She

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"LUXURY UNLIMITED"



It's for you... this flower-scented bath of dancing foam. How it floats away fatigue... leaves you so refreshed! And afterwards your tub is always shining and immaculate. Enjoy "luxury unlimited" tonight... ask at any toiletries counter for Foaming Bath Sachet. Always welcome as a gift.



...and I call it fun!

"Look Mommy... for me, too! Millyuns 'n millyuns of bubbles everywhere, so dancy and soft. I like *baths* now!"

Yes—baths *are* fun for the kiddies when they have their own special pink and blue box of Foaming Bath Sachet. Ask for "Bubbles for Little Scrubbers."



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Send 25c plus 5c tax for a trial package of 5 assorted baths.

ROBERT H. CLARK COMPANY, Dept. B9 Beverly Hills, Calif.







and Bill are going to be parents in December.

"Bill's had a son," she said, "so I rather hope we'll have a daughter, but actually it doesn't matter what we get, so long as we get our baby. The doctor is being pretty severe with me. I have to lie around all day. He won't let me do anything—I can't smoke, or drink, or dance, or even walk, but it doesn't matter, either, so long as we get the happy ending. The only thing is my poor child is not going to have any December birthday. I've had that all my life and I know how hard it is on a kid. Mine comes just two weeks before Christmas, which means you get cheated out of one set of gifts. So, while we expect the baby just about Christmas, I assure you its birthday is going to be June or July officially." She stopped and smiled again. "All I do now is lie around and fix up our scrapbook."

"Our Lives Together—starring Dottie and Bill" is printed in big gold letters on the beautiful white leather covers of the scrapbook. Beneath the title is the date of the Howard wedding. "See the space below," Dottie pointed out. "That's for 'featuring'—you know—featuring Dottie Howard, born December 26, 1945, and I hope, Master This Howard and Miss That Howard, on and on, for at least four more and better—six."

THERE is one thing to be said for being a celebrity in love; The papers keep the whole record for you, as for instance, the front page of the Los Angeles papers, saying "Madame Chiang Kai-shek arrives," but over that, in bigger type, "Dorothy Lamour Weds William Ross Howard." Dottie has them all, the first rumors of her engagement, the actual announcement of it, the headlines and photographs of her and Bill when they went to get the license, and all the cards from the marriage chapels and health companies, too, and a piece of her wedding cake, and everything, smack up to the Paramount newsreel of that week, reduced to 16 mm so she and Bill can run over the shots of their wedding on their movie machine.

Dottie said, lying there in the sunshine, "It's a funny thing, but the more you fall in love, the less selfish you get. Take me. I used to be so squeamish about the sight of blood, or anything. Now I've volunteered for a hospital tour in those hospitals where usually visitors are not allowed, those hidden hospitals where the worst, most hopeless cases are. Those boys get no entertainment, so I asked to go to them.

"Already I've been to a few. At first I nearly collapsed. But I'm going back. I'd be there, right now, but the doctor won't let me go until after the baby comes. Then I shall go again because, hard as it is on any performer, the bravery of those boys is so great as to be unbelievable. I remember one blind boy, who kept saying to me, 'Dottie, let me feel your face, because I've got something in my eyes today, I'm not seeing clearly.' I couldn't let him touch my face, for I couldn't let him feel the tears. I just kept on singing a song for that kid. Those are the boys I want to go back to—boys like that and the ones even worse off."

The phone rang. It was Bill. He said he just wanted to be sure she felt all right and should he bring home something for dinner.

"No, we've got lots of soup left," Dottie said. She hung up and sighed happily. "Just imagine if I'd been too much of a lady to have picked Bill up." She laughed and threw a kiss in the direction of the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, which could be seen clearly, halfway up the mountains.

"Blessings on you, Arrowhead," she said.

THE END

Capitol NEWS FROM Hollywood



Andy Russell, now in "Stork Club," records 'Love Me' and 'Noche'

YOU HEARD him first on Capitol Records . . . you'll see him soon in the film musical "Stork Club" . . . and Andy Russell's smash new recording of 'Love Me' and 'Noche' will be available shortly from your favorite Capitol dealer.

Picked as a "comer" by Capitol just 18 months ago, Andy Russell's phenomenal rise to fame is another sterling example of how the new stars—and new hit tunes—shine first under the Capitol label.

Careful choice of songs, diligent rehearsals and superb engineering help a talent such as Andy possesses. Whether he's singing or drumming, as above, you get the **real thing** on Capitol!

Have you heard...?

Check through this list of tunes and see how many you can hum or whistle.

- Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe ☐
- Candy ☐
- Dream ☐
- Accentuate the Positive ☐
- I Should Care ☐
- The Trolley Song ☐
- I'll Walk Alone ☐
- Cow-Cow Boogie ☐
- Her Tears Flowed Like Wine ☐
- Straighten Up and Fly Right ☐
- G. I. Jive ☐
- Amor ☐
- Shoo-Shoo Baby ☐

Every one of them was a Capitol *first!*
And there's more to come

GET THE news of music and musicians while it's hot. Ask your Capitol dealer for a copy of "The Capitol," the smart, handy, free Hollywood newsmagazine edited by Dave Dexter, Jr.



HE CAN PICK 'EM, as anyone can plainly see! Johnny Mercer discovered and was first to record young Lois Butler, whose first disc will soon be released. Mercer, as president of Capitol, has an uncanny ability to pick unknowns and make them stars. Miss Butler, only 14, is Mercer's latest selection.



LILTIN' MARTHA Tilton is another Capitol **first.** Just back from an overseas tour with Jack Benny, she hit the jackpot with "I'll Walk Alone" and "I Should Care." First with the Best — that's Capitol's way of recording.

Capitol RECORDS
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EVERYBODY HAS A SWEET TOOTH FOR THESE TATTERTOOTH CHECKS!



Write your favorite store or the store nearest you, for it . . . by all means get America's newest smash-hit blouse! Beige or blue tattertooth check by Mooresville, "French flannel" finish fabric with the Crown Tested "go-ahead-and-wash" Green label.

Sizes 12 to 20 . . . and only about $5.



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Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Columbus, Ohio, The Union Company
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris & Co.
Detroit, Mich., Himelhoch Bros. & Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana, L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Harzfeld's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Miami, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisc., Milwaukee Boston Store, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn., The Dayton Company
New York, N. Y., Saks-Fifth Avenue
Omaha, Nebraska, J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne Co.
Rochester, N. Y., B. Forman Co.
Rochester, N. Y., Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller Company
Washington, D. C., Jelleff's

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 60)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I go to high school and after school I work in a hospital until late at night. I work six days a week, and I am so happy to be away from home, but when I finally *do* have to go home—there is my mother sitting up to argue with me. Then my father comes home and yells at me for arguing with my mother. My mother is so hungry for money that every penny I make has to go to her. That is what we argue about.

My father works, my mother works and my two little brothers are boarded out. Still, all that isn't enough money for my mother—she wants my pay check, too.

She says that if I don't like it, I can get out and take care of myself. I think every girl should live with her parents, otherwise she is likely to get into all kinds of trouble. All I want is money for one movie a week, for ice or roller skating on Sunday afternoon, and for some new clothes occasionally. If I could have just a little of the $35.00 I earn each week, I could get along nicely, but every time I ask for a dime, there is a big scene.

Anastasia S.

Dear Miss S:

Your case interested me so much that I talked to a legal friend of mine who assures me that, in many states, the earnings of a child until that child comes of age legally belong to the parents.

From a legal standpoint there is nothing you can do. Even if you left home they would still be entitled to collect your pay check.

There is one thing that interests me. Your mother is not apparently extravagant nor wasteful, since she also is working. Why is she so eager to amass a large sum of money? Perhaps she is saving it to buy a home or to assure you and your brothers of good educations.

At seventeen, one is sometimes not inclined to look ahead, whereas your mother may have a serious eye on the future welfare of her family. Why don't you have a pleasant talk with your mother, forcibly restraining yourself from raising your voice or using disagreeable terms, and ask her what her plans are. You may be surprised to know how carefully she is guarding your future.

Claudette Colbert

NOTE: Normally, Photoplay does not publish the city of origin of the letters addressed to this column, but the letter printed below came from so far away that I thought my readers would be interested to know it came from Lebanon.

Dear Miss Colbert:

In Photoplay your answers are more than advice, they are reality. I write to you in hope that you will be a great help to me.

I am from a good family. I am twenty years old and in love with a very poor girl who gives me back her affection, but my parents are against me.

I didn't want to lose their blessing, so I tried to forget her by going away into the mountains to satisfy my mother whom I love. But forgetting was impossible; every day away from her was an eternity. I can't stay always away from her, not either always away from my family—if this state lasts I am sure one day I shall go mad or put an end to my days.

Could your answer show me a way?

B. T. Bey

Dear Sir:

Not knowing the customs, traditions and manners of your exciting country, I really don't feel that I am capable of

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advising you on this emotional problem.

I can say that here in America, we have built a system of happy home life upon the theory that a man has the right to select his own mate, regardless of the views of less intimately concerned individuals such as parents or other relatives. As the girl is to be your wife, for life, in America we would say that it was your mother's privilege to speak her advice but, having spoken, she must allow you to make your own financial decision. Here, we find that this principle of romantic laissez-faire has worked out to the benefit of both parents and children.

Your parents might counter this statement by mentioning our high divorce rate. You may answer that *by saying our divorce rate is high, not because we are a race of cynics, but because we are a race of intensely optimistic idealists. We are convinced if we have failed once to find the perfect mate, through our own efforts we will do better next time!*

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married nine years. My wife and I got along fine. Even *she* says I have always been a good husband. We were like kids together; anywhere you saw me, you saw her.

Then I went into the Army and right away got into a little trouble. I spent some time in the guardhouse. Well, when I got out I went home and found that my wife hadn't been living in our house for three months. Some friends told me where I could meet her. When she saw me, we just had to look at each other and cry. Old times had to be talked over.

It seems that while I was away, she was lonely and got to chasing around. Then she got into serious trouble, and moved away so as not to disgrace me. She had bad luck with the baby and lost it, and she said she had never seen this other guy again. I loved my wife and I believed her even if her own mother said I was an idiot to take her back.

Then I went overseas. My wife wrote to me and gradually I began to find things out. She would drop the news bit by bit in letters. During that wild period, she had sold my car, my radio and all my clothes, and had mortgaged our home. Here I am in a hospital (I was wounded overseas), not as good a man as I once was, and nothing left to my name.

Well now, I was late starting out with girls, so I do not have a girl friend to fall back on. I'm ashamed to go to my home town and try to make a home with my wife. I should be going out to find a new life. If you were a man in my boots, what do you think you'd do?

Corp. Ovid J.

Dear Mr. J:

I think your wife's behavior shocking. However, I would be unfair to the vast majority of service wives, if I didn't say that I think your experience is, thank Heaven, more unusual than run-of-the-mill. Most women are sincere and loyal.

I would be the last person to counsel the terminating of a marriage, because I think that nearly every marital problem is solvable. However, in your case, it may be necessary to make a fresh start.

You haven't told me whether your wife has told you she was broken-hearted over her mistakes. Since you haven't said that she is genuinely ashamed of her behavior and that she is now working diligently in an attempt to make up the money, I am assuming that you are losing confidence in her because she is only confessing and not promising restitution.

If she realizes her frightful error, naturally she should be given another



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chance. Should you decide to try to make a go of it, don't let the comment of anyone destroy your sought-for happiness. Don't seek the opinion of your mother-in-law or of friends.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Shortly after my marriage I discovered that my husband has always gambled for large sums of money. He promised me to discontinue this habit, but when he joined the Army he began to gamble again.

So far he has been lucky and has won quite a bit of money. However, I feel that this is tainted money. Furthermore, his luck is bound to change and as he gambles our savings in addition to his pay, I think he is headed for trouble.

In his answers to my letters begging him to quit gambling, he says I am nagging and that I don't love him any more.

Perhaps this is true, but it is natural for a girl to want a home and a family and to have either, a husband must provide a measure of security. Do you think divorce is the only answer?

Mrs. Albert S.

Dear Mrs. S:

There are some men who are as ridden by the fascination of chance-taking as others are addicted to drink.

There is this to take into consideration: I felt from the wording of your letter that your husband actually gave up gambling until he went into the Army. I understand that gambling of one form or another is almost an integrated part of Army life. It may be that when your husband is discharged he will be glad to settle down and save his money in order to give you security. It seems to me that you shouldn't act hastily; wait until the war is over before deciding whether to terminate your marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen, and I work as a long-distance telephone operator. I have been forced to give up many of my girl friends and the club to which I belonged because of my working hours. The fellows have lost interest in having dates with me because I work until ten every evening.

I love my work, but I am very tired of working evenings, Sundays and holidays and seeing my girl friends going out on dates and having good times. I'm young, so I feel as if I'm letting my life go by without having any fun.

Yet I feel that if I quit I'm not doing my share to win the war.

Marguerite C.

Dear Miss C:

The "hello" girls all over the country are doing a magnificent war job—of that there can be no doubt. If you had ever had the privilege, as I have, of seeing a six foot, 175 pound Marine emerge from a telephone booth drying his embarrassed eyes after having had the thrill of talking to "Mom"—two thousand miles away—you would swell with pride at the thought of manipulating the plug.

However, the fact remains that your social life is somewhat handicapped. Couldn't you get at least a temporary change of shifts? At any rate, I would like to receive suggestions from girls in telephone and other lines of business who work late hours, giving me some idea of the manner in which they find recreation. If you readers know a girl who works such hours, please ask her to mail me any thoughts she has on the subject, then I'll compile the suggestions and give telephone girls the story in the first available issue of Photoplay.

Claudette Colbert



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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

I Want to Talk to You

(*Continued from page* 49) her way.

This made Nancy smart, of course. Because the sooner we learn to be true to ourselves the better life's going to be. It isn't easy to do this. But remember, every time you go against your own nature —whatever this may get you for the time being—you're making it harder to get back on your individual beam. And that's the only way anyone can be happy.

One thing you can count on, Kids: Listening to the other fellow and doing as he's doing never will get you anywhere. Also, no matter what the other fellow is doing or what it's getting him, if you feel it isn't for you, skip it. You all know deep down inside of you whether or not a thing is for you. And the faster you learn to be guided by the signals that flash to you from that control room lying inside of you the more grief you will miss.

TO show you what I mean, I see a lot of girls on the street and waiting at stage doors who wear much too much make-up. Their hair is so red or so gold that you need sun glasses to take a good look without squinting. Their sweaters hug them tighter than a sausage skin or else make an average sloppy Joe look like a real good fit. When I see girls like this I go around talking to myself, telling myself to mind my own business, that they're not my kids. Because, you see, I always feel if somebody could only help these girls get back on the right track before it's too late they'd have a fair chance for the only kind of a life that ever means happiness to girls as sweet and good as they are underneath.

Get me straight, Girls . . .

I have no objections to make-up. I feel that make-up used wisely and intelligently to bring out your good features definitely enhances your appearance. It loses its value, however, when you slap it on indiscriminately. The Indians used to do that and they weren't anything you would want to go out with on a Saturday date.

After all, in your use of lipstick, for instance . . . Remember, if it was meant just to be smeared on in order to cover your lips manufacturers wouldn't spend fortunes developing thousands of shades so they could hit the right one for you.

I always figure I can tell about the girls who overdo the business of make-up and acting sophisticated. They're not popular with the boys and they're copying the girls they think boys go for. Or else they're so popular that it's gone to their heads.

I can hear you saying, "Frankie, quit preaching!" I don't mean to preach, Kids, I just remember how it was in Jersey where I grew up. And life's pretty much the same, I've found out, wherever you live.

Sure, boys will go out with the girls they call "babes." But when most men marry they look for girls who will be good wives and mothers. Maybe I'm old fashioned. That would be a laugh. Back in my Jersey days I used to spend a lot of time trying to knock down all the old-fashioned ideas. Don't ask me how I figured I knew more than older people who had been around more than twice as long and seen more than twice as much. But then I guess the kid who doesn't think he knows more than his parents just isn't normal.

I tell you all this so you'll know the way I feel about the mistakes your letters tell me you're going to make if you don't watch your step. . . .

One girl writes:

"Dear Mr. Sinatra:

"To begin with, I am fifteen years of age. My parents are strict. They say they are doing it for my good—that although I don't realize it now, I will later.

"I have often been asked for dates with



OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that *I* was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that "*once-in-a-while*" care isn't enough! My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always*.



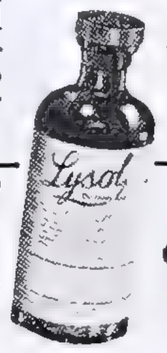
IT'S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor said: "Lysol is a proved *germ-killer* ...far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—*it really works!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution . . . always! **Powerful cleanser**—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effectively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic** — Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes*. **More women** use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*)



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For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant always!



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Smart start! Begin with a bath. Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.



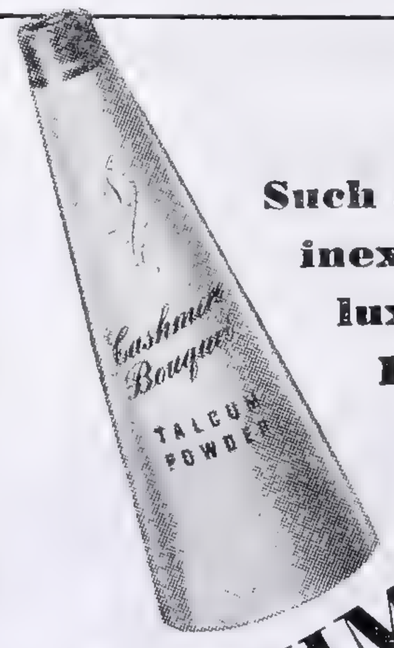
How to Feel SMOOTH

Pearly girlie! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.



How to Stay DAINTY

Fragrant finale! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day . . . for coolness, for comfort and for the beguiling scent it gives your skin. It's the *fragrance men love.*



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Famous Harford Frocks will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at sensational low, money-saving prices. Also SPORTSWEAR, slacks, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to your friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—and get dress or suit. You can get your complete wardrobe easily, quickly and without cost, and also earn good money for spare time work if you wish.

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BLONDES

New Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

boys a couple of years older than I am. So far I have refused them. My favorite friend is a year older than I am. Her parents don't care what she does or how she does it. This friend is trying to get me to go out with boys behind my parents' back. She preaches to me my parents would not know a thing about it. But so far I have refused because I have learned in all my eleven years of school that honesty is the best policy.

"What do you think, Frankie?"

Another girl writes:

"Dearest Frankie:

"I'm fifteen years old and a sophomore in high. I have light brown hair and gray-green eyes. I'm five feet, one and a half inches tall—just a squirt.

"My Mother is leery of me going out with boys, even boys my own age. She wants to know who I am going out with and to be sure and get home right after the show. Usually we go some place and park. Oh sure, that sounds bad. But all we do, Frankie, is talk about people we know, school, studies, shows and then have a goodnight kiss. Really is there anything wrong with that?

"We are only having fun. And we like to pretend we are really in love and so forth. Still we aren't as dumb as most of the grown-ups think. You can ask most any young couple what they think their love is and they will say puppy love. But puppy love is very sweet and a lot of fun. Frankie, think back to when you were my age and I'm sure you will understand. Please tell me if I'm so very wrong in my attitude."

I GUESS being impatient is part of being young. Just the same, it's a mistake to rush life. Just remember that no matter how old you look, fifteen is too young to go out with older men or to be serious about any boy.

A girl who keeps her sweetness and who doesn't go off the deep end can be the biggest help in the world to the right man. I know that I owe a lot of the things I have done to Nancy's good orderly mind and to the stabilizing influence she always has been in my life.

I was pretty wild and impatient back in the old days. And I sometimes wonder if I'd have gotten by so well if it hadn't been for the talks Nancy and I used to have sitting on the brownstone steps of her family's home in Jersey City. She never tried to keep up with me. She just tried gently to pull me back to an even keel. She would show me how I wasn't going about my ambition to be a singer in the right way, how it wasn't fancy but dumb to stay out late at night, how you couldn't let bad breaks start you being rebellious or feeling sorry for yourself.

It also was Nancy who backed me up every inch of the way in my dream of being a singer. She even staked me to bus fare and pocket money when she was working and I wasn't and she even kept her job after we were married because my job as a singer in a local night club wasn't too profitable or secure. You see, she had faith in me.

So I say, take it easy, Kids. You may have done wrong things. But you don't have to do them any more. Just pay strict attention to those signals you get from your own control room deep inside of you and you'll see how easy it gets to stay on the beam and make a happy landing.

It's been nice having this visit with you. Let's look forward to our next chat next month.

Frank Sinatra will be back in October Photoplay for another of these heart-to-heart talks with you.

I Got My Second Chance

(*Continued from page* 58) It was just Pop's way of laughing.

And the time a man hit me when I was playing with some kids. I wasn't doing a thing, but he slapped me. I told Pop about it and he dragged me out on the street and made me show him the man who had hit me. Oh, that was some fight! Pop really gave it to him. While he and the man were having at it, Mom came by. She looked at Pop and asked, "Who's on top?" He held the guy down while he grinned up at her and said, "Well, I am—who did you think was?" Mom's face turned kind of red when another man yelled out, "That brat of yours!" She turned on him quickly and cried out, "It's easy to see you haven't any kids. Come on down and I'll take care of you myself."

Yes, Pop was a fighter, but no man was more gentle. He used to go around on Christmas, when he had money, giving bums $10. And the fun he had buying up newspapers on April first, putting them away for a year, and then making a deal with a newsboy a year later to sell them as current papers. He got more kick out of watching the dazed expressions on people's faces as they read the newspaper and wondered why the news seemed so familiar.

HE'S been gone a long time now, Pop has. But in my heart, he's never gone away. He's been right beside me—just as the Queen has, my Mom, during these years. And just as she is now.

I owe a lot to Mom. She's crippled now, but nothing has daunted her enthusiasm for life. She's been the strength behind me. She's been near when a laugh was what I needed. The strength in me is the strength of the Queen and of Pop. Only when I felt I didn't need their help did I make my mistakes.

I was an easy-going fellow when I had success. All that mattered to me was a lot of fun, plenty of laughs and no obligations of any kind. Guess I was a little like *Johnny Nolan*. I wasn't interested in saving my money. I always opened my pocketbook to any fellow who asked for a loan. It was, "Sure, how much?" with me. Yes, I had a lot of people who knew me in those days. They were anxious to go on knowing me—as long as that pocketbook stayed open. I was too involved in my own little whirl to see what they were doing to me—and what I was doing to myself. But when I wasn't in the money, how different it was! Once, I went to a fan to ask for the money I had loaned him. It was only $150 but it would have helped me. He insisted he had already paid me. I argued with him for a while and then decided to forget it. What good does it do to argue with a man who remembers to forget so quickly?

Yet, there were those who didn't forget me when I was not among the running. I found that out in New York when I made personal appearances for "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." At one press conference at the St. Regis, I had the largest turnout of newspaper people for any personality in a long time. One hundred percent showing. They hadn't come to see me just because I had a hit picture. True, I hadn't heard from them often, but I somehow knew they were behind me all of the time. It was the way they spoke to me. The deep-felt sincerity. The honesty in their eyes as they said, "Glad you're back, Jimmy."

For the first time in months I've seen myself as I was. I used to excuse my irresponsibility by saying, "Well, I was never late on a set. I never caused any director trouble." It was easy to go on my merry way. To laugh at what really mattered.



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But laughter hides many things. It hides a subconscious dissatisfaction with yourself. It pulls down the shades on something you know is there but don't want to see.

. . . I remember coming home one night late. I was in the dough then. But there was an emptiness inside me, even though I had spent the whole evening being the life of the party. The house was dark when I walked in. The Queen was asleep. I lit a cigarette and sat there thinking. Then I heard the clock ticking off the hour. Still I sat there. All kinds of crazy, intangible thoughts whirled through my mind. Could I continue to make life just a game where I always had to hold the right hand?

Where was I heading?

As I lay in bed that night, I kept asking myself, "What have I to show for my life so far?"

I was determined to change at once. But the next day, I slipped back into my easy groove. It wasn't until I found myself out of a career that I began to see as clearly in the day as I did that night. I began to learn, in the middle of adversity, the full meaning of pride in myself. I learned there was a zest to be had from life by fighting discouragement, by assuming responsibilities. I forgot my so-called need for good times. I began to make plans for my future. I began to save what money I could. I found real pleasure in the things money can't buy—the honesty of real and true friendships, the ability to look upon each day as a thrilling challenge.

BUT then I got another second chance. This time it was at love—a genuine love. I've known Edna for over nineteen years. And what a lot of wasted years they've been! We were like two spoiled children. We took the easy way and let ourselves get sidetracked.

. . . I remember when I first met her those many years ago. It was on a blind date—in Flatbush. I wasn't too anxious to go, but the minute I saw her, something inside me began ticking. I knew she was the one. We made plans to marry—and then it happened. I came to Hollywood. She stayed back east. The years sped by quickly. She waited for me until she was thirty. And then she married. . . .

Now I know why so much of my life in the last few years had such an aimless course. I was searching for something, someone who could make me want to amount to something. Someone to share the thrill of progress with and the bitter taste of defeat.

That person was Edna. When I saw her again, it was like a cloud lifting from my heart. Six months ago when I came east for the premiere of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" we were married. Now that I've found her again, I know I'll never let her go.

And there was her five-year-old boy. Such a lovable kid. The first time he saw me, he put his arms around me and said, "Daddy Jim." He calls me "California Jim" at times, too. It's a wonderful feeling to pick up the threads of nineteen long years and to be able to see a smile on her face and to hear the little fellow's tinkling laugh even when they're away.

. . . Pop's come back to me now too. Closer than before. I can hear his booming voice saying, "Don't let people step on you, Jimmy. Don't lose your hope. Don't drink too much, don't eat too much, don't play too much. If you're knocked down, come back up."

Yes, I remember, Pop, and I've learned. Yet, I have no regrets. Or else I have too many. I don't know which. I do know that what I've learned has taught me to give to life what I want it to give to me. To avoid the easy way. I'll never be knocked down again!

THE END.

Once Was Enough for Me

(*Continued from page* 59) too much to the past, but once in a while he wants to recapture the moments of true happiness that come only in childhood.

. . . I'm standing down there by the sea. I'm playing among the rocks and watching the endless sea go back and forth. My friends are there with me. Suddenly one of us yells, "Let's go for a swim." Off come our clothes and we are diving into the water. The water is cold, but it makes us feel good and strong inside. It fills us with a sense of freedom, of abandon.

The lazy days at the sea. The health and excitement of being young, of not worrying about today or tomorrow. That all meant happiness, the kind I search for now as I sit here on my front porch—and find so difficult to recapture.

MY eyes blur and another picture comes to mind. Again I am back home in Dublin, just a boy. I'm standing by our house while my mother fixes dinner. I can see all around me the lush, green, pleasant countryside. The rolling, gentle hills. The peace and contentment of a country at rest. Something draws me away from my home and out into those fields. The brisk air hits me and drives me on. I am walking and walking. The sun is sinking below the hills, but still I walk. Oh, many is the day I have gone for these strolls, have walked more than thirty miles in one day.

There are no green hills now. The sea is only in my heart. Something has gone from my life—and I can't help missing it.

I have other memories. I can see so clearly a group of young boys breaking happily from school for the summer vacation and rushing off to a field to play a fast game of rugby football. I was a little fellow for the game. Most of the boys at first were sure I could never be a good player. I'll never forget the day they made me a part of them and their games. . . .

The phone inside is ringing now. It rings all of the time since the thing called success paid me a visit. But I won't answer it. More people have suddenly found they know me. I like people, but I prefer to hang on to the friends who were my friends long before all this happened to me.

I realized what I wanted from life first when I was making my last picture, "And Then There Were None" in which I am made a star. For a long time in Hollywood I could play small parts and do the work I had liked—acting. No one thought I was important. I was allowed to live quietly and I liked that. But then came the change. And the loss of daily solitude that I feel is important to everyone's health.

No, I'm not ungrateful for what has been given me by Hollywood and by America. I value the friends I have made. Certainly no man could overlook the help given him in a picture by such a person as Bing Crosby. Working with him made my own job so much easier. And knowing him has been one of the finer things in my life since I came to Hollywood.

I'm convinced that America is a land of opportunity, for where else could a man of my age after working for years suddenly find himself at the top of the heap? Where else does success come as swiftly to the old as to the young? But I know I am not the kind of a person who should have great success. It doesn't fit me. It's as though I were wearing the wrong size pants.

Funny how a trick of fate can change your life. I think now of my first entrance into the world that was to try to change me. Going back to that day so long ago to the stage at the Abbey Theatre is not a long trip in my mind. But it is a long way in years and in my heart.



. . . I had not intended to go on the stage that night. I just went to see a friend. I remember him now as he stood in his dressing room, all dressed up for his performance that night. Then I can hear a voice behind me saying, "Why not go on the stage tonight as part of the crowd?" It seemed like fun, so I went on the stage for the first time in my life. I went on again the next night. Before I knew what had happened, I was a member of the Abbey Theatre. But I stayed with my job as a clerk. For sixteen years I worked days, going to the theater evenings.

WOULD I have been happier if I had never gone to the theater that first night? If I had kept my civil service job, gotten married and had come home every night with nothing on my mind but an evening by the fire?

The call has just come for me to go to the studio. But there is a little more time for me—and my thoughts.

If I had my way, I'd give up my career. I'd leave the honors and awards to those who have worked harder than I for them, to those whose happiness depends on them. What could further success—if I had it—in pictures do for me? Money can't bring happiness. Can it even bring security? Or is security mainly peace of mind?

Nor do I want adulation. My fans have been very kind and I appreciate their interest in me. But, after all, I've done enough in my life. I've lived a full, honest life. I have no regrets. I can't see the reason for going on with something that has brought me money, fame, and success—but not the kind of happiness I treasure.

It's not that I want to spend the rest of my life sitting on my porch thinking. I'm not usually a dreamer. I still feel there is much ahead for me in other lines, for I have my enthusiasm for life and I have a young outlook. I'll never be bored.

I'd like to spend more time on sports. I want to keep alert to all that is going on around me. A person may be old in years but there can be youth in his heart if he grows with the times. That's my point. I don't feel I can grow any more in my career.

Perhaps I can best express how I feel by an example. It has long been my ambition to go to big cities, to see what makes them tick, to observe and talk to strange people, to be a part of a crowd. To live in such a way I can be just a Mr. Jones—and a happy one. That is no longer possible for me. Success has denied me that kind of freedom. I'm a person living in a goldfish bowl now.

But *can* I break away and become just another man who disappears unnoticed into a crowd? Not for a while, I'm afraid. I cannot give up obligations and let those people down who have worked so hard on my behalf. It is not possible for me to break the ties that bind me—not yet.

I do not regret getting older. It's a part of living. It's the age of contentment, of mature and rich ideals. But you feel much too old when you have to fight a thing that is entirely foreign to you.

Now that you know how I feel, do you think I am ungrateful for what I have gained? Am I falling down on the job that is mine? Am I selfish in my desire to pull down the curtain on my career? Or am I just trying to seize my one big chance for real contentment?

The ashes in my pipe have burned down. The breeze has died away. And a man who searches only for simplicity has left his front porch to return to the now unreal world of the cameras. To the world that beckons uncertainly.

Can I regain from the mist of years the thing that means my happiness? Somehow, some way, I will!

THE END



Elsa Maxwell's Book of Etiquette

(*Continued from page 45*) doesn't do. Not in my wildest imagination, however, would I call Errol a gentleman. Ronnie, on the other hand, is a very great gentleman. Before he married Benita—who is a very great lady—he never was known to take too many cocktails, to get into fist fights, to contribute in any way to newspaper headlines or community gossip. As a bachelor he lived and worked quietly—just as he does now that his life is enriched by a wife and baby daughter whom he loves deeply but without any public display.

THE LONGER I live the more convinced I am that kindness is the essential ingredient of social desirability and true manners an outward manifestation of an innate desire to please. Which explains how a certain assistant cameraman is a greater gentleman than the star I watched him photographing the other day. This in spite of the fact that the star has all the advantages—college and a good prep school behind him, plus the income with which his screen success endows him. The cameraman, however, truly enjoys helping others. He is quick to notice when a star needs her make-up, when an old extra has no chair, when the noise of a fan is distracting to the director—and to correct all these things in a friendly way. Therefore he rarely fails to do the right thing even though he does not always do it with orthodox form. The star, of course, is thoroughly versed in the proper form. But because his gestures are something with which he shows off instead of something whereby he expresses deference they are virtually worthless.

Analyze every polite phrase, every polite custom and you will find an expression or an act of consideration. "How do you do?" denotes interest in a person even as you greet him. "Thank you" shows appreciation. "Good morning" is in a sense an invocation, asking that the morning be good to the one you are greeting or leaving. We stand when a much older person enters a room in evidence of our respect for their greater years and presumably greater wisdom. We give our seat in a crowded room or bus or train to an older person because he is less able to stand than we are. Or a man gives his seat to a woman of any age for the same reason. We make an effort to look as if we are enjoying ourselves at a party so our host and hostess will feel their efforts to please us have been successful. We consider the prices on the menu when our young man takes us out so we will not strain his finances. And we conceal the fact that we do this to save his masculine pride.

The reasons for many customs have changed with time. However, kindness remains the motivation behind them. For instance, in the days of family and neighborhood feuds and vendettas it was customary for a gentleman always and even for a woman to remove the right glove before shaking hands. To indicate no weapon was concealed. Nowadays—although it is no longer obligatory—the right glove is sometimes removed because it, presumably, is less clean to the touch than the hand it has protected. A hostess is still served first. In the days of the Borgias it was done to show guests that the food was not poisoned. Today it enables a hostess to indicate how and when the food is to be eaten.

Have you, by chance, ever stopped to analyze the word "etiquette"? It means, as its very sound implies, ticket. Once upon a time in France if a bundle had a label or ticket tied to its neck declaring its contents it passed without examination. Gradually the word came to denote the unwritten

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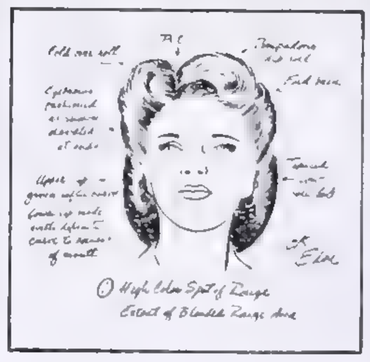
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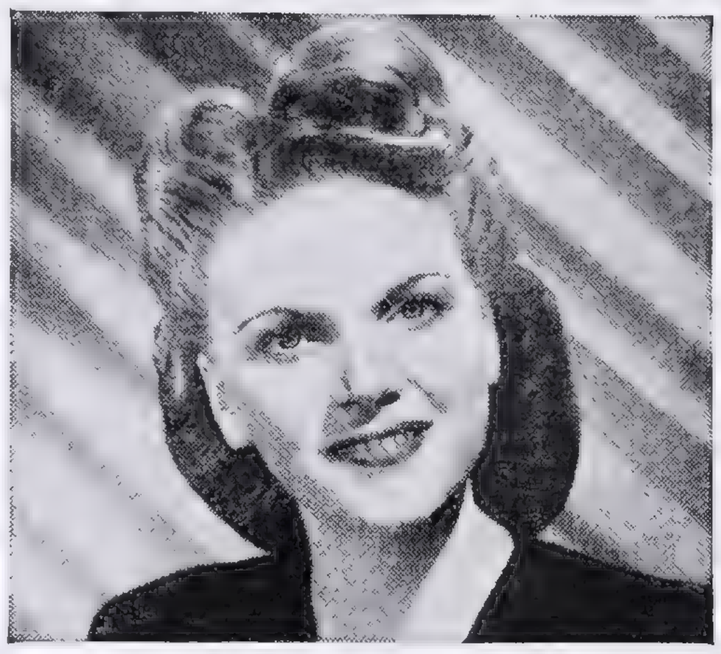
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code of honor by which professional men like lawyers and doctors conducted themselves in order to uphold the dignity of their professions. And finally it came to describe the rules of graciousness which we all practise in order to uphold the dignity of the human race. In other words, our manners are our ticket of admission into the family of other kind, thoughtful people who realize that we could not all live together in this world unless we showed each other proper consideration.

WHICH brings me—pleasantly—to Gene Tierney. During the time Gene's husband was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, she proved a delightful hostess when she served tea to other Army wives in the jerry-built bungalow she furnished out of second-hand stores. She is an equally delightful hostess today when she entertains stars and members of the international set at al fresco parties in the patio of her California home. The explanation of her success in these widely divergent settings is simple. She has a gift for making others feel important. When men and women feel important they expand. Stimulating conversation and good fun result. A party becomes a success. I wish you could see Gene at a party, observe the warmth with which she moves forward to meet every new guest, the warm way she says, "I'm *so* glad *you* could come!"

Frequently I compare Gene with girls who have had greater social opportunities—girls like Brenda Frazier Kelly and Barbara Hutton Grant. Always it is the others who suffer by comparison.

Roz Russell is another bright light in my Hollywood etiquette roster. . . .

A big house on a hill, good schools . . . these privileges are things Roz always has taken in her stride. They unquestionably have helped her to social courage. However, in the final analysis, Roz isn't the great lady she so unquestionably is because of any of this; rather because she's so interested in people and so eager to have them know it. She abides by no set rules, Roz. Her actions vary with the occasion. There's just one thing she never is deliberately—*elegant!* Frequently, however, she is unconsciously elegant—in another and far, far bigger sense of the word. The way she was last summer even though she went about too thin with her usual vibrant voice sounding tired. She was elegant then, let me explain, because of the magnificent way she had worked overtime for the political party in which she believed, for the boys in hospitals, and for Sister Kenny's infantile paralysis treatment.

It's Roz's interest in others that makes her such a great hostess. She may not have seen you for a year and she may

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October Photoplay

have met you only once or twice before, but she'll remember that you love cucumber sandwiches or that you prefer sherry to cocktails.

Gone is the stupid notion that a lady is a female who, at the least provocation, reaches for smelling salts. . . .

In further proof of this I offer Joan Fontaine. Joan, carefully reared and convent bred, has worked in hospitals as a nurse's aide, bathed strangers who hadn't been bathed for too long, stood for trying hours in psychiatric wards, emptied bedpans. And has never called quits. That may not be the old notion of a lady. But it's a swell approximation of a thoroughbred!

Naturally, since woman's place in the world has changed, feminine manners and customs have changed too. A girl no longer has to sit back and eat her heart out lest a boy thinks she is running after him. If her club is giving a dance or if she has tickets for the theater it is fitting and proper for her to ask a boy she knows to go with her. I am not, let me make it very clear, suggesting girls pursue boys. Not because this isn't etiquette. Because it isn't smart. Basically men appear not to have changed at all. They still, at least, like to think themselves the pursuers.

HOLLYWOOD'S two Swedish importations—Garbo and Ingrid Bergman—very definitely rate as ladies. Neither shines in any gay cafe set. But both have great dignity, are charming among their friends, and Ingrid is gracious in public. The latter is not true of Garbo because shyness is a phobia with her and she forgets her manners when confronted by strangers.

You'll be surprised, perhaps, that I also place Dorothy Lamour high in my list of Hollywood ladies. But don't be misled by the fact that Dorothy is portrayed strictly in her screen character in all publicity. Her producers would not permit anything else. Actually, Mrs. William Ross Howard is a sweet old-fashioned girl—the furthest possible hail from the sarong siren the public knows as Dorothy Lamour.

There's something else besides being a lady, of course. There's greatness. . . .

Bette Davis couldn't be said to be a great lady. Neither could it be denied that she is one. She is a genius; one of the greatest actresses on the screen, one of the greatest personalities in the film colony. Consequently she is a law unto herself. She has little time or interest for most of the superficial things by which many rich and famous women set great store. But she will spend hours—after difficult days in the studio—working for the Hollywood Canteen. Also she'll blow her lines, hold up production and risk irritating both her producer and director because, with her quick perception, she notices that some bit player is off in his performance and believes he will do better with another try. She's incalculable and, over all, great!

Hollywood today enjoys considerable social prestige—not only in America but the world over. This began, years ago, when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks of Pickfair entertained the professors and crowned heads, the scientists and maharajahs, the musicians and humanitarians, the artists and politicians they met on their triumphal travels. There could have been no more perfect ambassadors for the film colony. For Doug, brilliant and magnetic, in a way was *Robin Hood* off the screen as well as on. And Mary, although less socially inclined, has always been a wise and charming woman.

Above all, refuse to be terrorized by the edicts of etiquette books. Simply be thoughtful and kind and you will, like the stars, themselves, pass, with flying colors, in any society worthy of the name.

THE END

Ann Dvorak

REPUBLIC Pictures Star



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"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"

Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1945?

(*Continued from page* 31) Smiths and John Does reply to the Audience Research interviewers in the next four months.

Hollywood, in producing its films, naturally wants to please the nation. Before the Audience Research poll was originated, producers had to base their decisions as to what movies to make on box-office returns and their own intuition. Today, through the poll, those same producers can have the direct answer on what pictures the audience will go to see even *before* the picture has been released.

"A Song To Remember," one of the contenders for the Award, is a case in point. Before the picture was made Audience Research had found audience interest in a picture based on the life of Chopin to be below average. Columbia Studios made the picture anyway, feeling that the material was there for a fine motion picture and, guided by the early tests, put more stress on Chopin's music and his romance with Madame Sand. The finished product was in effect a story told with music—Chopin's music. As the next step, Audience Research previewed the picture and, using methods developed to measure audience reactions, found it to have a very high enjoyment rating. This has since been borne out in its standing as a contender for the Photoplay Award.

With this evidence of the finished picture's strong appeal Columbia held back the release of "A Song To Remember" in order to pour time and money into publicity and promotion, change the title from "The Life Of Chopin" to the more popular one, "A Song To Remember" and release it in a super-Hollywood way all over the nation. The result: The American public saw a picture it liked and that picture became a top-of-the-lister for the Photoplay Gold Medal Award.

Another big question-mark point was "China Sky." The film was previewed by the exhibitors and pronounced a failure as a big money-maker. Audience Research, however, discovered that "China Sky" was far from a failure in terms of its drawing power among movie-goers and on the strength of these figures, RKO released the the film in first-run fashion. Box-office results have amply justified their doing so.

SOME surprises come up, too, in the list of the leading actors and actresses. Among the men, for instance, two of the biggest money-making actors, Van Johnson and Humphrey Bogart, are mere runners-up. Perhaps by the end of the year they will head the list, but the point to remember is that to do that they must be the first choice of a true cross-section of America. Your lawyer, your schoolmate, your teacher, your mother and you all make the choice together so that, should either of these men win the coveted Medal, he would truly be the man who is chosen first by the American audience.

One big argument the figures in the poll so far seem to settle: Does America want war pictures? That argument has been going on since 1942, with one side saying strongly, "Don't force us to look at the horrors our boys may be enduring right now;" and another claiming, "It is essential, horrors or no, that we as a nation know what war means."

You may recall that in our list for the ten top pictures for 1944 seven dealt with war backgrounds. This year the list so far gives us five pictures of the first nine with war backgrounds, three of which are almost unalleviated by any other theme—"Objective Burma," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Winged Victory"—and three out of the other five potential contenders. In voting for these the public has indicated that they can take their war straight, when it is well done. It's the bad ones they don't like.

This is true of all so-called "cycles." It isn't so much that the "cycle" runs out. It's that people get tired of poor imitations.

The charge has sometimes been made that the American people, as a nation, are not music-lovers; that their appreciation of music is confined to the juke-box; that their contribution to that group of the world's arts pales before the great compositions of other nations.

That argument falls down with one look at the list of contenders: Three of the nine, "Meet Me In St. Louis." "Music For Millions" and "A Song To Remember," have musical backgrounds. In addition, "A Song To Remember" presents the great classicist, Chopin, and "Music For Millions" was full of the classics with Jose Iturbi, the concert pianist, as one of its star performers.

Perhaps America has been a little too busy building its skyscrapers, its great factories that have helped to win this war; but the choice of those three motion pictures indicates that as a nation, the people have an innate love of music.

As the last months of 1945 roll off the calendar we shall all be watching with greatest interest how you, the movie-going public of America, are voting. For in your hands, and yours alone, lie the answers as to who will be the most popular stars and what will be the most popular picture of the year. When the Photoplay Gold Medal is finally awarded for 1945, it will be, in the truest sense, America speaking.

THE END

Scrapbook On Rita

(*Continued from page* 51) in the country. She has them in nearly every color, with accent on black and white. Her favorites are black fabric with three layers of black fringe that swing when she moves.

How she likes her dresses: Sports style, or better yet, suits. And all of them simple.

Favorite color: Chartreuse first—and then everything except shocking pink, which would be a shock with that red hair!

Vital statistics known to her marriage license: Her real name is Marguerita Carmen Cansino, and her real age is twenty-seven.

What the Hayworth-Welles team does between jobs: They get out of town—overnight, and happy as larks! No hunting or fishing trips, though—they turn up in San Francisco, New York, or Mexico City whenever they have a breathing spell.

If you peered in their compartment on trains you'd see: Both of them with their noses buried in murder mysteries. Rita taught Orson this habit of making time fly while traveling—and now they never put foot on a train without a mystery tucked under-arm! Otherwise, they never read the stuff.

What you'd always spot on her mantel: The castanets with which she clicked her way to fame—and the silver cigarette box given her by Hollywood news photographers as the "most photogenerous" actress.

Favorite role: Out of thirty-eight pictures made to date, her favorite role was in "Cover Girl."

What she likes best to eat: Mexican fried beans; and Mexican tacos—which means tortillas made of corn, toasted and filled with chicken, lettuce and tomatoes. Or else filled with beans and chili sauce.

How she keeps that far-flung figure. By eating constantly! Days when she's not working, though, she only downs two meals a day because of sleeping late. She breakfasts at 11:30 on the works—eggs, bacon, fruit, toast, jam, coffee. Then she has tea late in the afternoon and dinner at eight.

What she nibbles between meals: Gingersnaps, steadily.

Happiest moment every day: When she gets home from the studio and sees her husband and baby.

Pet piece of furniture in the house: Her radio—so that when she can't accompany Orson on his trips and radio shows, at least she can hear his voice.

What she wants to be doing twenty-five years from now: Traveling all over the world with her husband and three children—but always coming back home to Hollywood.

When she and Orson vanish from sight, here's where they are: They're in the hideaway log cabin they recently bought on the northern coast of California, with a gigantic living room, two bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen . . . and an amazing view of the ocean.

What Rita would be doing if you dropped in on her of an idle day: She'd be practicing bull-fighting with all her bull-fighter paraphernalia—she learned the art for three hours a day during one solid month, from a professional Mexican instructor. She is planning a dance based on traditional bull-fighting technique—she doesn't plan to enter the bull ring.

Songs she hums around the house: Odd little tunes that she makes up on the spot.

The cars you'd see in her garage: Orson's beige coupe and her pale green phaeton. But Orson never drives himself—his valet-chauffeur drives him to work and his luscious wife drives him on all dates. 'Twas so even during their courtship!

Pet form of entertainment: Small dinners at her home or another home. Never, never night clubs. But the usual Hayworth evening consists of dinner at a restaurant followed by a movie.

What she reads over her morning coffee: All the newspapers and the comic strip "Terry And The Pirates"—whose characters talk exactly like her brothers, Eduardo Jr. and Vernon, who are in the Army.

Best friends in Hollywood: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten.

Most boring daily task: Nothing. She doesn't believe in being bored and whenever something makes her yawn she cuts it out.

What she'd look like if you called on her unexpectedly: Gorgeous, of course. Aside from that, she'd be dressed in whatever housecoat, dress or slacks had caught her eye as she came in her dressing-room door.

What the public hasn't yet realized about Rita: That this beautiful girl, thanks to her natural tendencies and to her world-minded husband, is becoming one of the best informed women in Hollywood. Who else has attended *two* peace conferences—the Chapultepec one in Mexico City and the San Francisco one? And she'll be attending more, right beside her husband!

THE END

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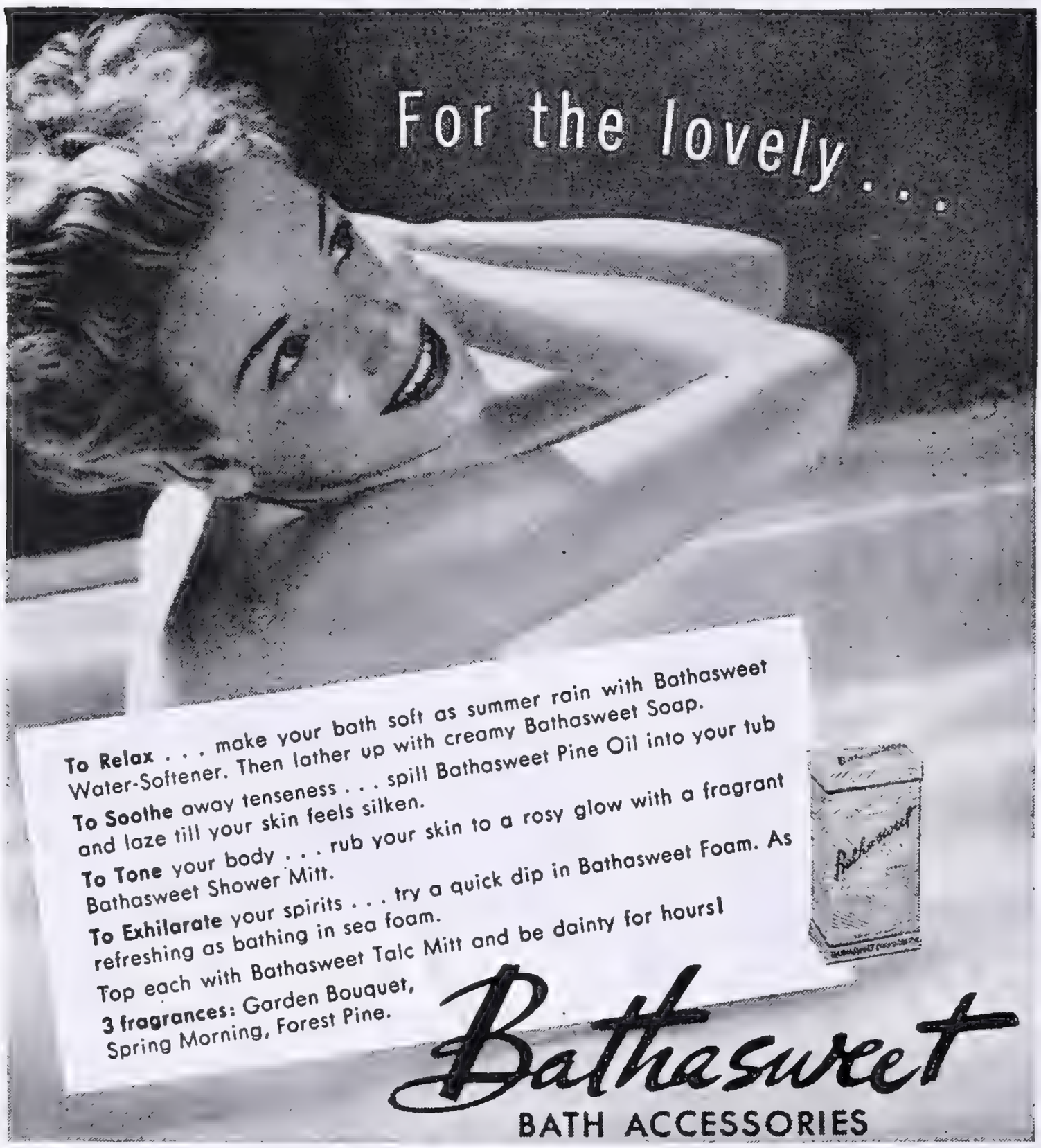
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If You Were Bob Young's House Guest

(*Continued from page* 63) yellow drapes with a green floral pattern bring out the green easy chairs scattered around the room and accentuate the luster of mahogany. You notice built-in bookcases flanking the hearth, crammed with books.

BUT right here comes the sound of Daddy's arrival home from work—the roar of a motorcycle coming up the street. A second later Bob Young himself has burst into the room and his three loving daughters are hanging all over him! He's dressed the way he's always dressed around home, handy for motorcycle riding or puttering—in tan riding pants, jodhpur shoes and a leather jacket. His dark brown hair is rumpled over his brown eyes and he looks just as healthy and energetic as if he hadn't been working steadily for months completing "The Enchanted Cottage" and "Those Endearing Young Charms." He also looks like anything but an actor, and acts accordingly!

"Let's see how the small fry's dinner is coming," he suggests and you find yourself being dynamited into the dining room.

The dining room too is a large, high-ceilinged room furnished in unbelievably beautiful antiques. A pale yellow rug covers most of the burnished wood floor and creamy wallpaper studded with old colonial scenes of boats and buildings covers the walls. The solid oak dining table is as long as a banquet board, the matching chairs are upholstered in plum-colored velvet. A gigantic 16th Century Welsh dresser stands against a side wall, holding about twenty Spode plates. Bob tells you that Betty chose all this furniture, and that all these fine (but giant) pieces were in their San Fernando Valley ranch home originally. "We had to move two years ago, thanks to the children's schooling and the gas shortage," he says.

Now he's interrupted by Betty's call, "Children—dinner's ready!" and Bob, grinning, pushes you into the kitchen to watch the children's evening ritual. You find that Betty has laid out three trays daintily set with supper on the kitchen table; Carol and Barbara promptly pick up theirs and carry them off and Bob takes baby Betty Lou's and follows, holding his youngest by the hand. You linger for a second with Betty in the cool gray kitchen —it has gray linoleum on the floor, pale gray walls and fluffy white curtains trimmed in bright red. In one corner is a built-in cabinet whose interior is painted a gay red; and this is full of crockery plates and glasses trimmed with red apples. Betty tells you some of her food problems —the Youngs eat twenty chickens and drink 106 quarts of milk a month!

Meanwhile she has led you into the den, which opens off the living room—and which is the hub of the Young family. (It is also going to be your bedroom.) It charms you at sight with its cheerful red rug, white walls, brown beams cutting across the high white ceiling . . . and a small brick fireplace with a fire crackling in it. Carol and Barbara are sitting before the blaze in twin green leather armchairs, eating avidly. Bob is assisting Betty Lou to her dinner at the backgammon table.

Betty and Bob settle down to talk to their children while supper is being put away, and you realize that this is a nightly visiting hour for them. So you sit quietly, looking around you at the old copper kneading bowl on four small legs which stands before the fireplace, filled to overflowing with nuts and apples. You also notice the soft-drink bar which looks like a hard-drink bar, built into a corner in

polished brown wood and faced by square-seated stools upholstered in red leather. At the end of the room is your "bed"—a very short, very pretty tan couch (with arms!). All over the room are Betty's typical touches—two rare old kerosene lamps on the backgammon table (wired for electricity now, of course); and copper scales and a copper teakettle filled with ivy; and around the hearth copper pans and fire-tools reflect the shine of the big copper apple-and-nut bowl.

By this time the girls have finished supper and Betty herds them off to baths and bed. It seems only a minute later that she's calling from the kitchen—and you and Bob troop out to get your trays and return to the den with them. You draw a red tray, set with red and white pottery, and you're eating Bob's favorite dinner—liver and bacon, corn, peas, a mixed green salad and a chocolate pudding. You're still in the middle of it when the doorbell rings . . . and suddenly the den is crowded by what Bob calls the "drop-in trade." By this he means their best friends—Louella Parsons, publicist Margaret Ettinger, the Jimmy Dunns, the Otto Krugers and the Ralph Morgans. During the next hour or so, Bob manages to get them all involved in answering a quiz from a magazine—his favorite sport, and obviously not theirs!

When they leave the Youngs wish you pleasant dreams in your den-bedroom. You don't have them. That couch is so short you have to let your legs drape over the end-arm . . . and it isn't until early morning that you finally fall into deep slumber. So you don't hear Bob's motorcycle roar past your window at 7 A.M. Neither do you hear Carol and Barbara start off on their morning walk to public school. By the time you've faced the new day Betty's gone marketing in her olive green club coupe and returned again . . . and she's all set to give you breakfast in the sunny breakfast room.

AFTER breakfast Betty takes you on a tour of the rest of the house—the two deserted maid's rooms off the kitchen, and still another room you haven't seen downstairs—the girls' music room that opens off the circular entrance hall. "This is really the guest bedroom, but our children moved out the guests!" Betty says.

You find two spinettes, side by side, set on a green fringed rug. There are two children's yellow wing chairs against the white walls—which are decorated by plates trimmed with music notes—but the thing that really catches your eye is a great old music box resting in rusted splendor on a side table. It plays eight tinkly tunes, including "The Past That Breathes Of Thee," and "Oh, Would I Were A Bird." In this room, Carol and Barbara practice their daily music lessons.

Upstairs are three bedrooms and three baths—and a hall where Bob had to put the puppet theater he gave the girls, because there was no other place to put it!

But the room that attracts you most upstairs is Bob's and Betty's combined sitting room and bedroom. It has a beige pebble-weave rug, white figured wallpaper and floating white ruffled curtains at the windows—and against this background you see a cozy brick fireplace, with an easy chair and a comfortable chaise longue before it, both in gray. Books are heaped in staggered piles all around the floor at this end of the room—and books are jammed into bedside tables flanking the enormous custom-built bed. This bed is six and a half feet by seven feet, with a Louis XIV head- and footboard and it's covered by a peach colored print satin spread. You note the two easy chairs upholstered to match the spread; and the peach satin dressing table—and the inevitable signs of the Young offspring: Two pastel portraits



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Such thrilling days and nights in the magic city might well have turned the head of any 24-year-old girl. But not Lodema Peninger's. She came up from her home town of Salisbury, North Carolina, and took New York in her stride . . . posing before the color camera of a famous photographer, telling her own success story on a radio broadcast. It was all the result of a small-town girl's decision to regain her slender figure, make the most of herself. Following the DuBarry Success Course at home, she lost 26 pounds, became expert in skin care, hair styling and make-up, emerged a petite blonde beauty. For her improvement in face, figure and fascination, she won the coveted award—an exciting week in New York, where beauty experts hailed her achievement.





Before

After

For this true-to-life camera portrait Mrs. Peninger wore a glamorous evening gown created by the famous designer Kiviette.

The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she *used to be.* That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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of Carol and Barbara hanging on the walls, and a pink and blue bassinet standing in readiness in the corner.

Now the average Young day catches up with you—Betty drives you out to lunch at the studio with Bob to begin with. Then you go with her on her chauffeuring rounds for the children—driving them back and forth to dancing school, music lessons, the dentist. Back home, you're in on the Friday night schedule—which is dress-up night, to remind the girls that tray dinners aren't absolutely necessary. Every Friday night the Young family discards comfortable slacks for dressier clothes, eats dinner properly in the dining room and winds up the evening with Bob running off the latest Hollywood movie in the living room. Saturday night you and the Youngs, the Dunns and the Krugers go to dinner at Chasen's and take in a couple of hours' dancing at a night club.

BUT Sunday is your favorite day of your entire visit. For Sunday to Bob Young is his one sure day with his family. They all sleep late, and get up around noon for a waffle breakfast—and then a sharp skirmish between Bob and his daughters over the funny papers. (Bob's pet is "Blondie.") All afternoon the girls follow Bob around the house while he mends broken lamps and toys; then the family gathers in the den for a casserole-and-salad supper.

As you can plainly see, the Young family is united and devoted.

And gradually you know other things: That Bob and Betty were married twelve years last March 6th when Bob gave her a present of twelve sapphires set on a platinum bar above a medal—with a regular Army citation inscribed on the medal, congratulating her on her honor and duty under duress! You know that they met in Lincoln High School in Los Angeles when she was thirteen; and that she was born in Kentucky and he in Chicago. You know that after high school she went to the University of Southern California, while he spent five years acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. You know that the day she graduated from college, she got her degree at one end of the stadium and Bob's proposal at the other end—and that they married a year later.

You know that Bob needs ten hours sleep when he's working; and that he reads steadily and considers "Valley Of Decision" one of the best books he's run across. You know that he likes Betty's hair loose (the way she wears it), loves her in green and despises all her hats—which is their sole cause of friction! You know that she buys, and wears, the maddest hats in town; and that Bob is very conservative in the cut of his clothes—but wears them in every color on the palette! You know that on great occasions like birthdays or New Year's Eve, the whole Young family gets dressed formally for a Young celebration. You know that Bob is only a spasmodic athlete, and then goes in for golf, riding, or badminton; and that he doesn't care whether his children get A's in school . . . he wants them to be well-balanced people, not complicated bookworms.

You know that he was the first actor in Hollywood to own a motorcycle—a shiny red one with a sidecar bought specially for Betty. You also know that she rode in the sidecar just once.

You know that the minute the war is over the Youngs will move back to their beloved ranch, with its four guest houses and its swimming pool and its horses on which every Young rides. You know that the second they move back, you'll move in—sure of a real bed instead of a too-short couch . . . but not at all sure that you'll have any better time than you've had right here, crowded in with one happy family!

THE END



Marjorie Reynolds, of "Duffy's Tavern," finds canning is fun

Canning Points

Having blue point trouble?

Now that fall is almost here, the smart housewife, like picture star Marjorie Reynolds, finds the answer in canning. It takes time, but it's fun and requires no points. Marjorie has some suggestions to make which will help you.

Budget your food to be canned and plan in advance the number of jars you'll need for each type of fruit and vegetable you are going to can.

Use only top quality fresh food.

Make careful preparation of the product, sterilize your equipment, have immaculate working conditions.

Use as little water as possible in cooking vegetables.

Cane or beet sugar is the safest and best for fruits.

If you're canning juices have your equipment ready before extracting juice to prevent loss of Vitamin C.

Store canned juices in a cool, dark place. The colder the place, the longer the juice will retain its fresh flavor.

Tomato catsup takes a staggering number of blue points! Marjorie passes along a recipe to help you save them:

Crush the tomatoes and boil three minutes in an aluminum or enamel pan. Push pulp through sieve. For each three gallons of pulp use:

- 1 large chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1 tbsp. whole cloves
- 1 tbsp. whole cinnamon
- 1 tbsp. whole allspice
- 1 tsp. cayenne
- 1 tsp. whole mace
- 2¼ cups sugar
- ⅓ cup salt
- 3 cups vinegar

Place spices, garlic and onion in cheesecloth bag in pulp. Boil pulp rapidly to concentrate to about one gallon. Add sugar and salt dissolved in vinegar to concentrated pulp. Stir. Remove bag of spices. Pour at once into sterilized jars. Seal.

Go all out for Victory! Save Food by canning! Give your family the best in food at the lowest cost—with no blue points!

Complexion dull...weary looking?
Too scratchy for smooth make-up?

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"re-styles my complexion quickly!"

Lovely Mrs. Allan A. Ryan—

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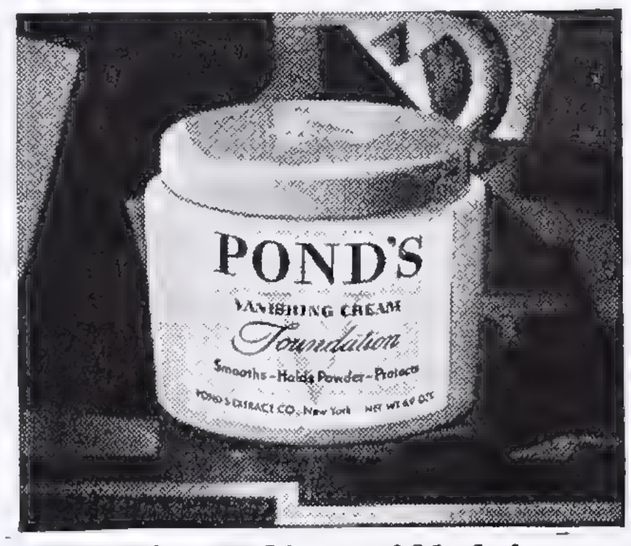
Make your skin look clearer... smoother!

Three or four times a week—whenever your skin looks rough or tired, have this refreshing glamour pick-up:

Spread a white, cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave this Mask on for one full minute.

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Jennifer Jones Speaks for Herself

(*Continued from page 29*) that is quiet and conservative.

The first thing that would have impressed you was how her beauty has increased in the last year. She wore a beautiful beige gabardine suit that was a delightful background for her red-gold hair, which she wears parted in the middle and hanging down fluffily around her face. She is a slim, leggy creature and with her feet shod in low-heeled moccasins she looked as though she had come fresh from classes in Hollywood, rather than from a big impressive place in Bel-Air.

But the moment she started to talk, she dispelled that illusion. And how she did talk! Her mind darts from subject to subject, her eyes flash, her lovely hands make graphic gestures. Perhaps it was because she was under the spell of *Pearl Chavez,* her newest role, which is a fiery part, but Jennifer that day was not either the spiritual, slow-thinking Bernadette or the wide-eyed ingenue of "Since You Went Away." She was a girl of such fire, spirit and yet such curiosity that your heart went out to her completely.

SHE said in her quick, exquisite voice: "I'm not sure that I'm a good mother. I'd like to be, but is a career mother ever as good as the domestic type mother? Do you think that perhaps the vividness we bring into our children's lives may make up for some of the helter-skelter we bring, too, the having to dash away to the studio in the mornings, the going on location trips, and all that? It is just as important to realize that children can't have everything as it is to know that adults can't have everything either. I think it is important for the children to learn that, too.

"I want to move when I can. Bobbie, my oldest boy, hasn't been too well this past winter, mostly colds, but that frets me. Sometimes I feel an evil star hangs over my house. It's the same house I lived in when I first came to Hollywood. It's a big old barn of a place. I'd like to find a smaller one, one with a swimming pool, but I won't have the boys near a pool until they can swim really well. Lately I've been thinking I'd like to have Chinese help, if I can find it. Maybe that impulse came from reading a book of Chinese philosophy I found somewhere. It sounded so peaceful and cool. I read it, trying to get myself into the same mood.

"People always apply the word nervous to me. I don't think it is quite the word for me. Maybe temperamental is. I'm not afraid of the word temperamental when it's used to mean moody and reacting to things. When it's used to mean flying off at things, then it's bad. I've not done much of that, but when I have, I've found it hurts me, so much, me personally. I suppose it's a form of discipline you have to learn, to suppress the angry, explosive moments, but to stay sensitive, just the same, to the real emotional ones, to laughter, happiness and such.

"Do you think everybody is interesting? I do. I like to watch people. I like to hear them talk. Right now I'm fascinated by Lillian Gish. She tells me about the silent days in pictures, when you had to depend upon pantomime entirely to get over scenes. After all, there are just so many things you can do with your face! Lillian told me that she began going to insane asylums to see how people reacted there, and in 'The White Sister' she borrowed some of these crazy looks and expressions for the scene where she heard that her lover had died. Isn't that fascinating?

"I hope I can always play people with force. Some people thought Bernadette was dull, almost a victim of fate, but I thought she was always a girl of terrific power, of force within herself. The girl in 'Since You Went Away' had less character, but she was not weak. But *Pearl Chavez* in 'Duel In The Sun' is absolutely primitive, and the girl I play in 'Love Letters' is perfectly wonderful. I thought Gene Tierney was great in 'Laura,' but I'm still glad I didn't play in it as was originally intended. I really wouldn't have been good. There was, for me, nothing I could get my teeth into in the part.

"That's what's so wonderful to me about Ingrid Bergman. She can take any part and she makes it positively shining. Take her first American picture 'Intermezzo,' or even 'Casablanca.' That girl in 'Casablanca' was not much of a part. She was an almost straight ingenue role. But Ingrid made her a great woman—oh, what shall I say?—lyric and glistening.

"Ingrid and I are seeing all the Garbo pictures together. We saw 'Camille' the other evening, and I couldn't move after it was finished. I just sat and cried and cried. Why, why didn't Garbo get the Academy Award the season that was released? There simply couldn't have been a better performance that season. Do you realize Garbo has never been typed?

"PEOPLE say they hate Hollywood and that it does dreadful things to one. I haven't anything but praise for it. How could I, when it has done so much for me? I've had wonderful parts, played in remarkable casts, had superlative direction.

"Do you know I'm twenty-six years old? I'm not ashamed to tell my correct age, because I consider myself a character actress already. That's a fine thing. You don't have to go through the time glamour girls do, when after your first youth is gone, you have to spend years re-educating the public to accept you as an actress.

"I used to be all one-track, all career. Now I'm beginning to broaden out a little, beginning to read. But sometimes I have to be alone, all alone, and I never know how long those alone moods will last. The need for aloneness is hard for other people to understand, I guess. But I think it is important to understand that some people require more of it than others."

She looked at her watch and gave a quick little gasp. "I'm late," she said. "I've got to go." She smiled that warm and sweet smile of hers, that has such a quality of little girl-ness about it. "I was late arriving, wasn't I? It's awful the way I never get my time straightened out, but someday I will. I'll have to. There's so much I want to do, that I have to do, so very much."

Jennifer stood up and moved rapidly out to the parking lot, and with a swift flash of her long legs got into her little car. She whizzed away.

One of the nicest qualities about Jenny is her warm friendliness. She still greets people just as warmly as when she first arrived in town, and she never forgets a face or name. She is never too rushed to be charming.

Perhaps, considering the Oscar she won for her first big role and her glittering life today, it seems strange to say that Jennifer will bear watching. But that is true. Just as in this interview, when she talked apparently freely, and yet concealed her innermost thoughts, she is both highlighted by fame and her own rich talents, and yet, somehow, shadowed, too. One of these days, however, Jennifer will emerge completely and then the world will see a great, a very great, star.

THE END



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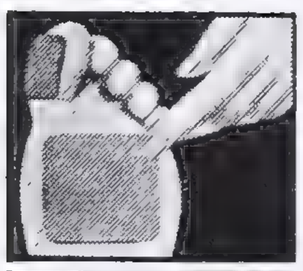
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The Van Johnson I Know

(*Continued from page* 36) place where no man would park for so much as five minutes in its spacious, elegant lobby. That didn't matter to Betsy. With Gene in the big stardom money, she had glamorous dates all over town, at roofs and night clubs and such places, where I'd never stuck my nose in, much as I yearned to. Strangely enough it wasn't Betsy, who knew Van well, who introduced him to me. It was another girl I had lived with a few months before, Marion Franklin, who is now under contract to Paramount. One night, she called and said, "I want you to meet a grand guy. His name's Van Johnson and you two will like each other."

I'll never forget him as he came into that living room of Marion's. Her apartment was over on West 54th Street and Van was so big and broad shouldered that he made the room seem suddenly small but all aglow, lighted up by that red hair of his and his overwhelming grin.

VAN possesses one remarkable quality, a quality that few people have and actors almost never. He is instantaneously and completely interested in every one he meets. He'll gladly and very simply talk about himself, without any affectation and answer any questions you ask, but all the time you get the idea he'd much prefer to talk about you.

Well, when he turned that million-candle-power interest of his on me, did I fall for it! Before I knew it, I was chattering away at him about my career, what I wanted to do, where I wanted to go, the dreams I had. I even told him about Tommy, the boy I was dating that season of 1941. I said I was in love with Tommy. I thought I was then. Van said, "Well, would it be all right by him if we went to a movie together one night?" I said, "Oh, yes." Van said, "I'll call you."

Every girl knows that line. That "I'll call you" routine has been the death knell of more first meetings than any other thing. So I was a very happy chappie when, a few days later, Van did telephone and ask if I'd like to go on Sunday to a Margaret Sullavan picture at the Music Hall. Sunday was, you see, the only night of the week either of us had free.

I don't remember it, but I'm sure that sometime during that first evening I must have prattled on to him about Margaret Sullavan being my ideal. I tried to copy everything she did. I even played tricks with my voice trying to make it sound like hers. So Van, the angel, on our first date, took me to see her.

Over a soda afterward, we discussed acting. He said Spencer Tracy was his guiding star. I said, "Well, next time we'll go see him," and then I blushed at seeming to be setting up a second date, but Van said, "You bet we will," and about three Sundays later, approximately five minutes after I'd noticed that a Tracy picture was opening at the Capitol, there was Mr. J. on the telephone again, inviting me to go to it.

Van called for me early that evening and said, very casually, "Would you like to go for dinner first?"

I don't know what gave me my hunch. Maybe it was that he wasn't as good an actor then as he is now, and his voice had been too casual. Somehow I had the impression that he was just as broke as I was, which was almost at the starving point. I was at that financial state where when I bought a dress I went without lunches. That week I had bought a new dress. In fact, I had it on right that second. Maybe Van had bought a new suit!

Anyway, I said, just as casually, "Well, I can only eat a bite. How's for a hot

dog at Nedick's?" Van said "Swell!" with such enthusiasm that I knew he was very relieved.

Such a great, big dinner date gave Van courage, I guess, to ask me for "lunch" dates and afternoon dates, when we didn't have matinees. We "lunched" at Walgreen's Drugstore, walked up to Central Park, which doesn't cost a dime, and sat by the lake, which is free, and talked and dreamed, which are riches open to all penniless people everywhere (and may none of us ever lose them).

WE really dreamed out loud on those dates. Van confessed he would never be entirely a big-city character, that the country and ocean, and swimming and sports were in his blood. That was one of the reasons he dreamed so much of Hollywood. He wasn't sure if he'd screen or not, but he knew the Hollywood life would delight him. The very big thing he wanted, of course, was to go on with his career, but he also dreamed of a lot of small things. He wanted a blue convertible roadster. He told me the kind of a house he wanted—a very simple one, and very quiet, where he could relax and read. (He's an omnivorous reader.) I said those were the things I wanted, also; a country life, books, a few good close friends and the excitement of my work.

We had lots of those "park dates." I remember one beautiful spring day, when we sat watching the children sailing their toy boats along the lake. Van said, "June, we're bound to reach Hollywood, you and I. When we're out there, if ever I get to be half-way important in some picture that's big enough to have a premiere, why you've got to be the girl to go to it with me. We'll go to dine at the most expensive place in town and eat the most expensive food they have on the menu." I said, "Oh Van, just suppose that we might someday be in a picture together. Wouldn't that be wonderful!" We looked at one another and just sighed, blissfully.

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There was another day when Van deliberately got me on the subject of Tommy. I went yak-a-ty, yak-a-ty, yak until I suddenly realized that Van was being unusually quiet. I finally paused and asked, "What are you thinking?" Van said, "It's none of my business, Junie, but Tommy isn't the right guy for you. I've not even met him, but I know that the things you want and the things he wants aren't one bit alike. That's no kind of a foundation for a lasting happiness. I don't think you should marry him." After that, he never once mentioned the subject but that's typical of the way Van concerns himself with other people's problems.

1941 went swiftly by but right at the start of 1942 I got two blows. Van got a bid from Warner Brothers and left for the Coast, and the closing notice went up on "Panama Hattie." On the latter, I had had one evening when I played Betty's role. Some important people did see me, and apparently thought I was pretty good, so I got signed for "Best Foot Forward," along with Gloria De Haven. I had a chance at a real specialty in this one. The show settled down into a run, and as spring came round again, I discovered Van was right. Tommy and I weren't really compatible. We broke it off.

NOW, I have to interrupt myself here to say something very personal. I hope no girl reading this story knows as much as I do about being plain looking. Jiminy, how that knowledge does hurt! I've always known I'm nothing much to look at and yet, on Broadway and now in Hollywood, I'm in work where beauty surrounds me on every side. When Gloria De Haven and I were making "Best Foot Forward" together I nearly died every day when photographers would come on the set and take snaps of Gloria. They'd be very sweet to me all the time but they'd say, "We know you understand, Junie. You see we have to have real glamour stuff."

They didn't mean to be cruel. I know they were being no more than truthful. The theatrical profession is like that everywhere. People tell those blunt truths and you have to learn to accept them or collapse. Which doesn't prevent that kind of realism from hurting you like the dickens. By the time Gloria and I got to "Two Girls And A Sailor" I had become accustomed to her beauty. That is, I knew I couldn't compete with it. All I could do was relax and be myself.

Meanwhile, Van's first movie, "Murder In The Big House" was released. I rushed over to see it at the very first show on its opening morning and nearly collapsed. They'd dyed Van's hair black. They'd obscured his freckles and by miscasting him they had completely buried his charm. I sat watching him and thinking, "I must have been wrong. I'm afraid he can't act at all." Warners agreed with me and let him out of his contract. But in March of that same year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him. I read about it in the papers. I sighed, and I had to hang tight to remember that commandment against covetousness. But M-G-M! Zowie! The company that had both Margaret Sullavan and Spencer Tracy under contract. The place where you could see Garbo and Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and all those super people! Lucky, lucky Van!

"Best Foot Forward" bounced along and in late summer, if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't buy the whole show including the contract of one J. Allyson. On September 14, 1942, I, June Allyson, found myself under contract to that miracle company where Van was! That date is graven on my memory for always.

With us both smack on the same lot, only people who know Hollywood and its crazy

ways will understand how it was possible that Van and I did not run into one another. In Van's case, Metro saw in him the talent Warner's had overlooked and then for months they were grooming him like crazy, which meant he was working and taking every kind of lesson every minute.

Me, I was tied up, too. So actually while we did chatter by phone, it wasn't until September 9, 1943, the day we started shooting on "Two Girls And A Sailor," that Van and I got to see one another. Oh, it was so wonderful seeing him again. All Hollywood was buzzing with the word that he was Metro's white hope, and while I couldn't believe he'd ever get a swelled head, still I knew some mighty nice people had. But not Van. He bounded across the stage toward me—there was the same old grin, the same wonderful sparkle, that same, vivid interest in the other person—in this case, excited me.

Van began coaching me on the best way to stand, the correct way to place my voice, how to pace my dancing. He helped me on the selection of my clothes, quickly showing me that what was good taste off-screen just washed out on-screen and looked dull. All through that picture, instead of trying to steal scenes away from me, he was giving them to me.

We finished "Two Girls And A Sailor" and with my first real money I went out and bought a blue convertible roadster. A few nights later, Van came to call on me and if his car wasn't a blue convertible roadster, of the same make and model! We knocked ourselves out with laughter and to make everything homelike barged right out to the nearest hot-dog stand.

Of course, you know what happened to Van, Gloria and me on the strength of that blessed "Two Girls And A Sailor." The public was so good to all of us that we suddenly were on our way up and Van was almost knocked off his feet by the announcement that he was to play with his idol, Spencer Tracy, in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." In fact, Van became so box-office hot that he was rushing from picture to picture and by the time "Tokyo" was ready for release he was just about the most important boy in town.

"Tokyo" was announced for a big premiere. I thought of our conversation by the Central Park lake. I hardly dared hope that Van would remember it, too.

About a week before that big night Van called me. "We're invited to Mervyn LeRoy's for dinner before the premiere, Junie," he said. (Mr. LeRoy directed the picture.)

"Me?" I said carefully.

"Say, you haven't forgotten your promise, have you?" Van thundered. "Junie, you've got to go to the premiere with me and I still want to take you to the most expensive place in town for the most expensive food. I will, too, but we'll do it after the show, not before."

We had a wonderful dinner with glittering people we'd never dreamed we'd know. We went to the opening, and you know how terrific Van was in that picture. We went to Mocambo and we selected everything by price first and taste afterwards, and we danced and danced, and finally we took the long way home. It couldn't have been more perfect, possibly.

But the loveliest part was just knowing a boy who could have had anything Hollywood had to offer that night, who could have been ritzy, but who remembered instead a silly promise and kept it.

That's why I know now that even if weeks elapse in both our busy lives without seeing one another, nothing will ever change Van's and my friendship. It's because Van himself will never change in those inner qualities that make a fine man.

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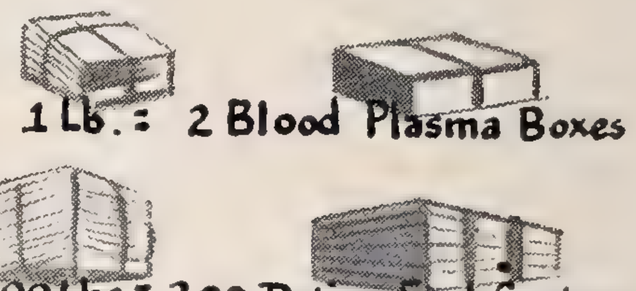
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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 22*)

✓✓ A Thousand And One Nights (Columbia)

WE'VE been grateful more times that *Aladdin* found that lamp and here we are happy over the event once again! How else could we have had such a charming, nonsensical "don't stop kidding" fantasy, pray tell? How else could Cornel Wilde have achieved such virile charm as *Aladdin* and Phil Silvers such outlandish comicalness as a lad born out of his time. Replete with glasses, modern wisecracks and a Twentieth Century flair, Phil roams through the old *Ali Baba* days creating havoc and hysteria. He's a "glad-to-see-you" cutie, that's what that Silvers is.

The story, of course, is sheer romantic nonsense, but the color is so eye-filling, the sets so lavish, and ze love making she is soooo very nice, it adds up to a mighty nice show. There is a constant undercurrent of kidding humor which lends a certain deliciousness, too, and keeps things from becoming icky. And that ending! It killed the customers!

Evelyn Keyes as the genie is cuter than Christmas. In fact, everyone hoped Cornel would get over his love for the princess and switch to Evelyn. And with Princess Adele Jergens so peppermint-candy-stick pretty, that's strong hoping, too.

Dusty Anderson as *Novira* the handmaiden, is a brunette honey. Dennis Hoey plays the dual role of the Sultan and his nasty brother, and Philip Van Zandt is the *Grand Wazir Abu-Hassan*. But it's Cornel's masculine charm, Miss Keyes's bewitching cuteness and Phil Silvers's humor, plus the enchanting surroundings that swing the picture into the "it's a goodie" class.

Your Reviewer Says: So enjoyable!

✓✓ Captain Eddie (20th Century-Fox)

THE life and times of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has been thoughtfully presented in a manner that holds the interest and intrigues the imagination. The Ace of World War I is played by Fred MacMurray with a genuineness that does credit to the hero. There is a quiet, unassuming manner about MacMurray as he builds the events of Rickenbacker's life into the terrific climax of his plunge into the sea and his dramatic rescue.

The story begins with Eddie as a lad, interested in machinery, encouraged by his father Charles Bickford and discouraged by his mother Mary Philips. It tells of his meeting with Lynn Bari, of their courtship and marriage after his record in World War I for having shot down more Germans than any aviator. It leads up to his heartbreaking experiences on a raft at sea when the plane in which he was riding and its crew crashed in the Pacific.

Outstanding in the raft sequences are Richard Crane as the pilot, Lloyd Nolan (who knows how to deliver a line), Charles Russell as the radio operator, Stanley Ridges as the Colonel, George Kitchell as *Lieut. Angelis* and Richard Conte as *Pvt. Bartek*.

It isn't often a man is so glorified while still living, and we sincerely believe Captain Eddie will be thrilled with the results.

Your Reviewer Says: It held our interest from start to finish.

✓✓ Story Of G. I. Joe (Cowan-UA)

THE simplicity and humble greatness of Ernie Pyle comes with terrific force

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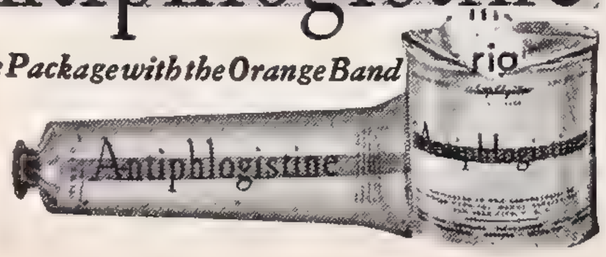
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through the story of his experiences as a newspaper correspondent overseas. It brings an overwhelming understanding for the footsore, dog-tired infantryman as Ernie saw him. "They live so miserably and die so miserably," Ernie said, and in a manner simple and unstriving the picture tells the story of their miserable living and dying, with Ernie unobtrusively sharing their burdens and sorrows, their simple pleasures, their dogged determination.

Burgess Meredith is but perfect as Ernie Pyle, the small but understanding newspaper correspondent who plods along with the soldier on foot, eating his rations, sleeping in the open or in caves, marching endlessly onward with them through a living, awful hell. There are no flags waved, no propaganda advanced except that of a crying need never again to subject men to such brutal punishment.

Robert Mitchum as the Captain is a sincere actor adding greatly to the majesty of suffering and dying. We hope to see more of him. In fact, every lad who participated in this picture, as well as producer Lester Cowan and director William Wellman, deserves a note of thanks.

Your Reviewer Says: A monument to our infantry and those who write of them.

✓✓ Guest Wife (Skirball-UA)

WELL SIR, that Don Ameche is the cutest "kibbler" that ever lived in a movie. And the way he picks up this story and romps all over the landscape with it is a caution.

Claudette Colbert as his best friend's wife gives a knockout performance and looks beautiful while doing it; and surprise, surprise, Richard Foran replaces chaps and spurs for the more dignified apparel of a banker and husband of Miss Colbert. He's mighty good too.

The comedy is intelligent but far from highbrow, and concerns itself with the more than usual routine of Don pretending to his boss that Claudette is his wife. The awful ensuing results with Colbert trying to help Don and finally turning the tables on him is a riot of fun.

Charles Dingle is a swell boss and Grant Mitchell an overly helpful house detective. For plain old fun one really couldn't do better than latch on to this comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: We had a swell time.

Best Pictures of the Month

A Thousand And One Nights
Incendiary Blonde
Rhapsody In Blue
Junior Miss
Story Of G.I. Joe

Best Performances

Cornel Wilde in
"A Thousand And One Nights"
Betty Hutton in
"Incendiary Blonde"
Robert Alda in
"Rhapsody In Blue"
Burgess Meredith and
Robert Mitchum in
"Story Of G.I. Joe"

✓✓ The Great John L. (Crosby-UA)

BACK to the days of demon rum, hansom cabs and fancy sideburns goes Bing Crosby for his first production venture. Back to the era of sentimentality and gentleman prizefighters. The results are sometimes so old timy as to seem beyond reach of understanding for the younger fans, and yet it packs a rich and emotional wallop as the life story of the great John L. Sullivan unfolds.

Newcomer Greg McClure in the title role has the build and a certain straightforward honesty that gives his performance credence. Particularly good is the fight scene between the fighting Boston Irisher and the Frenchman who fought with his feet of all things. The historic fight scene with Gentleman Jim Corbett to whom he lost his title of champion was especially exciting, we thought. From this point on John L. rapidly hits the toboggan for a rather tragic end.

Linda Darnell, the girl he doesn't love but marries, and Barbara Britton whom he loves but who refuses him are both good as the women in his life. Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford, Robert Barrat and J. M. Kerrigan seem to fit perfectly into this era somehow. In fact, as Bing's first behind-the-desk job it isn't bad at all and should certainly provide nostalgic qualms for the oldsters.

Your Reviewer Says: Old times—old heartaches.

✓ Blood On The Sun (Cagney-UA)

JIMMY CAGNEY has no world beater in his first independent production, "Blood On The Sun." The world, we feel, is more interested in terminating the war with Japan rather than delving into reasons behind its inception. And the rather languid pace of the story doesn't help either.

Jimmy, however, has a role that fits him to a T—a cocky enterprising reporter on an American paper in Tokyo who is fearless, determined and human. We especially liked the very believable way in which he falls in love—his doubts and bewilderment, that are subjugated to his emotions. Sylvia Sydney as the Eurasian who bewitches Cagney and whose allegiance keeps him guessing, gives a beautiful performance—one that is entirely credible.

Robert Armstrong as *Colonel Tojo*, Porter Hall as the editor, John Emery as *Premier Tanaka* and Wallace Ford as *Ollie* are outstanding. There is a great deal of authenticity about the picture, the sets, the scenes and atmosphere, that is intriguing.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting, at least.

✓✓ Conflict (Warners)

A DARNED good psychological murder drama with such performers as Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet to sock it over.

The story begins with Bogart murdering his wife Rose Hobart in order to marry her younger sister Alexis Smith. But the suspense begins when Sydney, a sort of psychiatrist-psychologist—a combination of logic and intuition—suspects Bogie of his perfect crime and sets out to trap him. Through Sydney, articles that were with his wife when Bogie killed her mysteriously turn up in the home and strange phone calls are received until, compelled beyond his will, Bogie returns to the scene of the crime and is apprehended.

The audience is aware of the situations from the beginning, which increases rather than diminishes the suspense. The ending, however, comes as a letdown of sorts after such terrific building up.

Bogart is of course splendid, Alexis and Rose both good, but it's insidious Sydney that really trots off with the show. Charles Drake (remember him in "Air Force?") is interesting. It's certainly a picture you'll do some thinking about.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't kill anyone around that Greenstreet.

✓ Bewitched (M-G-M)

SEVERAL years ago Bette Davis brought to the screen a radio drama, "Alter Ego," so suspenseful it created considerable comment. The drama, reorganized for the screen, emerges a less powerful, rather shorn psychological drama directed with radio technique rather than the more visual movie formula.

Phyllis Thaxter is the young bride-to-be, torn between two conflicting emotions operating in her own mind. The horrid emotion transforms Phyllis into a girl capable of leaving her home and betrothed, and finally murder. The courtroom scene with Edmund Gwenn as the psychiatrist is good but on the whole the story misses. Miss Thaxter, however, displays great talent that we feel could certainly be put to better use.

Henry Daniels Jr., Addison Richards, Kathleen Lockhart and Francis Pierlot complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Should have been so good.



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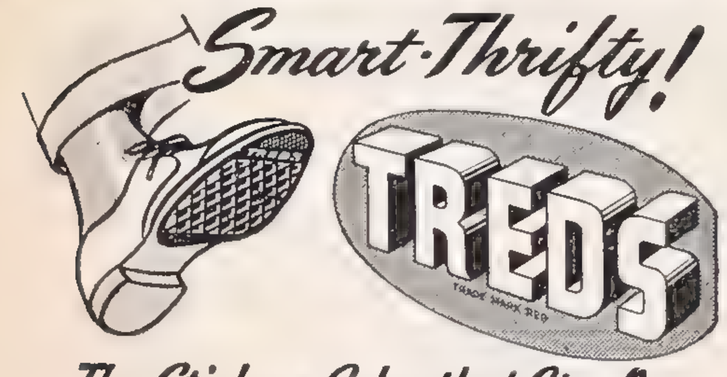
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Back To Bataan (RKO)

THE rescue of our prisoners on Bataan is embodied in a gripping story that covers that period from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the landing of General MacArthur's men on Leyte. It is history book material into which is breathed life and yes, death, in a way that none of us shall forget. Stories such as these should be classroom musts in the future as well as educational and emotional entertainment for every American. They bring home to us as no other medium can the drama and horror of these passing events.

The performances are good too. John Wayne as the deliberate but crafty colonel who leads a guerrilla band, and Anthony Quinn as the Filipino who aids him are wonderful, we thought, Quinn giving one of his finest performances.

"Ducky" Louie as a Filipino pupil of schoolteacher Beulah Bondi, who was driven out of the village when the Japs took over, is an arresting youngster that sticks in the mind. Miss Bondi has a role that, praise be, gives her talents a chance.

Your Reviewer Says: History parade.

Steppin' In Society (Republic)

WE DON'T care if funnyman Edward Everett Horton is in it, we didn't like it. And even veteran Gladys George didn't swerve our opinion. But what could with a story that has Eddie a respectable judge mistaken as a former outlaw by crooks who take him over as their boss. Now really! And those crooks who seem "so nice" were a pain, too.

Isabel Jewell, Ruth Terry, Lola Lane, Paul Hurst and Frank Jenks can be mad at us if they want to but we stick to our guns.

Your Reviewer Says: Not if you twisted our arm would we like it.

Blonde Ransom (Universal)

WELL, here goes the old one, folks, about the fellow that is about to lose his night club to a gambler when along comes the blonde who saves the day and marries the lucky dope. Virginia Grey is right purty as the girl who pretends to be kidnapped in order to get money from uncle to help her guy. Donald Cook is the hero and George Barbier the uncle.

Of course it ends in one of those "let's go to jail everybody" climaxes, capped by a night club wedding with everybody happy but the paying customers.

Jerome Cowan is good as the heavy. Pinky Lee, an old night club performer, and George Meeker, are around.

Your Reviewer Says: I'll take mustard on mine.

Why Girls Leave Home (PRC)

AFTER seeing this we still don't know why girls leave home. But we say customers who leave home to see it won't be too disappointed. It isn't big time, carrying only second place on the bill, but we'd say stay to see it after the feature.

Pamela Blake is clever as the girl who leaves a cozy home and family for a turn or two as a night club queen. We dare say not all such entertainers meet up with gamblers and near death, but Pam does.

Claudia Drake, Constance Worth and Lola Lane give three strong performances that outrank those of Sheldon Leonard, Elisha Cook Jr., and Paul Guilfoyle.

Your Reviewer Says: Girls, take warning and stay put.

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One Exciting Night (Pine Thomas, Paramount)

PLEASE, please, no more wisecracking lovers who give with the chatter while carting dead people from place to place.

Bill Gargan is too nice a guy for this kind of stuff and so is Ann Savage. As for Leo Gorcey, Don Beddoe and Paul Hurst, they'll have to get out of this the best way they can.

Your Reviewer Says: What do they mean, "exciting night"?

West Of The Pecos (RKO)

BANG, bang, bang you're dead. Robert Mitchum says so and he should know for he's that rarity—a new cowboy find. When Mitchum gets back from the Army, he should be grabbed up by makers of Western films pronto—he's that refreshing.

Barbara Hale who travels (back in the '80's) to Texas with her dad, is a pretty and personable miss. Texas, according to the story, is all the better for Miss Hale and cowboy Mitchum, who help to civilize the place by ridding it of ornery cusses.

Richard Martin, Bill Williams, Thurston Hall and Rita Corday are around too.

Your Reviewer Says: We just love the big outdoors.

Penthouse Rhythm (Universal)

HOW doth this busy little B manage to get itself on the screen and stay there, one wonders? For certainly it isn't about much despite the fact a lot of people manage to get involved in it. Funny people, too, such as Minna Gombell, Eric Blore, Maxie Rosenbloom and Henry Armetta.

It would have been much easier to mount Judy Clark on a pogo stick and let her go, the way she sings and jumps about at the same time. But it's not too bad. Kirby Grant is the young attorney who had better go off and practise law somewhere else if he expects to get anywhere.

Edward Norris is a theatrical producer and cute little Lois Collier his secretary who gets her brothers, the Davis lads, an audition. But why, Lois, why?

Your Reviewer Says: Oop, you'll slip.

✓ The Naughty Nineties (Universal)

THAT guy named "Who" is still on first base with Abbott and Costello and for our money it's the only thing that saves this picture. It's a crying pitiful shame these boys aren't given better material.

The plot revolves around a show boat and a trio of crooks, Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson and Joe Sawyer who take it away from Captain Henry Travers and his daughter Lois Collier. Naturally Curtis gets all pure through love of Miss Collier and Abbott and Costello get all hammy through fault of the writers. There's music in it, a pretty song or two, and a laugh or two, so what say we forgive the faults and enjoy the good portions.

Your Reviewer Says: They missed the boat.

Jungle Captive (Universal)

MUST we have these awful people who go around transferring people's brains around like crazy? Mad scientists are beginning to weary our unscientific soul and what children and family groups think of this horrifying hooey is beyond us.

Otto Kruger we must admit is coldly arresting as the madman who restores life to the dead. Not satisfied with rabbits however, his helper, dreadful Rondo Hat-

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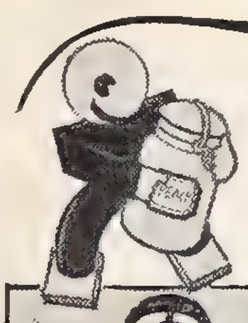
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ton, murders a morgue attendant in order to restore life to the quite dead Ape Woman, and for a minute there we thought we had her killed off for life. He steals the necessary blood from his assistant Amelita Ward (the Red Cross should report this) and is about to switch her brain to Miss Ape when he is apprehended by Miss Ward's sweetheart Phil Brown. Vicky Lane plays the twin role of the Ape Girl and lovely *Paula Dupree.* Jerome Cowan seems the only real person in the whole business.

Your Reviewer Says: Help!

✓ Bedside Manner (Stone-UA)

IF Ruth Hussey had ever gotten to Chicago it would have been a great pity, for her failure to get there and the incidents that detained her provide an enjoyable hour for everyone.

Miss Hussey is a mighty fine comedienne, never overstressing her scenes. In fact, her talent for "playing straight" through outlandish situations contributes charm to what could have been a routine comedy.

We liked Charles Ruggles, too, as the overworked doctor who desperately tries to prevent Ruth, his doctor niece who had dropped in for a weekend, from traveling to Chicago for scientific research. Big old charm boy John Carroll as the test pilot who pretends to be a case—and is—in order to detain Ruth, lends a lot of gusty humor to the story. Ann Rutherford, sweet on John, and Claudia Drake, the "Roossian" cutie, are also woven into the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Perky as all get out.

The Frozen Ghost (Universal)

THERE is just no limit to Universal's charms, it seems, for now they've got their actors believing they actually will people to death. Bore them is more like it. And guess what? We're back in the old human wax works again, replete with insane Martin Kosleck.

Lon Chaney plays a hypnotist who believes he is going mad (huh, we know we are) and Milburn Stone is his untrue pal who plots with Kosleck to actually drive Chaney still crazier. Evelyn Ankers is Chaney's hypnotic subject.

Your Reviewer Says: Stop it, you hear me?

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 24*)

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS — Monogram: The secret guerrilla warfare of China's children against Jap invaders is emphasized in this story of an orphan Chinese lad, Ducky Louie, who is adopted by a group of Flying Tigers, and mighty good he is, too. Paul Kelly is one of the flyers. (Aug.)

CHINA SKY—RKO: Randy Scott, doctor in a Chinese hospital, brings his bride Ellen Drew to China from the States. This is a mistake, for Ellen promptly tries to ruin the friendship between Randy and his medical aide, Ruth Warrick, who secretly loves him. Anthony Quinn as a guerrilla leader, Carol Thurston as a nurse, and Philip Ahn do the best they can with antiquated material. (July)

✓✓*CLOCK, THE*—M-G-M: Love comes suddenly, tenderly and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, New York secretary. Judy, with nary a song, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm and Walker gives a performance of authoritative sincerity. Keenan Wynn shines in his brief scene as a drunk. (June)

✓✓*COLONEL BLIMP*—Archers—UA: A cavalcade of two men—one English and one German—and a subtle study of natural characteristics against the incidental panorama of three wars. The Englishman is well played by Roger Livesey, especially in the latter half of the picture as the lovable old *Colonel Blimp,* and Anton Walbrook is the German, urging a saddened realism on his lifelong friend. You'll want to see more of Deborah Kerr. (Aug.)



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✓✓*CORN IS GREEN, THE*—Warners: Etched with splendid characterizations, this is a picture of artistic fulfillment. Newcomer John Dall registers strongly as the Welsh lad who finds learning and inspiration through the aid of Bette Davis; Joan Lorring is the cockney who all but ruins Dall's great chance; and Rosalind Ivan, Nigel Bruce and Rhys Williams are beautifully cast. (July)

✓*COUNTER ATTACK*—Columbia: Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters, find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar, and the psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meller fastens and holds the interest. (June)

DILLINGER—Monogram: Lawrence Tierney plays Dillinger in this whitewashed story of the killer, and baddies Eduardo Ciannelli, Marc Lawrence and Elisha Cook Jr., labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force. Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. With Edmund Lowe as a mob leader. (June)

DIVORCE—Monogram: Kay Francis, producer and star of this little epic, plays a muchly divorced adventuress who lures Bruce Cabot away from his wife and children. The wife, played by Helen Mack, and the two children, Larry Olsen and Johnny Calkins, give a refreshing quality to the trite theme. (Aug.)

✓*EARL CARROLL VANITIES*—Republic: Otto Kruger plays Earl Carroll in this story of a princess, Constance Moore, who wants to sing and dance and marry a commoner as well. Dennis O'Keefe is a skit writer. Alan Mowbray the inebriated prince and Pinky Lee a supposedly funny man. The music is good and Constance is lovely to look at. (June)

✓*ESCAPE IN THE DESERT*—Warners: Here's "The Petrified Forest" all over again, except with Nazis this time. Jean Sullivan is the girl who runs a motel in the desert when along comes Dutch flyer Philip Dorn, on his way to the coast. Then the escaped Nazis, Helmut Dantine, Kurt Kreuger, Rudolph Anders and Hans Schumm arrive on the scene and the shooting begins. (July)

✓*FLAME OF BARBARY COAST*—Republic: John Wayne is the big two-fisted hero, Ann Dvorak the girl, and Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth heavy who gets in their way. But it's the great earthquake and fire that well nigh steals the show. William Frawley, Marc Lawrence, Virginia Grey and Russell Hicks are there also. (July)

GREAT FLAMARION, THE—Republic: Erich von Stroheim, oozing menace, is a crack pistol shot who kills Dan Duryea for love of his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, and gets away with it. Only instead of marrying von Stroheim, Mary Beth leaves for Central America with another man, and you can guess what happens from there on. (July)

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS—Republic: Dale Evans is a radio star who appears in a New York show just to put over the songs of boy friend Brad Taylor. But when he discovers her identity he flounces out of the picture, mad because he thinks she's played him for a fool. Dale sings well, Al Pearce clowns, and Jerome Cowan, Arlene Harris and Joyce Compton are in it too. (July)

✓*HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE*—Warners: A pretty sticky movie that just doesn't come off. Jack Benny is an angel sent to earth to blow his horn at midnight whereupon the earth will disappear, but he runs into two other celestial angels who got sidetracked, Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander, and finageling cigarette girl Dolores Moran, and never toots that horn. Alexis Smith is Benny's angel girl friend. (July)

✓*HOTEL BERLIN* — Warners: A suspenseful, timely tale, with Helmut Dantine as a member of the German underground, Raymond Massey one of the generals who plotted against Hitler's life, Andrea King the Nazi actress, Faye Emerson the hotel hostess who snitches to the Nazis, and Peter Lorre as a German professor. All the roles are well cast and the performances uniformly good. (June)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal: Basil Rathbone as *Sherlock Holmes* and Nigel Bruce as *Watson* busy themselves this time over the gradual deaths of several elderly gentlemen who have clubbed together in a Scottish manse. Aubrey Mather, Paul Cavanagh and Dennis Hoey get mixed up in this mediocre film too. ((June)

✓*IDENTITY UNKNOWN*—Republic: A very good picture, this one, with Richard Arlen as a nerve-frayed GI who loses both his memory and his dog tag in a raid. He finds four such tags scattered about and not knowing which is his, comes to America to find out. Here he meets Cheryl Walker. Arlen gives a swell performance and Cheryl Walker contributes some fine acting. (July)

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL—Universal: Gloria Jean has to go to work when her father loses his money, so she gets a job singing on the radio. Right away her father gets accused of murder, and Gloria finds herself torn between two rival radio gossipers, Kirby Grant and Milburn Stone. Gloria looks pretty and sings the same way. (July)

✓✓*IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD*—Warners: For its moving experiment in what can be done to promote understanding among human beings, this

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film is a white light on the dark road ahead. It deals with the Springfield, Mass., plan which is built upon the premise that children know no racial discrimination unless they are taught so by their elders. With John Qualen, Andrea King and Charles Drake. (July)

LADY CONFESSES, THE—PRC: Mary Beth Hughes, in love with Hugh Beaumont, has a great shock when, after seven years, his wife suddenly appears on the scene, and tells her her marriage to Beaumont will never take place. So when the wife is murdered the lovers are naturally suspected. It's a fair whodunit. (July)

✓✓*MEDAL FOR BENNY, A*—Paramount: J. Carrol Naish as the father of *Benny*, the town tough who becomes a hero in the war, turns in an unforgettable performance as the simple, trusting Mexican of a little California town. Dorothy Lamour is *Benny's* betrothed whom Arturo de Cordova loves. (July)

✓*MOLLY AND ME*—20th Century-Fox: Gracie Fields, a former actress, becomes recluse Monty Woolley's housekeeper and reunites Woolley and his son, Roddy McDowall, scares his blackmailing wife into obscurity, and helps him to win back his political prestige. The cast, which also includes Reginald Gardiner, Edith Barrett and Natalie Schafer, is too good for the story. (June)

✓*MURDER, HE SAYS*—Paramount: Gags, corn and slapstick pack this silly picture in which Fred MacMurray runs into the weirdest family ever seen in the hillbilly country while searching for a missing co-worker. Marjorie Main, Porter Hill, Jean Heather and Peter Whitney are the weirdies, and Helen Walker is the heroine. (July)

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—M-G-M: June Allyson proves her right to stardom as the expectant mother and member of a symphonic orchestra; Margaret O'Brien is June's kid sister; and you'll love Jimmy Durante's clowning. Jose Iturbi is the orchestra leader and pianist and is not only a great musician but a splendid actor. Larry Adler, Marsha Hunt and Marie Wilson deserve bouquets of their own. (June)

✓*NOB HILL*—20th Century Fox: The same old corn, with George Raft a Gold Coast saloon owner with heart and soul of pure driven snow who falls for Joan Bennett. Vivian Blaine sings in the saloon and loves George, and Peggy Ann Garner is a small Irish immigrant. The cast includes Alan Reed, B. S. Pully and Emil Coleman, and the music is catchy. (Aug.)

✓✓*OUT OF THIS WORLD*—Paramount: Veronica Lake is a philanthropist who promotes Diana Lynn and her girl orchestra, and Eddie Bracken as a singer. You'll howl when Eddie opens his mouth and Bing Crosby's voice comes out, and when he makes love to the mike a la Sinatra. Unfortunately, however, a hundred and twenty-five percent of Eddie gets sold before he hits big time, but the complications are fun. (Aug.)

✓*PATRICK THE GREAT*—Universal: Donald O'Connor feigns indifference to a stage role he really wants because his father, Donald Cook, wants it too, in this cozy story about show business. Frances Dee is the girl who loves Cook and Eve Arden is her secretary. Peggy Ryan and O'Connor make the most of the frolicky music and the situations. (July)

✓✓*PILLOW TO POST*—Warners: Cute and funny, with Ida Lupino proving herself a gay comedienne. Lieut. William Prince agrees to register as her husband at a hotel so Ida may find a place to sleep, but then it turns out that his commanding officer, Sydney Greenstreet, lives at the hotel too. It's a gay evening. (July)

✓*ROYAL SCANDAL, A*—20th Century-Fox: An incident in the flavorsome life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a full-fledged movie with Tallulah Bankhead bringing all her skill to the role of Catherine. Bill Eythe plays the innocent victim of her charm, Charles Coburn is the chancellor and Anne Baxter, who loves Eythe, has too little to do but does it well. (June)

✓✓*SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED*—Universal: Yvonne de Carlo dances, sings and looks beautiful in this Technicolor picture packed with romances galore, bravery and intrigue. The scenes shift from Berlin to a small Arizona town and then to San Francisco with never a let-up in pace. David Bruce is the stagecoach robber, Rod Cameron a newspaperman, Walter Slezak a millionaire, and they're all in love with Yvonne. (June)

✓✓*SALTY O'ROURKE*—Paramount: In order to repay a debt to Bruce Cabot, Alan Ladd buys a race horse that only Stanley Clements, jockey barred from all tracks, can manage. So Clements poses as his younger brother, which sends him into the schoolroom of Gail Russell, which is how Alan meets and falls in love with Gail. There's plenty of action and all the elements of a good movie. (June)

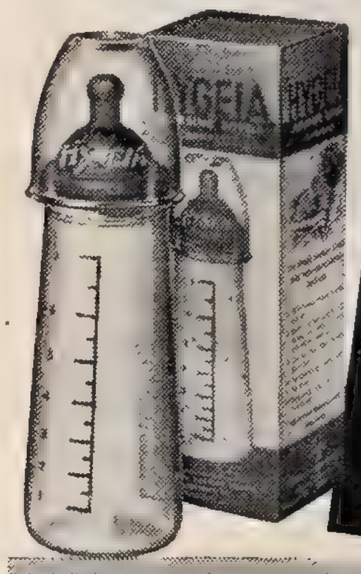
✓✓*SILVER FLEET, THE*—PRC: Another excellent British picture, telling the story of the owner of an important Dutch shipyard who is given the "choice" of collaborating by delivering into Nazi hands the two new submarines he is building, or else. How the owner, Ralph Richardson, solves his dilemma makes fine screen fare. (Aug.)

SONG OF THE SARONG—Universal: Nancy Kelly is a beautiful South Sea maiden who meets up with William Gargan when he comes to her island to filch the treasure that rests before the natives' god. Fuzzy

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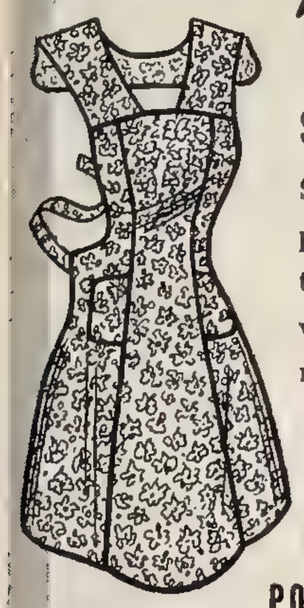
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Knight and Eddie Quillan go along for the laughs, but they are mighty few and far between. (July)

✓✓*SON OF LASSIE*—M-G-M: A sequel to "Lassie Come Home" that packs a heartfelt wallop. *Laddie* follows his master to war, parachutes with him when the plane is shot down, and eventually finds his way back to England. Peter Lawford is the owner of *Laddie*. June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are in it too. (July)

✓*SOUTHERNER, THE*—Loew-Hakim-UA: An arresting, beautifully written and directed story, but nonetheless depressing. It deals with the struggle of Zachary Scott and Betty Field, Southern sharecroppers, to produce cotton with nature and neighbors against them. (Aug.)

✓*SUDAN*—Universal: Another Technicolor fancy with Maria Montez as the queen who ascends the throne when her father is killed, Jon Hall as a lighthearted thief who rescues her from George Zucco, and Turhan Bey as a dashing bandit chief. (June)

SWING OUT, SISTER—Universal: Frances Raeburn does a fair job in an un-noteworthy tale of a nightclub singer who almost marries the club's owner before she discovers she still loves Rod Cameron. With Billie Burke and Samuel S. Hinds. (Aug.)

✓*THAT'S THE SPIRIT*—Universal: Music, corn, comedy and fantasy all thrown together in this hodgepodge, with Jack Oakie racing off to heaven and tearing back to earth to straighten out his daughter's career, and Johnny Coy fascinating with his dance routines. June Vincent, Peggy Ryan, Andy Devine and Arthur Treacher are in it too. (Aug.)

✓*THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS*—RKO: You won't believe Robert Young as the wolfy pilot, and the puritanical stuffiness imposed on Laraine Day by the story is just plain dull. Laraine falls in love with Bob and gets all in a huff when he admits he doesn't love her. When he discovers he really does, she will have none of him. (July)

✓✓*THRILL OF A ROMANCE*—M-G-M: You'll love this romantic musical, with Van Johnson mad about Esther Williams, a young bride deserted by a too-busy husband on her honeymoon. The settings of a swanky California resort hotel are a perfect background for the swimming, romance, and dancing of the pair. Lauritz Melchior, Frances Gifford and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra are in it too. (Aug.)

✓*TWICE BLESSED*—M-G-M: The Wilde twins are the object of the experiment of divorced parents, one raised by her mother, Gail Patrick, and the other by the father, Preston Foster. When the erudite twin meets up with her jitterbugging sister, the story is fairly amusing. (Aug.)

TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE—RKO: Taxi driver Ann Rutherford picks up Tom Conway who's got amnesia, and before you know it they're knee deep in Broadway murders that roll along from producers to playwrights to stars. (July)

✓*UTAH*—Republic: Dale Evans, actress, wants to sell the family ranch she's never seen in order to back a show, but Roy Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn't want it sold, steers Dale onto the scrubby ranch owned by Gabby Hayes in the hope she'll be discouraged and give up the idea. (June)

✓✓*VALLEY OF DECISION*—M-G-M: To her role of the Irish maid who soon becomes the mainstay in the household of Gladys Cooper and Donald Crisp, Greer Garson gives character and charm. Gregory Peck is their eldest son with whom Greer falls in love, Lionel Barrymore her irascible father, and Preston Foster the union boss. (July)

✓✓*WAY AHEAD, THE*—20th Century Fox: This British picture is a beautiful human document about ordinary people who leave their jobs for military training. With the exception of David Niven, the cast is unfamiliar to American audiences, but it's a picture you shouldn't miss. (Aug.)

✓*WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?*—20th Century-Fox: This silly fantasy with music ends up by being very funny in spots. Fred MacMurray's a 4F in love with June Haver, so when a genie appears after he's rubbed an old lamp he wishes himself in the Army, and lands first with Washington at Valley Forge, then in Columbus's navy, and it goes on from there. Throughout the story he constantly meets up with both June and Joan Leslie. (June)

✓✓*WITHOUT LOVE*—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn, who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and scientist Spencer Tracy, a refugee from love, marry without love and find it developing along the way. Carl Esmond is Katie's suitor, Keenan Wynn is her cousin. With Lucille Ball and Felix Bressart. (June)

✓✓*WONDER MAN*—Goldwyn: Funny fantasy with Danny Kaye, who, in his dual role of the dead entertainer and his twin brother the bookworm, is wonderful. Virginia Mayo and Vera Ellen are both excellent. (July)

ZOMBIE ON BROADWAY—RKO: Alan Carney and Wally Brown tangle with zombies for one of the most ridiculous pictures of the year. In search of a zombie to appear at a night club's premiere they meet scientist Bela Lugosi and with his aid turn night club owner Sheldon Leonard into a zombie. With Ann Jeffreys and Frank Jenks. (July)



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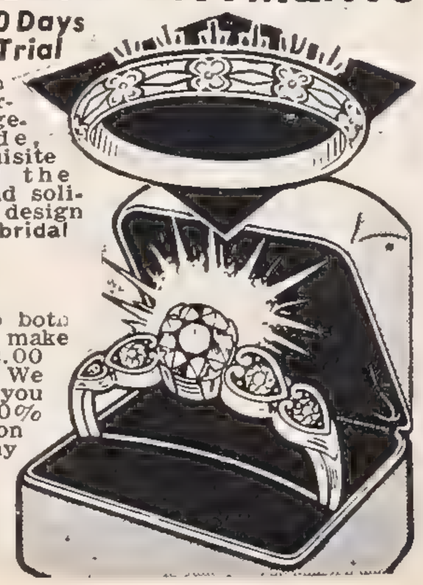
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Casts of Current Pictures

BACK TO BATAAN—RKO: *Col. Joseph Madden,* John Wayne; *Capt. Andres Bonifacio,* Anthony Quinn; *Dalisay Delgado,* Fely Franquelli; *Biernesa,* J. Alex Havier; *Bertha Barnes,* Beulah Bondi; *Maximo Cuenca,* Ducky Louie.

BEDSIDE MANNER—Stone-UA: *Morgan Hale,* John Carroll; *Hedy Fredericks,* Ruth Hussey; *Doc Fredericks,* Charlie Ruggles; *Lola,* Ann Rutherford; *Tanya,* Claudia Drake; *Stella,* Renee Godfrey; *Cravitt,* Esther Dale; *Mr. Pope,* Grant Mitchell; *Tommy Smith,* Joel McGinnis; *Dick Smith,* John James; *Harry Smith,* Frank Jenks; *George,* Bert Roach; *Mary,* Vera Marsh; *Elmer Jones,* Sid Saylor; *Mr. Perkins,* Earl Hodgins; *Mrs. Livingston,* Mary Currier; *Mrs. Moriarity,* Constance Purdy; *Mrs. Pringle,* Mrs. Gardner Crane; *Head Waiter,* Joe Devlin; *Waiter,* Dimitrios Alexis; *Good-looking stranger,* Don Brody.

BEWITCHED—M-G-M: *Doctor Bergson,* Edmund Gwenn; *Joan Alris Ellis,* Phyllis Thaxter; *Bob Arnold,* Henry H. Daniels Jr.; *John Ellis,* Addison Richards; *Mrs. Ellis,* Kathleen Lockhart; *Dr. George Wilton,* Francis Pierlot; *Small Girl,* Sharon McManus; *Glenda,* Gladys Blake; *Mr. Herkheimer,* Will Wright; *Eric Russell,* Horace McNally; *Captain O'Malley,* Oscar O'Shea; *Governor,* Minor Watson; *Governor's Wife,* Virginia Brissac.

BLONDE RANSOM—Universal: *Vickie Morrison,* Virginia Grey; *Shoba,* Collette Lyons; *Duke Randall,* Donald Cook; *Pinky,* Pinky Lee; *Uncle William,* George Barbier; *Ice Larson,* Jerome Cowan; *Harry Forbes,* George Meeker; *Oliver,* Ian Wolfe; *Needle Bender,* Joe Kirk; *Mac Daily,* Charles Delaney.

BLOOD ON THE SUN—Cagney-UA: *Nick Condon,* James Cagney; *Iris Hilliard,* Sylvia Sidney; *Arthur Bickett,* Porter Hall; *Premier Tanaka,* John Emery; *Colonel Tojo,* Robert Armstrong; *Ollie Miller,* Wallace Ford; *Edith Miller,* Rosemary De Camp; *Captain Oshima,* John Halloran; *Joseph Cassell,* Rhys Williams; *Hijikata,* Leonard Strong; *Prince Tatsugi,* Frank Puglia; *Charley Sprague,* James Bell; *Commander Yamamoto,* Philip Ahn; *Yamada,* Marvin Miller; *Kajioka,* Hugh Ho; *Clarke,* Hugh Beaumont; *Hayashi,* Joe Kim; *Amah,* Grace Lem.

CAPTAIN EDDIE—20th Century-Fox: *Edward Rickenbacker,* Fred MacMurray; *Adelaide,* Lynn Bari; *William Rickenbacker,* Charles Bickford; *Ike Howard,* Thomas Mitchell; *Lieut. Whittaker,* Lloyd Nolan; *Tom Clark,* James Gleason; *Elise Rickenbacker,* Mary Philips; *Eddie Rickenbacker* (as a *boy*), Darryl Hickman; *Mrs. Frost,* Spring Byington; *Private Bartek,* Richard Conte; *Sgt. Reynolds,* Charles Russell; *Capt. Cherry,* Richard Crane; *Col. Adamson,* Stanley Ridges; *Jabez,* Clem Bevans; *Lester Thomas,* Grady Sutton; *Lacey,* Chick Chandler; *Louis Rickenbacker,* Dwayne Hickman; *Mary Rickenbacker,* Nancy June Robinson; *Emma Rickenbacker,* Winifred Glyn; *Dewey Rickenbacker,* Gregory Muradian; *Albert Rickenbacker,* David Spencer; *Bill Rickenbacker,* Alvin Field; *Lieut. De Angelis,* George Kitchell, *Mr. Frost,* Boyd Davis; *Sgt. Alex,* Don Garner; *Mrs. Westrom,* Mary Gordon; *Dinkenspiel,* Joseph J. Greene; *Census Taker,* Olin Howlin; *Mr. Foley,* Robert Malcolm; *Mrs. Foley,* Leila McIntyre; *Simmons,* Harry Shannon; *Flo Clark;* Virginia Brissac; *Charlie,* Peter Michael; *Freddie,* Peter Garcy; *Professor Montagne,* Fred Essler; *Mme. Montagne,* Lotte Stein; *Dr. Campbell,* Earle Dewey; *Paymaster,* William Newell; *Shelby,* Franklin Parker; *Doctor,* William Forrest; *Interne,* John Dehner; *French General,* Georges Renavent; *French Captain,* Paul Marion; *Watson,* Howard Negley; *Heckler,* George Chandler.

CONFLICT—Warners: *Richard Mason,* Humphrey Bogart; *Evelyn Turner,* Alexis Smith; *Dr. Mark Hamilton,* Sydney Greenstreet; *Kathryn Mason,* Rose Hobart; *Prof. Norman Holdsworth,* Charles Drake; *Dr. Grant,* Grant Mitchell; *Det. Lieut. Egan,* Pat O'Moore; *Nora Grant,* Ann Shoemaker; *Robert Freston,* Frank Wilcox; *Phillips,* Ed Stanley; *Det. Lieut. Workman,* James Flavin; *Mrs. Allman,* Mary Servoss.

FROZEN GHOST, THE—Universal: *Alex Gregor,* Lon Chaney; *Maura Daniel,* Evelyn Ankers; *Mme. Valerie Monet,* Tala Birell; *Rudi Poldan,* Martin Kosleck; *George Keene,* Milburn Stone; *Nina Couldreau,* Elena Verdugo; *Brant,* Douglas Dumbrille.

GREAT JOHN L., THE—Crosby-UA: *Anne Livingstone,* Linda Darnell; *Kathy Harkness,* Barbara Britton; *John L. Sullivan,* Greg McClure; *Richard Martin,* Otto Kruger; *McManus,* Wallace Ford; *Flood,* George Mathews; *William S. Muldoon,* Robert Barrat; *Father O'Malley,* J. M. Kerrigan; *Michael Sullivan,* Joel Friedkin; *Mons. Claire,* Simon Semenoff; *Arthur Brisbane,* Harry Crocker; *James J. Corbett,* Frank McGown; *Mons. Claire's Manager,* Fritz Feld; *Mickey,* Lee Sullivan.

GUEST WIFE—Skirball-UA: *Mary Price,* Claudette Colbert; *Joe Parker,* Don Ameche; *Chris Price,* Richard Foran; *Arthur Truesdale Worth,* Charles Dingle; *Detective,* Grant Mitchell; *Susy,* Wilma Francis; *Urban* (*shoe merchant*), Chester Clute.

INCENDIARY BLONDE—Paramount: *Texas Guinan,* Betty Hutton; *Bill Kilgannon,* Arturo de Cordova; *Cherokee Jim,* Charlie Ruggles; *Cadden,*

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4 beauty extras:

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4. **NEW Style SHADES . . .** Try Medium Red, a rich, true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, so delighting. Other shades, too.

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BEAUTIFUL Heart SHAPED STONE
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LADIES! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24k. Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable — will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. ACT NOW! War conditions may make it impossible to duplicate this sensational offer for years to come.

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*PROTECTS YOU 1-7 DAYS**



It's an utterly different way to treat perspiration problems! So quick and easy—just pat underarms once with tiny, perfumed pad—that's all! Instantly, perspiration is controlled; underarm odor prevented —and protection lasts up to 7 days* depending on you and the weather. Kinder to clothes, too—just follow directions and it's safe for even delicate silks and rayons.

Economical—35 Pads in Jar. At your drug or department store. 55¢



5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Albert Dekker; *Mike Guinan,* Barry Fitzgerald; *Bessie Guinan,* Mary Phillips; *Tim Callahan,* Bill Goodwin; *Nick, the Greek,* Edward Ciannelli; The Maxellos, Themselves; *Maurice Rocco,* Himself.

JUNGLE CAPTIVE—Universal: *Stendahl,* Otto Kruger; *Ann,* Amelita Ward; *Don,* Phil Brown; *Paula Dupree,* Vicky Lane; *Moloch,* Rondo Hatton; *Harrigan,* Jerome Cowan.

JUNIOR MISS—20th Century-Fox: *Judy Graves,* Peggy Ann Garner; *Harry Graves,* Allyn Joslyn; *Uncle Willis,* Michael Dunne; *Ellen Curtis,* Faye Marlowe; *Lois,* Mona Freeman; *Grace Graves,* Sylvia Field; *Fuffy,* Barbara Whiting; *Joe,* Stanley Prager; *J. B. Curtis,* John Alexander; *Hilda,* Connie Gilchrist; *Haskell Cummings Jr.,* Scotty Beckett; *Haskell Cummings Sr.,* Alan Edwards; *Mrs. Cummings,* Dorothy Christy; *Merrill Feuerbach,* William Frambes; *Donald Parker,* Ray Klinge; *Tommy Arbuckle;* Mickey Titus; *Albert Kunody,* Eddy Hudson; *Sterling Brown,* Mel Torme; *Maid,* Lillian Bronson; *Sign Painter,* Tommy Mack; *Barlow Adams,* William Henderson; *Doctor,* Howard Negley; *Saleslady,* Ruth Rickaby; *Rheba,* Ruby Dandridge.

NAUGHTY NINETIES, THE—Universal: *Dexter Broadhurst,* Bud Abbott; *Sebastian Dimwiddie,* Lou Costello; *Quincy Crawford,* Alan Curtis; *Caroline Jackson,* Lois Collier; *Bonita Farrell,* Rita Johnson; *Capt. Sam Jackson,* Henry Travers; *Frank Bailey,* Joe Sawyer; *Matt,* Sam McDaniels.

ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Pine Thomas-Paramount: *Pete Willis,* William Gargan; *Sue Gallagher,* Ann Savage; *Clutch,* Leo Gorcey; *Max Hurley,* Don Beddoe; *Murphy,* Paul Hurst; *Miggs,* Charles Halton; *Ielke,* George Zucco; *Cop,* Robert Barron.

PENTHOUSE RHYTHM—Universal: *Dick,* Kirby Grant; *Linda,* Lois Collier; *Junior,* Edward Norris; *Maxie Rosenbloom,* himself; *Ferdy Pelham,* Eric Blore; *Taffy,* Minna Gombell; *Bailey,* Edward S. Brophy; *Patty,* Judy Clark; *Irma,* Marion Martin; *Brewster,* Donald MacBride; *Joe,* Henry Armetta; *Hank,* Jimmy Dodd; *Johnny,* Bobby Worth; *Bill,* Louis DaPron; *Nick,* George Lloyd; *Sergeant,* Paul Hurst; *Tim,* Harry Barris; *Dance Specialty,* Velasco and Lenee.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Warners: *George Gershwin,* Robert Alda; *Julie Adams,* Joan Leslie; *Christine Gilbert,* Alexis Smith; *Max Dreyfus,* Charles Coburn; *Lee Gershwin,* Julie Bishop; *Professor Frank,* Albert Basserman; *Father,* Morris Carnovsky; *Mother,* Rosemary De Camp; *Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, George White, Hazel Scott, Anne Brown, Tom Patricola,* themselves; *Ira Gershwin,* Herbert Rudley; *Commentator,* John B. Hughes; *George Gershwin (As a Boy),* Mickey Roth; *Ira Gershwin (As a Boy),* Darryl Hickman; *Mr. Kast,* Charles Halton; *Mr. Million,* Andrew Tombes; *Mr. Katzman,* Gregory Golubeff; *Mr. Muscatel,* Walter Soderling; *Buddy De Sylva,* Eddie Marr; *Foley,* Theodore Von Eltz; *Herbert Stone,* Bill Kennedy; *American Man,* Robert Shayne; *Ravel,* Oscar Loraine; *Dancer,* Johnny Downs; *Otto Kahn,* Ernest Golm; *Jascha Heifetz,* Martin Noble; *Walter Damrosch,,* Hugo Kirchhoffer; *Rachmaninoff,* Will Wright.

STEPPIN' IN SOCIETY—Republic: *Judge Avery Webster,* Edward Everett Horton; *Penelope Webster,* Gladys George; *Lola Forrest,* Ruth Terry; *Montana,* Robert Livingston; *Bow Tie,* Jack LaRue; *The Duchess,* Lola Lane; *Cookie,* Paul Hurst; *Jenny The Juke,* Isabel Jewell; *George,* Frank Jenks; *Ivory,* Harry Barris; *Shirley,* Iris Adrian; *Hilliard,* Tom Herbert.

STORY OF G. I. JOE—Cowan-UA: *Ernie Pyle,* Burgess Meredith; *Lt. Walker,* Robert Mitchum; *Sgt Wanicki,* Freddie Steele; *Pvt. Dondaro,* Wally Cassell; *Pvt. Spencer,* Jimmy Lloyd; *Pvt. Murphy,* Jack Reilly; *Pvt. Mew,* Bill Murphy; and combat veterans of the campaigns in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, A—Columbia: *Aladdin,* Cornel Wilde; *The Genie,* Evelyn Keyes; *Abdullah,* Phil Silvers; *Princess Armina,* Adele Jergens; *Novira,* Dusty Anderson; *Sultan Kamar Al-Kir,* Dennis Hoey; *Prince Hadji, Grand Wazir Abu-Hassan,* Philip Van Zandt; *Jafar,* Gus Schilling; *Kahim,* Nestor Paiva; *Giant,* Rex Ingram; *Kofir,* Richard Hale; *Ali,* John Abbott; *Camel Driver,* Murray Leonard; *Handmaidens,* Carole Matthews; Pat Parrish, and Shelley Winter.

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO: *Pecos Smith,* Bob Mitchum; *Terrill Lambeth,* Barbara Hale; *Chito Raffety,* Richard Martin; *Suzanne,* Rita Corday; *Col. Lambeth,* Thurston Hall; *Clyde Morgan,* Bruce Edwards; *Brad Sawtelle,* Harry Woods; *Jeff Slinger,* Russ Hopton; *Sam Sawtelle,* Perc Launders; *Tex Evans,* Bill Williams; *Doctor Howard,* Bryant Washburn; *Don Manuel,* Martin Garralaga; *Marshal,* Phillip Morris.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME—PRC: *Diana Leslie,* Pamela Blake; *Chris Williams,* Sheldon Leonard; *Irene,* Lola Lane; *Jimmie Lobo,* Elisha Cook Jr.; *Steve Raymond,* Paul Guilfoyle; *Flo,* Constance Worth; *Marion,* Claudia Drake; *Mrs. Leslie,* Virginia Brissec; *Reilly,* Thomas Jackson; *Alice,* Evelynne Eaton; *Peggy Leslie,* Peggy Lou Bianco; *Ted Leslie,* Fred Kohler; *Wilbur Harris,* Walter Baldwin; *Ed Blake,* Robert Emmett Keane.

LOOK! I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new GAYLA "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it!

EASIER... Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding.

SAFER... No projecting rivets to catch hair.

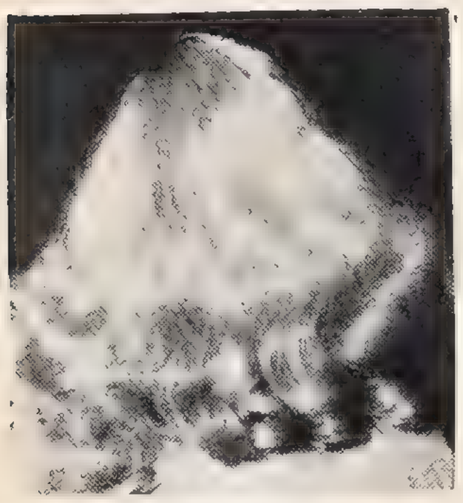
The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB *bobby pins • hair pins*

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford



Lovely No. 1—Identifies herself quickly as an American because this is an American coiffure—fresh, natural, feminine. She achieves it first of all, by frequent shampooing. "Never be afraid of shampooing too often," says she. Use your favorite shampoo, or if you have a yen for a certain soap, shave it off, melt it in hot water and there you are with your own super-special. But never rub cake soap directly on the hair. Before you wash, massage in the sun, if possible, using a good tonic and your fingers—and don't be afraid of hurting your scalp—rub till it tingles. Two soapings, then rinse until your hair squeaks. Always dry the hair before setting.



Lovely No. 2 — Dual glamour is what this star has. For this you must have shining hair, accomplished through rinses that bring out the lights in the hair. A piece of cotton dipped into the rinse and rubbed the length of the hair after it is dry is the answer. There comes a time when every pretty girl turns into a sophisticate. This smooth star says, "Judge your hair-do as you do your hats and adapt your coiffure to match your head and heart."

Head First

. . . into beauty. Looking backwards with six Hollywood women who know how to turn a head

Six beautiful women and their hair is the glamorous indication. They represent you as you should look when your head is turned. Can you identify them? Turn to page 92 for their names.



Lovely No. 3—An important step to beauty is exemplified by this star. Her rule is, "Never appear with unkempt, oily hair." When you're caught short—meaning with your hair stringy—try this: A dry shampoo sprinkled over the hair, followed by steady brushing. You'll have a coiffure that will rate a backward look. The unkempt ends go into a glamour-snood. If you're caught with stringy hair and no dry shampoo, sprinkle on bath powder and brush. Or here's a favorite Hollywood trick for a short-notice date: Wash your hair, part it in the middle down the back while it's still wet and make two fat pin curls over the ears. Then cover the hair-do with flowers.



Lovely No. 4 sweeps her curls high and accents them with a leaf spray. Result: Rear-guard interest. The cause: At least ten minutes spent each day on hair. Hair can be an attention-getter always, providing you will give a few minutes each day to its care. This is a coiffure that is the result of bobby pins used each night with hair wound in large curls and pinned in softly. The secret to its shining smoothness — lacquer brushed softly over each curl and then held in place by a net. Or, if you choose, pin in those curls after the morning shower, wrap a turban about your head and come the noonday whistle you're ready for afternoon and evening glamour.



Lovely No. 5—This Look is really something. Her tip is: Brushing. Just stop and ask yourself how much time you spend brushing your hair. The answer should be at least ten minutes a day. If not, look and listen: Just try brushing your hair as soon as you're out of bed in the morning. Bend over from the waist and brush for five minutes. You're due for a surprise—pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, a wide-awake feeling—and beautiful hair. Brushing preserves a wave—never loosens it.



Lovely No. 6—The gingham bow topping this coiffure belongs to a lady with ideas—which can mean you, providing you have the courage to try them. To this star goes the prime laurel in coiffures — she creates her own and changes as her fancy goes. Do the same—and you'll find yourself acquiring a new personality. In this case, the lady in question has hair that grows quickly, so she cuts it off frequently and treats herself to a new hair-do plus a boost in morale. She massages her scalp for ten minutes every night, then brushes with long hard strokes as insurance against dull hair. Change your part often—it stimulates circulation.

"I love the delicate fragrance it leaves on my skin!"

Linda Darnell

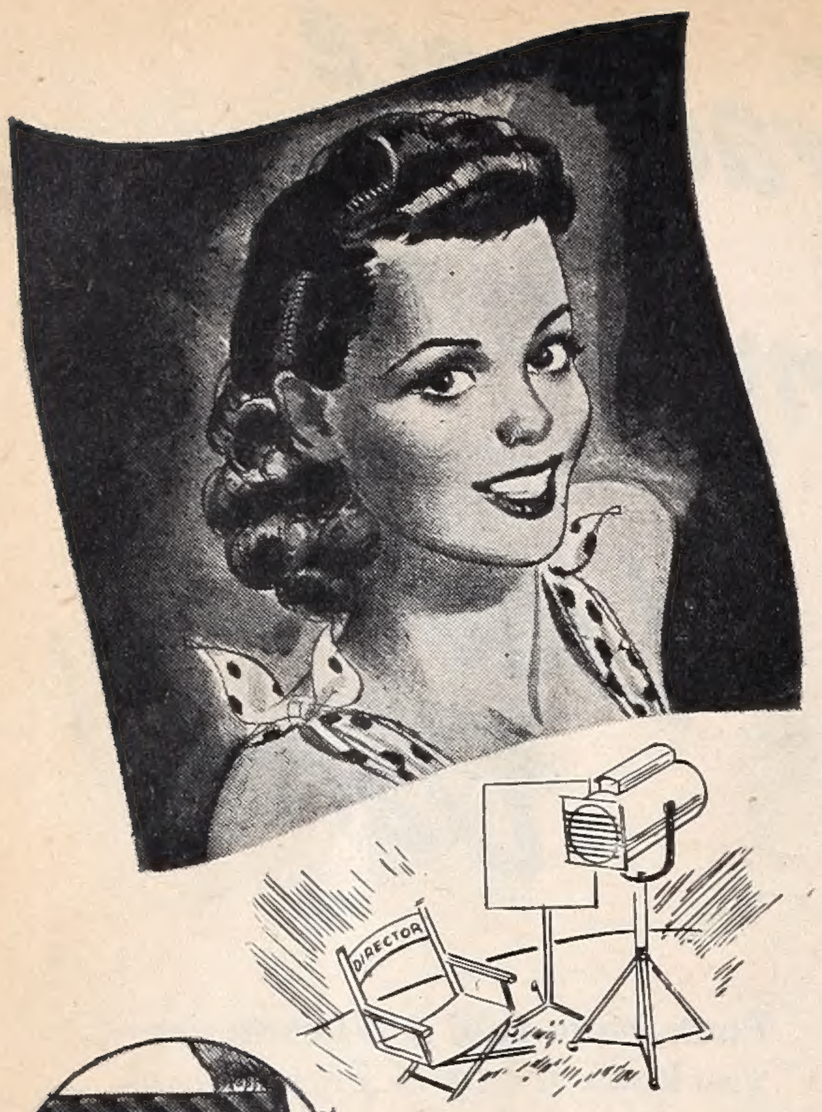


Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet.* So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet,*" says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—*your* daily bath soap, too!

Lovely star of
"FALLEN ANGEL"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it... it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!

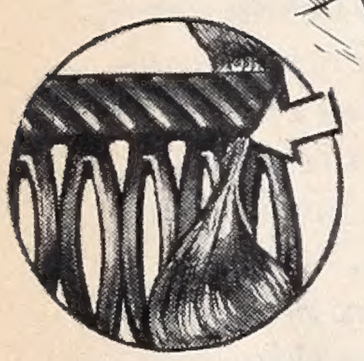


MOVIE STARS CAN'T BE

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When Hair Stylists have put the finishing touches to the glamorous hair-dos of movie stars – hairfussing is out! Instead of fumbling at loose hair strands, stars of the screen wear GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS* – before the camera and in their everyday lives.

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Lustre-Creme

a creme shampoo rich in lanolin, unveils hidden highlights in your hair

A fingertip-full of this miracle creme instantly whips into luxurious lather. No lemon or vinegar after-rinse necessary. Lustre-Creme leaves your hair radiant, silken, easy to manage. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere . . . one dollar.

Mail twenty-five cents for a generous size trial jar. Sorry . . . only one jar to each family.

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It's All in the Name

(*Continued from page* 35) blonde singing with Vincent Lopez's band that I gave her a rave newspaper notice—her very first, as it turned out. Lopez, a bug on numerology—he won't employ a vocalist until he is sure her "numbers" are right—told me he had picked her out of an obscure Cleveland night club, where she was appearing as Betty Thornberg. After much juggling of figures, he renamed her Betty Hutton.

"With that name," Lopez observed drily, "she couldn't miss."

My friend Helene Hoskins, the astro-numerologist, believes that parents should bestow a variety of names on their offspring, in order to include all the necessary "vibrations." Then, when they are old enough to choose, they can pick the name most suited to the personality or professional ambition.

I DON'T know much about numerology or numerologists, but I understand that by "vibrations," they mean a harmonious link-up between the birth date and the letters of the name. Double "o's" in a name are theoretically supposed to project the owner into public life, the numerologists claim, citing Roosevelt, Hoover, Coolidge, Doolittle. It is a matter of record that Thomas W. Wilson dropped his first name, adopted his second, and became known to the world as Woodrow Wilson.

Perhaps Eugene O'Neill had the double "o" theory in mind when he named his daughter Oona. She certainly achieved fame—or at least publicity—by marrying Charlie Chaplin!

Double letters, it seems, are not always lucky or desirable. The letter "D," for example, being a four—a number that carries responsibility and hard work—might keep its owner's nose to the grindstone for the length of the "vibration." Double "R's" are too nervous, and double "L's" too emotional. Taking a capital "L" into the name, Miss Hoskins believes, invariably tends to attract romance. Which may explain why Warners' new starlet attracted Humphrey Bogart almost before she had attracted a screen career, when she changed her name to Lauren. As Betty, she would tend to be more passive, feminine and domestic, since the letter "B" suggests those qualities.

Vowels, generally speaking, are more emotional and feminine and imply the gift of self-expression; consonants are supposed to be imbued with the masculine virtues and indicate will, mental ability and independence in the native, whatever the sex. Each letter of the alphabet—in some foreign languages, it is merely a tone—is supposed to have its own number, and each number its particular "vibration." And it is our "vibrations" that make us behave the way we do! All very complicated and fascinating, and supposedly based on the principles worked out some 2,000 years ago by Pythogaras, the famous Greek philosopher and mathematician.

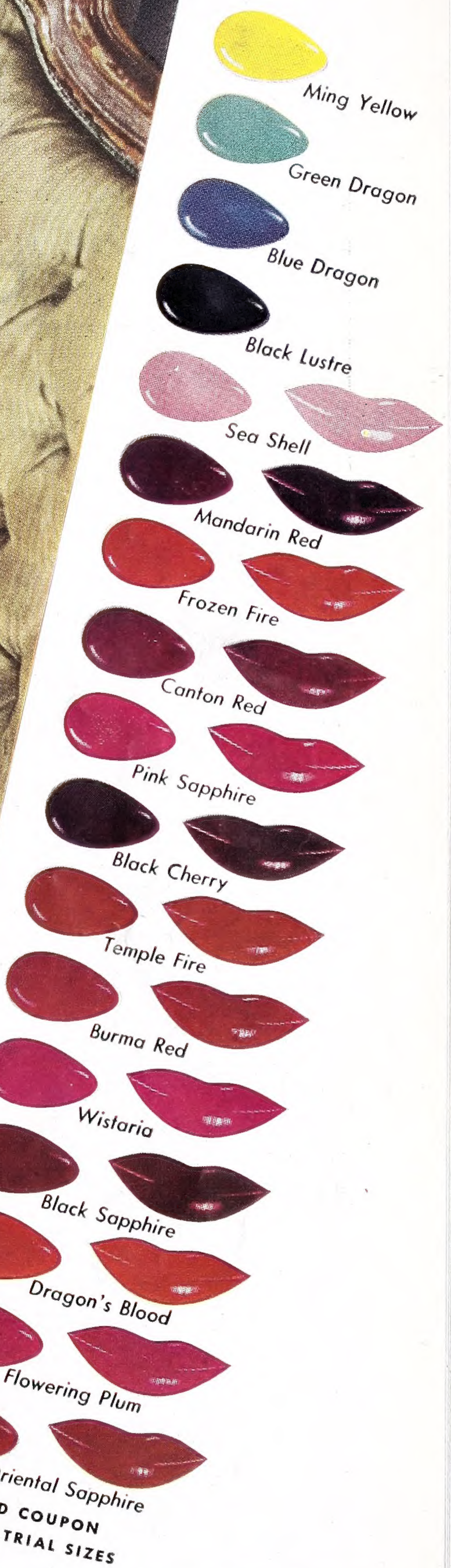
I am inclined to think that euphony, or suitability, is the important thing in picking a professional name. Julie Haydon, for example, lies easier on the ear and better suits the fragile beauty of the actress scoring a hit in "The Glass Menagerie." Mickey Rooney unquestionably better fits the impish personality of M-G-M's juvenile star than Joe Yule.

Bad as well as good can come from a change in name, Miss Hoskins assures me. Nan Bullen, she recalls, was doing all right for herself as a simple English somebody until she became socially ambitious, changed the spelling of her name to Anne Boleyn, and married a king. You know what happened to her!

THE END



Dinner dress designed especially for Chen Yu by Joseph Halpert

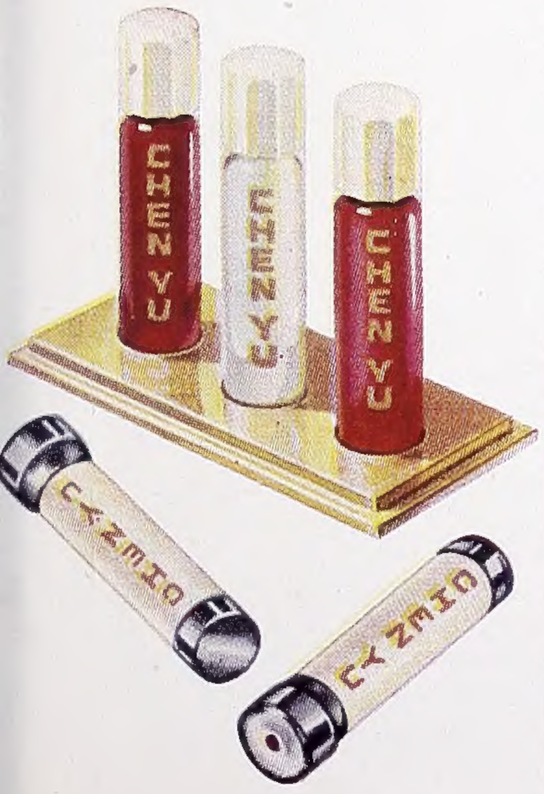


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- ☐ SEASHELL
- ☐ PINK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ WISTARIA
- ☐ FLOWERING PLUM
- ☐ BLACK CHERRY
- ☐ BLACK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ MANDARIN RED
- ☐ CANTON RED
- ☐ BURMA RED
- ☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE
- ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
- ☐ TEMPLE FIRE
- ☐ FROZEN FIRE

☐ Send me two sample size flacons (*shades checked here*) of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size Chen Yu Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

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